

D'MARS' AFFINITY.

BLOOMER.



Andrew J. Cooke
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"MY ETERNAL FUTURE IS IN YOUR KEEPING," SAID HORACE.

—Page 220.

D'MARS' AFFINITY.

ROMANCE OF LOVE'S FINAL TEST
IN TIME AND TIDE.

BY

J. M. BLOOMER.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. CONDO.

"Look 'round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above,
See Plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace."

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

“My eternal future is in your keeping,” said Horace.

“The ladies listened in breathless silence as the hermit proceeded.”

“Should I attempt anything rash I want you gentlemen to restrain me.”

“That man is Cobden,” she exclaimed.

He declared with a tear in his eye, “I have edited a political paper too long to learn to tell the truth now.”

“Worry is a thief and anger an assassin,” replied Ethel.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In offering to the public a romance entirely new in conception, scope, plot and inspiration, a prefatory note may be in place.

D'Mars' Affinity is primarily a romance intended to entertain, edify, divert the mind and appeal to the emotions; yet, it will incite speculation and possibly discussion. While its field of adventure is almost limitless, as will be observed by a glance at its contents, all the latitude permissible in romance has not been appropriated.

While the realms of the new thought have been invaded and the search-light is occasionally turned upon the sociologic and the occult, it exploits no theory, intrudes no dogma and is practically free from recondite speculation, didactics and preaching. It furnishes food for thought on new, yet old, lines, and it is exceptionally free from that tiresome detail which tends to distract the mind and impair mental digestion.

D'Mars' persistent efforts to find his true affinity and his strange and marvelous experiences, will surely entertain all who love Nature for its beauty, its fidelity, and its mystery. Those too, who have loved and lost, or who have drank at the fountain of folly

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

and saw their fondest hopes decay, will find solace and comfort equally with the altruist who supplants fear and worry with confidence and joy.

The story is told in conversational style without rhetorical frills or literary shackles. I have sought to exhibit what is dangerous in sentiment and pernicious in action by vivid portrayal of their consequences, rather than by imagery of evil, thus making it a book for youth as well as for age. As to reform: twenty years' experience in journalism and some observation convince me that there is vastly more virtue than vice in the human race, and that to develope the good is the duty as well as the privilege of the world's exemplars.

Love is the real life, harmony the only light, and happiness the true measure of success.

D'Mars' Affinity is a book for to-day, to-morrow, and still a day. What is, was, and what is to be, already has been.

THE AUTHOR.

D'Mars Affinity

CHAPTER I.

RESUSCITATED.

"Ethel! My lost love! My Ethel! Found at last! Never to part again."

These were the impassioned words spoken by the supposed corpse of a young gentleman as he suddenly arose to life in his casket, and extended his arms to embrace some one, just as the funeral obsequies were about to begin.

The interruption produced a panic among the mourners, many of whom made a hasty exit.

Apparently not realizing his predicament, he continued in earnest tones of entreaty. "Ethel, my love! Where art thou? Speak! Tell me we shall never be parted again!"

The mourners' eyes were riveted on the strange scene, in speechless amazement.

Glancing about, the young man recognized his friends and neighbors and began to realize his predicament. "What does this mean?" he inquired in alarm.

"You have been sick, but you are all right again," said a bosom friend as he endeavored to assist the supposed corpse from its casket.

Apparently not noticing the explanation and ob-

livious to the fate he escaped, the young man cast a scrutinizing look in every direction. He was apparently still under the spell, and searching for some imaginary person.

"Have you not seen her? She was here this moment," he said in tones of appeal and in such deep concern that his life seemed to depend upon the answer.

"Who? We saw no one. You have been dreaming," replied his friend.

"Ethel," he replied with a look of perplexity and disappointment. "Did no one see a beautiful woman, graceful, radiant in resplendent beauty, and wearing a wreath of, O such beautiful flowers?"

His friends shook their heads.

"I saw her." said a little girl. "She was beautiful; O, so beautiful! She stood by the casket, and said, 'Love only is real life, truth the only light.' You reached your hands toward her and she disappeared."

The mourners had now returned and some smiled at the little girl's story.

"Exactly what she said," remarked the young man, with emphasis, evidently annoyed by the light manner in which many treated an event to him consecrated by hallowed memories and imperishable love.

"You are all right now, and when this incident passes away you will be your old self again," said his friend, patting him on the back as he helped him from the casket.

"My friends," replied the young man in impressive tones and words that burned, "this incident as you term it, will never pass away. Ethel, the beautiful, the pure and the good angel whom this little girl saw, and to whom I owe my release from perdition, has been my affinity since the dawn of creation. For countless ages. I have wandered about, an unfinished

self, a half being—a sojourner in darkness. Ethel is essential to the completion of my being. I must find her. All my time and effort henceforth shall be devoted to the task of finding my missing half, my affinity,” and raising his hands and looking upward, he added, “with the help of the eternal Spirit of all power and good, I shall succeed.”

During this speech the silence of death fell upon the crowd. His friends looked at one another and shook their heads ominously, while it was whispered, “His mind is affected.”

The young man who so miraculously escaped a living grave, was conducted to his room, where physicians soon arrived. They made a careful examination, asking many questions as they proceeded.

“Do you believe that you were conscious during this suspended animation?” one of the doctors asked.

“I know that I was conscious,” replied the young man.

“Have you any recollection of anything that occurred to you?” he inquired.

“I have a very distinct recollection. I shall not soon forget my experiences,” he replied with apparent alarm.

“I suppose you were horrified over the preparations for your funeral?”

“I knew nothing of it until I returned to my body and saw myself in the casket. My body was quite dead.”

The physicians glanced at one another with a look that meant “Crazy.”

Perceiving this, he said: “You need not worry! I am as sane as I ever was.”

At this juncture a half dozen reporters called for news.

“You could not expect much news from one who has been dead two or three days and has not even had

time to glance over a newspaper since his restoration," said the young man with a smile.

"But the public will be wild for an explanation of the alleged remarks of the materialized spirit at your casket, and your exclamation."

"Can't help it. I have no explanation to make."

"Who is this Ethel, anyway?" inquired the Society Editor of the "Smart Set."

The impudence of the question, coupled with the vulgar insolence of the Society panderer, under the circumstances, seemed to him like a sacrilege. But restraining his feelings, he replied with dignified meanness, that he had no statement to give out to anyone for the present.

"Why do you refuse to narrate your experience?" inquired one of the physicians.

"I have not decided yet on that matter. I may relate it sometime and again I may not. It concerns me alone. Few would believe it in this age of egotism, conceit, and self sufficiency."

"How do you know?" said the physician, "that all your sensations, all you think you have experienced, are not the physical workings of an excited brain in a state of trance?"

He smiled as he replied: "Now gentlemen, if you have the least regard for science, do not talk to me of the physical workings of a dead brain."

"A dead brain," said the physician.

"Certainly—a dead brain. When the motive power of physical action and the soul are not working—are absent—the brain is as dead as any other part of the body," he replied, as he arose and suggested pleasantly that he had absolutely nothing to give out, at present.

A leading metropolitan newspaper offered him \$10,000 for the exclusive right to publish his story. He refused the offer and his refusal was regarded as

conclusive evidence that he was either insane or that he had nothing to relate, not even the ingenuity to invent a plausible story.

Day by day the impression grew on him that he must find Ethel. He was madly in love. He tried to analyze his own mind, and if possible, shake off the hallucination. The all-absorbing passion grew on him with each attempt to explain it away. As the poet said:

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

"My Ethel, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

CHAPTER II.

D'MARS' FIRST LOVE.

The young man was Ozam D'Mars. He had never known a parent's care or a mother's love. He was a waif, and in infancy was adopted by a wealthy gentleman and wife, who had no children.

About two years after his adoption, a little girl baby was sent to bless their home. The little girl was a sufferer from congenital disability, and although all that medical skill could do had been done for the child, she had never recovered the use of her limb, and she was evidently destined to go through life a cripple.

But little Ethel was a remarkably bright child. Her physical defect was more than compensated in mental ability. She seemed to know by intuition. At the age of five she was a musical prodigy as well as a mental wonder.

D'Mars was a remarkably bright boy. Perception, retentive memory, causality, and inductive reasoning, together with veneration, were his dominant characteristics, while approbateness and the selfish group were normal, or small.

He and Ethel were fast and inseparable friends. They never teased younger children, ever sought the happiness of their playmates, and were, of course, universal favorites.

But for them there was no lasting happiness. At the age of five, Ethel began to fail. It was soon evident that the grim reaper had marked her for his own. Day after day she faded like a gentle flower, in the sight of her broken-hearted parents. The doctor shook his head ominously as he remarked, the mental was too strong and vigorous for the physical.

As time passed on, the gentle taper burned lower

and lower. The child realized her condition. With her little emaciated arms she clasped her mother and kissed her fondly, saying, "Mother, don't weep for me. The angels await me. They are calling. You shall soon follow. They are calling you and papa too. O, we shall be so happy."

"Do they call me too?" inquired D'Mars, who now seldom left her bedside.

"No, Ozy, they are not calling you. They don't see you. You are surrounded by clouds."

Ozy looked despondent and sad.

"But the clouds have bright, golden edges and I can see a brilliant light beyond," resumed Ethel.

"There, now, child, keep quiet; and, Ozy, don't talk to her about such sad things," said the distracted mother, as she left the room, trying to suppress the tears that would come.

"You will think of me when I am gone, won't you, Ozy?"

"I shall never forget you as long as I live."

"And you will always love me?"

"Always, you and no other."

"But when you are a big man, will you love some one else and forget me?"

"Never. I shall always love you and no one else," said Ozy, as he pressed her delicate hand and kissed her.

"I am so happy, but I am sorry for poor mamma. She can't understand that the angels call me and I must go."

"Do you see the angels?"

"O, yes; they are so beautiful and they sing so sweetly. Can't you hear them?"

"You are not afraid?"

"No, Ozy, I am not afraid. But when I die they will bury me. They will dig a deep hole in the cold ground and put me in it and cover me up with clay.

I am afraid to be put under the ground. That makes me shudder."

"Don't be afraid of that. The angels will be with you. You will be ever so happy then."

"If you could only come with me, I should be so happy. I would not be afraid then. Can't you come?"

"There will be Another with you who can do more for you than I. Jesus will be with you. He is greater than all the angels. He made them and made you and me. He will raise you up from under the ground. You will be beautiful then; just like the angels. You will not be lame. You can then run and play and have a good time."

"Then I will not stay under the ground?"

"No; you will not. This poor, imperfect body may stay there, but you will have another body, a more perfect body. And you will never think of this poor mortal body."

"Don't talk of such sad things, my children. Now Ethel, you need rest. Wouldn't you like a little of this delicious clam broth?"

"No, mamma; I'm not hungry. The angels want me to come. They are very near now. Kiss me, mamma, before I go."

The poor mother kissed the child fondly.

"And you, too, papa. I love you and mamma so much."

"You will stay here and hold my hand until I go. won't you?"

Ozy dropped a tear as he pressed the hand which was now growing cold.

"You need rest, child. Now try to sleep," said her mother, as she held the little hand, and wept.

"Don't cry, mamma; we will meet again soon, very soon. And we will be so happy. And Ozy. you will always love me?"

"Always," said Ozy, as he tried to keep down the

lump that was gathering in his throat, for he saw that the end was near.

With a sweet smile on her innocent face, the child dropped off into a sleep. Her breath came shorter and shorter. Occasionally she made a spasmodic effort to regain it. Finally she said, in an almost inaudible voice, "O, mamma!" and all was over.

Her mother never recovered from the shock, and three days later, mother and child were laid in the same grave.

For days, weeks and months the shadow of the great bereavement hung over that home. While sad at heart himself, D'Mars did all in his power to cheer the bereaved father and husband.

With time, the healer of all wounds, the blow wore away. D'Mars' school days vanished. He entered college, and at the age of nineteen graduated with high honors. But his joy was destined to be mixed with sadness.

For some time his foster father had been failing in health. The end came. He passed away tranquilly as a child, and D'Mars was orphaned a second time.

The will was probated, and aside from numerous bequests to charitable institutions, the bulk of his vast estate was left to D'Mars, who was made sole executor, without bond, when he reached his majority; meantime the estate was managed by three trustees.

During the ensuing two years D'Mars took a course in technical training, taking up mechanical and civil engineering and metallurgy. Meantime he had been a close student of economic science and became an authority on social and industrial problems.

On reaching his majority he found himself the owner of a valuable landed estate. His estate consisted of five thousand acres of land, upon which a large city was making rapid encroachments. In addition to this he had stocks, bonds and money.

He had developed a splendid physique, and his mental attributes fully equaled his physical functions. Tall, commanding, well educated, highly cultured, of a cheerful and obliging disposition, he was a natural leader of men and affairs. His friends, and he had plenty of them, were naturally solicitous for his welfare. The natural thing for him to do, was to marry and settle down to business.

The social gossips, with their usual acute vision, had his name connected with the future of more than one marriageable young woman.

Indeed, D'Mars himself could see that such a program was the natural one for him to follow, but his mind continually turned back to the bedside at which he sat that delightful spring evening when the plaintive voice which said, "But when you are a big man will you not love some one else and forget me?" and his answer, "Never; I will always love you and no one else," came back to him as an admonition from the Beyond.

D'Mars was naturally a man of correct habits and home instincts. He felt that a home and a partner for life was necessary to complete his happiness—even his existence. But he was a believer in love—first love. He had loved once. He never could have another first love. It is true, he was then only a boy, but the one he loved with boyish affection had taken possession of the citadel of his heart, and he felt certain that he never could give the same throne to another. He might marry, become a dutiful husband, it is true, but it would only be a partnership, and a limited one at that. Only one had ever lived who could have completed his being. She is dead, however. Is she dead, or does she await him? What will he say when he meets her with another at his side—a new partner—and a broken promise?

In this perplexed and unsettled state of mind he

awaited events. He tried to banish Ethel from his mind, but in this he failed. He saw her in his dreams. She was no longer a helpless cripple. She had developed into vigorous and beautiful womanhood. She still loved him. She seemed at times sad and looked upon him beseechingly. At other times she seemed far above him in some exalted station of life, yet she loved him.

As time passed, he tried to take a reasonable and rational view of the situation. Among his numerous female acquaintances was one most beautiful and worthy young woman. She had been a friend and playmate of Ethel and knew of his boyish infatuation.

If Ethel were out of the question, he believed he could love her. He knew that she loved him—with at least the ordinary brand of the article floating in the social market under the name of love. He would tell her all, lay his heart open to her and ask her to become his wife. If she accepted a heart in which another was enthroned, he would marry her.

With this reasonable resolve in mind, he retired to sleep.

Next day the town was startled with the announcement that D'Mars had been found dead in his bed that morning.

"He retired in his usual good health," said the Evening News. "Not having appeared for breakfast this morning, a servant entered his chamber and found him in the cold embrace of death. The coroner was summoned at once. After a careful examination, he was unable to determine whether it was death, or a case of suspended animation. He summoned two prominent physicians, who examined the supposed corpse. They were unable to agree. One thought he was in a trance, while the other insisted that he was dead. Under the circumstances, no arrangements have yet been made for the funeral. The famous expert,

———, has been wired and will probably arrive this afternoon. There are no evidences of suicide. He had no heirs, and no will can be found, and should he be really dead, the disposition of his vast estate is a question that will no doubt occupy the attention of the courts and the legal fraternity for some time to come."

When the expert arrived, he was unable to decide the question. But he suggested that the corpse be held at least until rigidity is more pronounced.

After three days, the physicians all agreed that he was really dead and the preparations for the funeral services bring us to the opening chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE BROKEN VOW.

A few days later D'Mars called in some of his closest friends, to whom he related his strange dream, or vision, rather.

"You all know," he said, "of my love, or infatuation, whatever you may term it, for poor little Ethel, who died fifteen years ago, when I was a seven-year-old boy. You know of the promise I made her, that she only would ever be enthroned in my heart of hearts. I have wrestled for years with that promise. I have tried to look upon it as a boyish pledge, but the more I try to overcome my scruples, the more firmly she has been enthroned in my heart. You may consider me foolish or insane, but my trance has convinced me that she is my affinity and inseparably connected with my destiny, here and hereafter. And you will be surprised when I assure you that I believe she is living in mortality and that I shall find her."

"You know she is dead," remarked a friend.

"I saw her poor little body buried. That is true. But if my vision is not a complete hallucination and a deception, she is now in mortality."

"Of course it is a hallucination," said another of the group.

"Well, now just wait until you hear my story. I have tried to overcome the effect of my promise to her and my love for her; now, after fifteen years, it is my all-absorbing passion.

"On the night of my trance, as it is termed, I had decided to violate that promise, and propose marriage to a most estimable lady whom you all know and respect. I retired in my usual good health, and, as I

suppose, was soon asleep. Some time during the night I thought I awoke.

"I experienced a sudden burning pain in my head. Every nerve in my body seemed to be stretched to the utmost tension, then drawn from me, as a forest tree might be drawn from the ground.

"My next sensation was that of sinking in darkness. I no longer suffered pain. But I was overcome with a terrible fear of impending danger. The awe of that darkness, it makes me shudder even now.

"I felt that worlds and oceans rolled over my head, and still I descended lower and lower into a darkness so oppressive that I could feel it.

"My impression was that I was dead and on my way to—where? That was the question. I had now sunk beyond sense and time into some bottomless gulf of oblivion. Finally, light began to dawn. I could discern objects dimly. They became more definite. The light increased. I discovered that I was not alone. I had a companion.

"'Who art thou, and where are we going?' I inquired.

"'I am Ariel. I am the spirit that separates the soul, the real living spirit, from the mortal body. Your body is now dead, so far as real life is concerned. It is unconscious and senseless, although the mortal principle of animal life still animates it.'

"'Whither are we going? What is to become of me?'

"'I am instructed to convey you back many ages into the distant past, in order that you may review a small section of your past existence. When we reach the light I shall open to you the book of mortal life. To you shall be revealed your existence since you fell from grace, and you are to have a glimpse of the happiness you abandoned, when you rebelled against God.

"'Then I am on my way to judgment?'

" 'You are on the way to judgment. You shall see the book of life and you shall be the judge.'

" 'How long am I to endure punishment?'

" 'That depends upon yourself. You are a free agent. Your free will is still yours. All your sufferings are the result of your own choice. We shall soon arrive in Satan's Empire. You and your comrades in rebellion made Satan's Empire. You made Satan ruler of it. You served him and he has led you a merry race. You can abandon him when you so decide. You have served this evil spirit of your own creation for ages on ages, and sin and suffering has been your reward.'

" 'We slowly emerged into light. Our travels gradually ceased. A world of exceeding beauty opened up to us. Delightful music floated on the air. Our flight ceased. We stood before a massive wall that seemed to rise to the clouds. Inscribed on this wall in letters of immense proportions were the words, 'SIN AND SUFFERING.'

" 'We approached a gate and entered a vestibule.

" 'Ariel touched a button and a stereoscope opened.

" 'By looking in that glass,' said Ariel, 'you shall see yourself in Paradise before you rebelled.' I looked in the stereoscope. The scene was enchanting. It presented a world of beauty and harmony, music and song. The inhabitants were exceedingly beautiful. In general appearance the surface of that world very much resembled the Earth. But there was no comparison, no conflict, no evidence of war. All business was conducted harmoniously.

" 'I saw myself and my affinity. She was a most beautiful woman. We were exceedingly happy. Work was a pleasure; nothing to worry over. No sickness, no death.

" 'The scene changed. Then appeared many worlds. The inhabitants passed from world to world

by an act of volition. They were at home and among friends everywhere. All was harmony

“‘There was your home prior to the fall of man. You notice that all have affinities. All life has its positive and negative affinities. It requires both to make one complete whole. Now behold the fall of man.’

“Ariel touched another button and all connection and communication between the various worlds was cut off and confusion reigned everywhere. Finally there was only one world in sight. I saw myself alone. I had lost my affinity. Men grew selfish and began to plunder one another. Some quit work and began to live off the labor of others. These non-producers called themselves promoters and speculators. They appropriated to themselves the natural means of existence and taxed others for opportunity to toil. They began to accumulate wealth. The plundered producers rebelled and made trouble. The wealthy built castles and employed garrisons of soldiers to protect the fruits of their plunder. As the turmoil increased, the wealthy saw the necessity of stronger government. So they selected kings and the kings conferred titles on the wealthy and declared them nobles.

“After the divine law was discarded and man-made law set up in its stead, affinities became separated. Man was governed by passion rather than reason. A race of what was known as the children of man followed. The period of mortal life was curtailed. In the early stages of the downfall, man lived two or three thousand years. His life record was reduced as disease increased until two hundred years was about the limit. With disease came doctors or medicine men. As the doctors increased the period of life grew shorter, until it was reduced to one hundred years or less. It was a question, even then, whether it was the doctors and drugs that produced the disease or the disease that produced the doctors and drugs.

"During all this time, there were a few men and women who had not rebelled. They sounded notes of warning of the evils to come. These men were considered cranks and no heed was given to them.

"In his pride, man could not endure the idea of annihilation. Within him, the spiritual light of eternal truth burned dimly. It was surrounded and darkened by the clouds of erroneous mortal mind. But it constantly reminded men of an immortal destiny and a Power that governed matter. They, therefore, worshipped a God, hoped for future reward and feared punishment.

"The kings and nobles observed this fear of future punishment so deeply grounded in the minds of the masses, and decided to turn it to account. So they made gods for the people and from their class selected priests to act as mediators between these gods and the people. These priests surrounded their hand-made gods with all sorts of mysteries. They endowed them with the human passions of the age. For instance, these gods were fond of praise and flattery. They were easily irritated, generally angry, and visited all sorts of dire punishments upon those who failed to worship and praise and flatter them. The king ruled by their authority, and in his love of praise and flattery and in his moods of anger, he very much resembled them. This was the origin of the doctrine that the king is a sacred person and ruled by divine right.

"After this idolatrous worship was made a government institution and divinity fixed in the minds of the masses, the kings and nobles had easy sailing. Everything they did was directed by the gods and any one who questioned the decrees of the gods was put to death for heresy.

"It is needless to say that these priests were mere charlatans and hypocrites, barring a few fanatics. They worked upon the fears of the masses and sub-

jects, by preaching future punishment until people were tired of life and afraid to die. But there were rewards, too, and plenty of them for those who in their loyalty, implicitly obeyed the king and contributed liberally to the support of the temple. Thus the little spark of divine light intended to direct fallen man back to his Creator was turned to the basest purposes and used to degrade and enslave him.

"For ages and ages I saw myself passing through all the stages of barbarism. In one mortal existence I was the lowest of serfs. In another, I would be a freeman, so called and doing my utmost to enslave others. At one time I would be executed for crime; at another, I would be the executioner. I noticed that after I was executed on some charge or other, I would come back into the next mortal existence more vicious than ever. I wanted to get even with society. But I could not tell why. I had no remembrance of any former existence. In some ages, society would make considerable progress. But through pride, injustice and greed, it would again relapse into barbarism.

"I noticed one peculiarity of the human race, that seemed to hold good in all ages and under all circumstances. That was a disposition to regard the present as the greatest and most enlightened age of the world and look upon the past with supreme contempt. There was, however, one exception to this rule. Every step taken by the courts to enable the favored few to appropriate to themselves the rights and even the means of existence of the masses and toilers, was compiled in books known as supreme court decisions and reverently held up as the sum of human wisdom and the law of the land.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ANCIENT CITY.

"After witnessing my progress through countless ages of sin, suffering and misery, I found myself in Multo; a magnificent city which boasted of 5,000,000 population. The arts and sciences were carried to a high state of perfection. Magnificent ocean steamers floated lazily at the docks and scores of railways poured the wealth of the land into this mart of trade. The city was regularly laid out with broad streets, and avenues, magnificent parks, lakes, fountains, statues, and public temples. Along the palisades on the eastern side were the palatial residences of wealth, pride and culture. The business center was rather circumscribed, but what was wanting in area was made up in altitude of buildings, some of which were fifty stories high and filled with business offices.

"The sub-treasury and the banks were confined to a small area and it was the boast of Multo, that they held in their vaults over five thousand million dollars, gold and silver. Immediately north of the business center was the Temple of Jupiter and adjoining it on the north were the palaces of the priests. In the vaults of the temple and those palaces were held over one thousand millions dollars in gold coin, while the ornaments and sacred vessels, all solid gold, were said to be worth another thousand millions.

"But alongside this untold wealth, overflowing in sky-scrapers, palatial mansions, noted social functions and magnificent church edifices, and intermingling with this princely pomp, was gross immorality, corruption in high places and the most extreme poverty

and suffering among the poor. In the latter districts I beheld men, women and children thinly and shabbily clad and carrying dinner pails, on their way to toil in the vast factories and mines. The sidewalks and streets were filled with humanity, if such a name may be applied to mere human wreckage.

"On they came in seemingly endless procession. There were the lame and the halt; old men and women whose gray hair, haggard faces and emaciated forms indicated that the struggle for existence was for them, almost ended. Young men and women, and mere children; no elasticity to their step, no sparkle of youth in their eye. Stamped upon their faces was that intense look that marks the sad struggle for food that they had just entered upon and which ends in death, or worse.

"In shabbily tattered garments, the countless multitude marched—the deathlike silence not even broken by a word from the children. It appeared like Resurrection day and that I beheld the endless procession of the condemned after final judgment, on their awful march to eternal damnation.

"For this vast multitude, the sunshine of life was extinguished; the star of hope was dead; anticipation, sweet illusion that buoys us up on the dark and stormy seas of disappointment, was banished from their sight. They felt that they were automatons in the hand of some merciless fate; that tomorrow had nothing better in store for them; the same hopeless, crushing, grinding struggle awaited them.

"The worst, however, is yet to be told. I saw myself amid this splendid degradation. I was a multi-millionaire and a labor grinder. I owned a fine palace. I was a magnate and a hypocritical worshiper of Jupiter. I opposed every effort of the toilers to secure justice, and I was a most bitter enemy of the

prophet Jonas, who proclaimed the destruction of Multo unless the people speedily repented.

"Jonas had a large following among the common people and he was regarded as a dangerous anarchist. Yet, because of his following among the toilers who were on the verge of open revolt, the authorities were afraid to arrest him.

"Jonas, however, predicted the destruction of Multo and all Pluto, on a certain date. The authorities only laughed at his prediction and decided on that day to arrest and execute him as a false prophet. They knew how quickly the mob will turn upon a leader.

"The people were very much alarmed, however, over Jonas' prediction. In order to allay their fears, arrangements were made for a multitude of banquets on that night. Amid the rejoicing Jonas was to be arrested and the following morning the great metropolitan press was to demand that he be put to death as a disturber.

"The day arrived, men refused to work. The multitude walked the streets in lamentation. An extra police force was put on guard. Noon came and the afternoon passed, and evening came and still Multo was safe. Jonas was a false prophet. The banquets proceeded; the streets were filled with happy people on their way to the temples and banquet halls. It was to be a night of unrestrained reveling and debauchery.

"The first duty of the faithful on that memorable night was to attend service in some of the numerous temples. The sacrifice to Jupiter, in which two hundred and fifty followers of Jonas were to be slain, was the chief feature of the service. Of these victims, there were one hundred and fifty women and one hundred men. The discrimination against women was based on the belief that women were more religious than men

and capable of doing more proselyting, owing to their natural disposition to talk. The sacrificial victims were divided among the various temples, each being allotted at least two, and none receiving a greater number than five, except the chief temple, where the faithful enjoyed the death of ten—four males and six females. A goat was also brought into each temple, whose fate it was to receive on his head, at the hands of the priest, all the sins of the faithful. After receiving this cargo of woe, the goats were to be banished to the forest where they were tied to trees until they perished. This beautiful ceremony took place after the sacrifice.

“In the main temple where I attended, there were 20,000 worshipers present. The colossal idol Jupiter was almost buried in flowers. All the decorations were on the same lavish scale. Four hundred persons arrayed in rich robes officiated in the sanctuary. Eight hundred little girls dressed in white, and carrying wreaths, chanted the songs of Jupiter as they strewed flowers through the broad aisles. They were followed by sixteen priests, who in turn were followed by the great serpent, Malo, forty feet long, which symbolized the wrath of Jupiter against sorcerers and unbelievers.

“After this procession, the choir struck up an avalanche of music. The immense organ was aided by bells, cymbals, horns, and stringed instruments. It was attuned to quick time and every nerve of the audience vibrated in unison with this lively music.

“The high priest followed with an appropriate sermon, which I shall not attempt to repeat. He was very bitter in his denunciation of Jonas, the false prophet. He recounted the blessings that Jupiter had showered on the people, notwithstanding their ingratitude. His chief denunciations were hurled against agitators who

criticised moral, social and industrial conditions, and railed against capital. He dwelt in glowing terms on the great work performed by the millionaires for the welfare of society; but for them labor would be unemployed, and tens of thousands of women, who now live in luxurious ease, would be on the streets. To criticise these men who had accumulated vast wealth was to oppose the will of Jupiter, to fly in the face of a god, who wisely distributed his favors as he saw best for all. He demanded a more rigid enforcement of the law against low-down, disreputable houses, saloons and dance halls. In conclusion he said:

“‘You are now to see ten of these Jonas heretics expiate their sacrilege against Jupiter. They have had a last opportunity to recant, but imbued with the spirit of the devil, they have maintained their stubbornness to the end. All that I am sorry for is that we were unable to secure Jonas himself. Like all these disturbers and social and industrial agitators, he manages to save himself. But this is only the beginning of the end. Muldo is safe. Pluto is safe. Soon you shall visit the banquet halls. There you shall enjoy still more of the blessings and enjoyments that Jupiter has prepared for you, even in mortal existence.’

“This sermon was received with rapturous and prolonged applause. The wealth, beauty and aristocracy of Muldo were present. Acres of silk, satins, laces and jewels heaved like ocean waves as the audience cheered the speaker. Like a roar of euphonious artillery, the music mingled with the plaudits, until the immense marble and granite columns and dome of the auditorium seemed to quiver and vibrate.

“The sacrificial bell now sounded in thunder tones. Silence was instantly restored. The hands of the great clock pointed to the figure nine, the hour of sacrifice,

The music ceased, the audience was hushed. By a mechanical device not known to the populace, Jupiter spoke. He said in solemn tones :

“ ‘Multo is safe. Bring on the renegades. Let them die. So be it with all apostates.’ ”

“A side door leading into the sanctuary opened. The ten followers of Jonas were led in by guards in scarlet uniform. The victims were clad in dark shrouds. Each was quickly bound on an iron truck which stood in front of Jupiter. A large panel in the base and beneath Jupiter’s feet was drawn aside, revealing a white-hot furnace or crematory. The truck carrying its load of human freight was quickly run into the furnace and the panel replaced. The music started up and the audience cheered vociferously. Another bell sounded and silence was resumed. The scape-goat was led in. The high priest in solemn tones evoked Jupiter to cast all the sins of the faithful upon the goat’s guilty head. Jupiter of course obeyed, and the goat was led out, casting a vicious glance at the audience as he walked away carrying his unholy load.

“Music and cheers followed, after which the faithful departed for the banquet halls.

CHAPTER V.

CLEO'S BANQUET.

"Accompanied by a half dozen young millionaires of high social standing, I now set out to finish the night at Madam Cleo's Porphyry Palace. Madam Cleo was a famous lobbyist who had accumulated a vast fortune. The Porphyry Palace was located near the National Capital and was headquarters for promoters, senators and lobbyists. I shall not enter into a too minute description of the business of Madam Cleo, further than to say that few of her guests would care to admit that they attended her social functions. To repeat the names of her guests was considered a dangerous libel.

"On this particular occasion Madam Cleo's entertainment was to surpass all other courts, for she was a special enemy of Jonas. The guests were all men, one hundred in number, and ranging in age from twenty-five to forty-five and even fifty years. They were elegantly attired in full dress. Their immaculate white bosoms, cuffs and fingers sparkled with gems. They were men of culture and exceedingly polite and courtly in their manners.

"The first order was for wines, cordials and tonics only. As the wines began to take effect, conversation grew more animated. Soft strains of music, instrumental and vocal, floated in through the open casements. Politics, business and science were discussed as the banquet proceeded. Good-natured witticisms and repartee were indulged in and occasionally the discussions reached a degree of tartness that bordered dangerously upon acrimony, but melted away without rupture.

"I had excellent opportunity to study and analyze these voluptuous revellers. Pride, conceit, vanity, disdain—self, self first, last and all the time, were indelibly stamped on each countenance. To the advantages of university education was added social and cultured polish. Their ribaldry and coarse jests were couched in choice and delicate language. Their broad inuendoes were pointed enough but not coarse or vulgar. They enjoyed their sensual debauch with a delicate, wanton refinement far more dangerous to the plastic mind than the boisterous language of a low wine room, for the latter has its safety valve in disgust. In these scions of aristocracy, these shining social lights, these cultured rouses, I scented a subtle poison, an all-pervading miasma, that inoculates the mind, blunts the moral senses, and drags the victim to the deepest depths of degradation long before he even suspects his condition, and leaves him a stranded wreck of manhood.

"But I had little time for meditation. At a signal from Cleo, the waiters filled the banquet chamber and in less time than it requires to relate it, the tables were all removed through folding doors to another hall. Thus was left a large open space in the center. Most delightful strains of music followed. Singers' voices were next heard; nearer and nearer they came. The guests straightened up somewhat, some sitting erect and others leaning upon their elbows in a fashion of exquisite indolence. The folding doors slowly opened and a galaxy of singing and dancing girls filed noiselessly as fairies into the pavilion. A sigh of half suppressed applause greeted them. All were gems of feminine beauty. Dreamy, yet sparkling bright eyes, wavy hair, blond, golden auburn and raven black, floated over pearly shoulders and perfectly rounded arms. Their robes of snowy white were light as down

and sufficiently abbreviated to meet the approval of our most fastidious admirers of the stage dance.

"The guests frequently summoned waiters and partook of liberal libations as the giddy whirl proceeded.

"The music now became faster and faster and the dancers kept pace with it. The wine had been flowing freely. The guests were in a whirl of excitement. Many of them joined in the dance.

"Cold chills crept over me as I viewed myself through the telescope of the past, a participant in this wild debauch.

"Is this really a true picture of my past experience?" I inquired of Ariel, who stood by my side.

"You can rely upon it," he replied.

"But I had little time for inquiry. The scene was rapidly unfolding and our conversation was cut short. At that instant a vivid lightning flash, accompanied by an instantaneous crash of thunder—sudden—awful—shattered the glass and shook the Porphyry Palace to its foundation. The scene of revel had ceased. Cleo had abandoned her throne and was rushing about wildly with the guests, seeking safety. I saw myself pass through an open door into the garden. The air was surcharged with electricity. Flashes of forked lightning shot in all directions, giving the sky the semblance of a burning furnace, while the deafening crashes and roar of thunder made the very earth quiver. The Porphyry Palace was wrecked. Its shattered and tottering walls were falling and great tongues of flame already leaped from the ruins.

"I was so impressed by the reality of the scene that for the moment I was carried back to Multo and felt that I was actually going through it. I sought the gate. There I found a portion of the guests rushing out.

" 'It seems that Jonas was right, after all,' I remarked to Prof. Cackle, whom I met at the gate.

" 'Not by a d——d sight! It is nothing but an earthquake,' he replied as he hailed a passing hack.

" 'I will pay you \$1,000 to take me out of this city,' said Prof. Cackle to the driver.

" 'Not enough; \$5,000 is the price.'

" 'I will give you a check for \$10,000. I have not the currency with me,' I said.

" 'I know your check is good, Mr. D'Mars, but nothing except the "yellow stuff" or the "long green" goes tonight,' replied the driver as he whipped up his horses.

"The earth was now heaving in the throes of convulsion. Fire flashed up through crevices in the ground. The odor of poisonous gas rendered the air stifling. I looked toward the business center, hoping that in some of the great steel structures I might find safety. They were falling amid waves of fire. Myriads of crazed humanity rushed frantically through the streets. Vivid shafts of lightning tore down whole blocks.

"The heavens above resembled a superheated furnace, while the roar of thunder was deafening. I made my way through the mass of humanity to the corner, where I could see the temple. The sight was appalling. The roof had fallen in. Portions of the wall still stood. I thought of the ten victims who had perished there only two hours since, and the thousands who applauded the murder and the sermon of the high priest.

"The streets were a seething mass of people. The hundreds of dance halls and ball rooms had poured out into the streets a strange conglomeration of frenzied humanity. Men, women and children clad in masks and all the grotesque paraphernalia of the stage, crying, shouting and cursing, mingled and mixed. The

heat was becoming intense. Many had already succumbed to it and fallen unconscious in the streets, only to be trampled underfoot.

"My mind was in an indescribable state of bewilderment. Past, present and future was to me an inextricable jumble. I knew that I was D'Mars and a sort of sub-consciousness told me that I was some one else. What is to be the end of this wild, weird phantasmagoria? I asked myself. The answer came quickly. A terrific flash of lightning and an instantaneous thunderbolt were followed by a dreadful upheaval that opened the earth's ponderous jaws to such an extent that the palace, temple and business center, all, were swallowed down into a yawning abyss of fire. I went down in the destruction. I felt myself shrivel up like a fly in a furnace. Then I was engulfed in cold water. It seemed that the ocean was pouring its torrents of water upon me.

"I turned away from the glass in horror as I remarked to Ariel that I could stand no more of it.

"He smiled as he replied, 'The scenes you have just beheld occurred 45,000 years ago. You would better see it through. It will be a valuable lesson to you.'

"I again looked at the stereoscope. I was floating over a burning city and by my side was Jonas.

"'How extensive is the fire?' I inquired of Jonas.

"'All Pluto is destroyed. It is now sinking and soon an ocean waste with a few islands will mark the spot. There it will remain, thousands of years, until some other continent is submerged, when it will arise, and after centuries it will again be peopled. A vast continent is now emerging from the ocean in the East.'

"'What will become of us?' I inquired.

"'My mission is complete here for the present. I shall return to paradise. You must remain on this

planet and suffer until you seek the real Light—Truth—Love—Right mind. When you seek it sincerely you will find it ; then and then only you will be happy. You must first find Ethel, your better half, your affinity. She has made many efforts to save you, but the rebellious spirit in you was too strong. You must conquer and cast him out,' said Jonas, and he instantly disappeared.

"I was still floating in air over a burning world. Gradually a dense vapor arose, the flames gave way to dark clouds. Pluto had sunk and the in-rushing waters from the surrounding ocean had extinguished the flames. I knew that Pluto was now an ocean. On I sped over the watery waste. At last I sank in the water. All was darkness. Down—down—down I went ; miles of water seemed to roll over me. I became unconscious. I was drowned.

"The retrospective panorama was still unfolding. Ages on ages were passing away. I was passing with them through numberless mortal existences. All was trouble and worry—a prolonged night of barbarism. At times I could see Ethel in the distance. She was radiant in beauty, yet gazed upon me sadly. Between us was an impassable gulf.

"At last, I saw myself in what seemed to be a New World. In response to my inquiry, Ariel informed me that I was still in Erebus, but that I had been spared the sight of many centuries of very wicked physical existences through which I had passed, as there was no desire to inflict upon me unnecessary humiliation.

"I noticed considerable improvement in the civilization of the masses. They were still ruled by kings and nobles, and a vast majority still worshiped material idols. A small nation known as the Liganites, were under the influence of the prophets and worshiped

the unseen God of the Universe. But so powerful was the tendency to materialism that even these more enlightened people fell into idol worship from time to time.

"Considerable progress, however, had been made in idolatry. The people were more intelligent and the priests of idolatry found it necessary to adapt the gods to the humor of the masses. The gods were still endowed with the passions and vices of the kings and nobles. They still showered their favors on the favored few, and inflicted dire vengeance upon unbelievers. Their number had materially increased, and their rapacity for wine, corn and mutton had grown with their numerical increase. There were gods of war, peace, health, crops, commerce, flocks, etc., etc. The grandeur of the temples and number and cost of the sacred vessels and the robes and trappings of the priests, and the extent and solemnity of the ceremonials, had also increased with the material wealth of the kings and nobles and captains of industry, while the poverty of the toilers also increased. But the poor were the most devout worshipers. They would carry their last lamb, and measure of corn or wine, to the temple, to be devoured by the idols in order that they might be happy and escape eternal punishment after death. So persistent were the idolators of these olden times, in their admiration of gods endowed with passions, and ceremonials and richly robed priests, and costly temples, that the Liganites endowed the true God with similar attributes and also indulged in fine temples, elaborate ceremonials, and arrayed their priests in similar robes. This disposition of the Liganite kings and princes to indulge wealth and luxury at the expense of the toilers and to the detriment of Godlike religion and morals, was soundly condemned by the prophets. But the prophets

were considered old fossils who were far behind the progress of the times, and but little heed was given to their warnings.

"The prophets were most emphatic in their condemnation of land monopoly. They insisted that the Liganite kings and nobles and capitalists had no right to monopolize God's free gifts to all the people. They insisted that the land should be free to all and that to compel the toilers to pay them rent for the means of existence, was displeasing to the one and only true God. The oppressed toilers stood by the prophets on this proposition and at one period of history the kings were compelled to proclaim each fiftieth year as a year of jubilee, when the land that had been taken from the people by extortioners and usurers, should be returned to its rightful owners. This system worked well for many ages, but the people, ever negligent of their natural rights, let this law fall into disuse.

"After seeing myself pass through ages on ages of suffering and degradation, I inquired of Ariel why even the masses of toilers, the chief sufferers, could not be induced to rise up in their might and proclaim the right of all to equal opportunity.

"They have not yet paid the penalty of sin. They are stubborn. The rebellious spirit is still strong in them. You hear their answer to the prophets: "If your unseen God is real and all powerful, let Him prove it to us by a miracle. Let Him send us a sign from heaven."

"Poor miserable creatures. They rebelled of their own free will. They brought all these miseries upon themselves by their own free acts. They still have the power of free choice. When they choose to return to happiness, the way will be opened to them. Only think of their conceit, pride and self importance; challenging

the Creator of the universe, the sovereign Ruler of all the worlds, to favor them with proof of His power—a miracle forsooth. They will learn that God can get along without them much longer than they can get on without Him.'

"Is the way not open for them to reach eternal happiness?' I inquired.

"No. Erebus is still disconnected from the immortal worlds. They cannot now visit the happy worlds as they did prior to their rebellion. But they have the light. It is not cut off. Nature performs all its functions as far as evil mind will permit. There is absolutely nothing to hinder these fallen people reaching a high degree of perfection and happiness without personal intercourse with the immortal worlds. But they are stubborn. You have seen how they treated the prophets whom God sent to lead them into the ways of justice, peace and happiness.'

CHAPTER VI.

PASSING OF THE AGES.

"As we conversed, the retrospective panorama passed on, and ages on ages rolled by. So highly interesting was the scene, that I scarcely took any notice of myself, amid the masses of struggling humanity. Earthquakes and floods; warfare and famine; the captivity of the Liganites, the destruction of Pablon, the building of Wiseman's Temple; all passed before me in chronological order.

"'You will soon see the coming of the Messiah and the restoration of communication between Erebus and the immortal worlds,' said Ariel.

"I looked with awe upon those wonderful and impressive scenes. The connection of Erebus with the immortal worlds was heralded by a shaft of light upon whose brilliant rays came the singing of angels. I heard the harmony, and saw them surround the infant Messiah. The infant lay smiling upon a horse blanket in a stable. He was free from mortal mind and fear. So instead of crying, He smiled. His parents had visited the city that day in response to a call by the government. All the hotels were crowded by wealthy people who could pay well for the best accommodations. Many were there who had suddenly grown rich by organizing trusts or gambling in stocks. Their wives and daughters, and servants had secured all the best rooms in the hotels. The Society reporters were so busy securing the names of prominent people, that they had not the time to give a two-line notice to the birth of the Messiah and the redemption of Erebus. The happy mother secured some old baby clothes from some

of the poor people who resided near the stable, in which she wrapped the Infant and returned with Him to her humble home among the mountains.

"The most interesting part is yet to be unfolded.

"For thirty years the Messiah dwelt in His rural home and ate bread in the sweat of His face. He had no advantages of a college education. He did not need it. He had the book of nature, and He knew it by heart. He beheld injustice, greed, pride, envy, selfishness, sin and suffering, on all sides. He knew that Erebus was groaning under the self-imposed burden of erroneous mind. To remove this burden from the back of suffering humanity, was His mission. He taught people to love and forgive one another, and He began by loving and forgiving all Himself. He demonstrated the power of Divine mind—spirit over matter—to such a wonderful degree that His friends marveled. But He never laid claim to the performances of miracles, for when His disciples marveled, He said, 'These things shall ye do, and even greater, in my name.'

"The wealthy classes, including the high priests, kings, nobles, capitalists, lawyers, and doctors, scouted the idea that the Messiah should come in the lowly garb of a poor mechanic. They looked for a Messiah in accordance with the prophecy of old, but they expected a temporal king, who would lead forth armies against the pagan unbelievers, conquer them, destroy their idols and make them (the Liganites) the rulers of Erebus. They expected Him to be born in the ranks of royalty, to be of royal blood, and that when He commenced his mission he would consult them. Every fibre of their aristocratic nature rebelled against the idea of such a king being born of poor parents and in a stable, and having actually supported Himself and parents by working at a menial trade. Such a person could not

be the expected Messiah. He must be an impostor. But they became alarmed over His growing popularity with the masses. He was actually healing the sick without a certificate from the doctors' association, and without medicine. And He assured His followers that they should do likewise. What would become of the doctors and druggists, if this sort of thing were permitted?

"In this emergency, the 'better classes' began to plot His destruction, by working up sentiment against Him among the politicians. A campaign committee was organized. It was made up of ward workers and partisan grafters who had influence with the mob. The 'better classes' took no active part in the campaigning; but they sent checks to the committee to defray the expenses.

"The Messiah was undisturbed. He kept right on healing the sick and denouncing the usurers, lawyers and Pharisees whom he designated as hypocrites.

"A rich young man who had inherited vast estates, and probably never earned a dollar in his life, came to Him one day and asked what he should do to inherit eternal happiness.

"The Messiah recited to him the Commandments.

" 'These,' he said, 'I have kept all my life,' and he meant it, for he was a nice young man and had a front pew in a fashionable temple, and he, no doubt, performed the usual duty of contributing to the church and its charities.

" 'Then,' said the Messiah, 'if thou wouldst be perfect, sell all thou hast and give it to the poor and follow Me.'

"The rich young man thought of 'What will they say?' should he follow this advice; and he walked away in sorrow.

"I noticed that same young man in his next mortal existence trying to make a living raising figs on a half-acre of ground that stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, while one of his former tenants occupied his palace and mortgaged it to raise money to run a minstrel show.

"One day He went into the temple to pray to the Father of all, and passing one of the numerous vestibules, he saw a pool board, a 'ticker,' and a number of well dressed men buying and selling 'puts' and 'calls'; gambling in 'futures' on stocks, wheat and corn. This was the only time in His life that He seemed to have lost His patience, for He drove the gamblers out into the street.

"These men of affairs were highly indignant over such treatment. So they denounced Him as an anarchist, as well as a general disturber. The mob now howled against Him. The result was, that He was arrested and condemned to crucifixion, the most ignominious death known. It was believed that this would entirely disrupt His followers. It did to a great extent. But a few of His followers took up His work, and His gospel spread far and wide.

"His disciples and apostles immediately set out to preach the new gospel of redemption. They preached the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. They advocated free and equal opportunity for all, condemned war and plunder, idleness and luxury, falsehood and sensuality. These doctrines were quite popular with the masses, but unpopular with the wealthy few. So His apostles and sincere followers were put to death as disturbers and anarchists.

"The wealthy classes, including kings and nobles, were willing to accept the gospel of the Messiah with a few modifications in the way of interpretation and construction.

"The kings and nobles who owned almost everything and charged the toilers an enormous rental for the use of it, wanted a modification of the doctrine of free and equal opportunity.

"Again, the Messiah had said that it was as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. This was a hard sentence against the usurers, trust magnates and landlords. They wanted this sentence so interpreted that they could enter heaven. An ecclesiastical council took this matter up. The language of the Messiah was too plain and simple to admit of any construction that would change its plain meaning; so they solemnly declared that nothing was impossible to God, therefore, a rich man could enter heaven, if he was a good man and a large contributor to the church. And this liberal construction was improved later on by wise men, who discovered that in the original Hebraic tongue, a needle's eye meant a narrow gate. Of course a camel could, with some difficulty, pass through a narrow gate, and thus the impossibility was removed and rich men were made happy.

"As the ages came and passed, the new gospel of human rights and equality of opportunity made serious inroads on idolatrous barbarism. The common people flocked to the new social standard. When kings and princes and nobles saw the hold it had taken on their subjects, they, too, adopted it with some further modifications. They could not, of course, surrender their landed estates to the peasantry and thus give up their princely and luxurious incomes.

"In this emergency, the wise men made a thorough examination of the gospel, and decided that the parables in which the Messiah spoke of rich lords and of the manor and masters and servants, were really commendations of landlordism and monopoly of the means of

existence; while His denunciations of wealth and usury were a sort of Eastern Metaphor that did not apply to this progressive age. But rich monopolists were reminded that they must be just and charitable; that they were merely stewards of the Almighty for the dispersing of His gifts; and that they would be held to a strict accountability after death, for the use they made of the special favors conferred upon them.

"Kings, princes and nobles now flocked to the standard of Christianity. Their subjects, the toilers, still struggled along and paid these rich monopolists for opportunity to toil. But in behalf of authentic history, it must be said that for a time, these favored devotees of wealth and luxury, did treat their toiling subjects more humanely. They evidently were sincere in their belief, that as favorites of the bountiful Father of all, they did owe some duties to the less favored children of the same Father.

"But as the retrospective stereoscope unfolded the panorama of life, and brought me down to more recent ages, I discovered that pride and greed for power and mortal glory and flattery modified the policy of these converted rulers. Vast accumulations of material wealth, called for still more wealth. Wealth conferred power, and power evidenced greatness. Thus wealth, and not moral worth, became the standard of greatness. With wealth came luxury and gross immorality. Thus, wealth became an idol. The vulgar display and luxurious vices of the parvenu rich were imitated by the poor, who had also become worshipers at the shrine of Mammon. Thus the infection spread until the chase for wealth became a disease—a veritable pestilence. This mad race after money was intensified by the fear of poverty. The injustice that denied man free and equal access to the means of existence—

free opportunity to work—superinduced selfishness, greed, worry, corruption and wide-spread venality.

“The command, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ was early set aside by the converted governments. They raised armies and conducted campaigns of conquest and plunder under the plea of spreading the gospel of Salvation. Institutions were established by government for the training of men in the art of killing. Nations that professed the gospel of ‘Peace and good will among men,’ not only fought and killed unbelievers, but they murdered one another. Alleged chaplains of the Messiah officiated for the armies on both sides and in prayer invoked Him to aid them in their murderous mission.

“From time to time, apostles arose, as the prophets of former times appeared, and called the people back to the plain principles of justice, love and brotherhood, proclaimed by the Messiah. These men were treated as cranks or disturbers, and either put to death, or excommunicated for rebellion against authority. And the strange thing was, that the martyrs and rebels of one century were generally the heroes and saints of the succeeding centuries.

“During all these ages, I saw myself struggling with the masses. Like the majority, I was controlled by erroneous mind. In some of my mortal existences I would become wealthy and powerful. In others I would be an humble toiler. I had occupied almost every conceivable position. Sometimes, I would almost reach the Spiritual light. But my material mind was still strong. The fear, worry, selfishness and hatred that enslaved me in each mortal stage influenced me in the next. Thus I moved onward—alternately scaling the peaks of human passion and being plunged down to drink the dregs of sin and suffering.

I became so disgusted with my stupidity, egotism and folly, that I despised myself.

"But there was a bright side to this doleful picture of woe. In each age I could discover an almost imperceptible improvement in the race. Since communication had been resumed by the Messiah, between Erebus and the higher planets, thousands of the fallen had availed themselves of it and passed on to Paradise. Myriads of happy spirits, called angels, visited Erebus. They exercised a powerful influence for good. They were invisible to the mortal eye, of course, and worked by suggestion. Some few mortals reached a state of spirituality that enabled them to see and converse with these good messengers. These persons were ever surrounded by angels. They were exceedingly happy and always sought to make others happy. When they cast off the mortal body, they had no desire to return to mortality. They visited the immortal worlds with the angels, and often returned and worked with the angels to reclaim the fallen. They stood by the fallen and gave them inspiration in thoughts and dreams. In dreams they warned them of evil to come and suggested ways and means to avoid it.

"Among those reclaimed spirits whose beatified bodies shone with the splendor of the sun, one had attracted my special attention. It was a woman, radiant in beauty, yet pensive and sad. I noticed that she was ever at work, and on many occasions tried to give to me inspirations in that far away age; all of which, in my folly and blindness, I ignored.

" 'That beautiful maiden,' said Ariel in response to my query, 'is Ethel, your affinity. She is endeavoring to save you. Without you, she can never be happy, even in Paradise, and you will never know happiness until you are again united with her.'

“ ‘Where is she now?’ I inquired, with such intense interest that even Ariel was startled.

“ ‘She is now somewhere in mortality looking and waiting for you.’

“ ‘Do you mean to tell me that Ethel has abandoned the certainty of Paradise for the fears, worry and suffering incident to mortality, out of love for me?’

“ ‘She has done this many times, and as I tell you, she is now on the mortal plane seeking you.’

“ ‘That is to me a new phase of woman’s love.’

“ ‘In your present gross mortality, such love may seem strange, but during your long career of sin, you have evidently forgotten much of real spiritual woman’s love. Woman is the most complex of all created beings, and whether nearer to or farther from God, she is still the truest interpreter of the Divine ideal. She scales mountain peaks in search of a joy and flings herself into the deepest abyss of sin and misery for the ideal she loves. She searches the desolate places for a kindred sorrow, and reads the stars for sympathy. She dies when her first ideal vanishes, and like a ghost haunts the wreck during the remainder of her allotted span of mortality.’

“ ‘Ethel is in mortality now?’

“ ‘She is.’

“ ‘But I am dead.’

“ ‘No, you are not dead. The body from which you recently departed, only, is dead, just as your numerous other bodies have passed away.’

“ ‘Can I return to that body which I so recently abandoned?’

“ ‘That depends. Should Ethel visit you in spirit, she can restore you to your abandoned body. We shall see. Meantime you shall complete the retrospect of your past.’

CHAPTER VII.

IN CENTROPOLIS.

"Ariel was inexorable. I must see my past follies to the end. Again turning my gaze upon the relentless mirror of the past I saw my ancient self in a vast city or wonderful splendor.

"I became so intensely absorbed in this vast city, that for the time being, I lost my identity at the stereoscope and became my former self in Centropolis.

"Erebus at that time had a population of about two billion five hundred millions, and was ruled by five 'Great Powers,' known as Tom, Dick, Harry, Bill and Nick. There were also a score or so of second-class governments and many still smaller. They all maintained armies, the five Great Powers leading off with about five million soldiers.

"Centropolis was the Capital of Tom. It was a magnificent city, not so large or wealthy as Multo, but in commerce, industry, display of wealth and disparity between the rich and the poor, it differed very little from Multo.

"While the more highly skilled toilers were nearly all organized they were not much better off than the unskilled laborer. The great majority lived up to their wages, and if thrown out of work they were about as near to want as the common laborer and suffered worse. The employer was not much better off. He usually worked on borrowed money. He had to pay interest on his capital and wages to his employees.

"Away above both business and labor stood the great captains of industry—the so-called capitalists backed up by the bankers. They enjoyed special privileges from the government—indeed they were the

government, for no man, who stood for the interests of the whole people and opposed special privileges for the favored few, could be elected to any important office, except in isolated cases.

"The monopolists, for it is a misuse of the term to call them capitalists, were large owners and controllers of the means of existence. They furthermore owned and controlled valuable railway and other franchises. They also regulated the price which the farmer received for his products and the tolls he must pay to get them hauled to market. By these means they were the lords and masters of the farmers who especially boasted of their freedom. I noticed one of these captains of industry who, within a mortal lifetime, accumulated one thousand million dollars—he did not produce it by his labor of hand or brain—just transferred it from the pockets of the producers to his coffers. There were scores of others almost equal to him in wealth, and millionaires by the hundreds. And while this man of whom I speak had accumulated in thirty-five years the full earnings of a laborer for three hundred thousand years, the great masses of toilers were not thirty days from starvation, were they thrown out of employment.

"You gentlemen may wonder how ten per cent. of the inhabitants who produced nothing could appropriate seventy-five per cent. of the fruits of toil by means of special government privileges, in a land where the toilers control eighty per cent. of the votes. But it was just as easy as rolling off a log. Of course it required political sagacity and unscrupulous methods. The favored few divided themselves into two dominant parties, known as the hobos and the dodos. The great rank and file of the producers divided about equally in their allegiance to these parties and voted against one another on election day.

"Some months prior to important elections the

leaders of the hobos and the dodos would set up certain issues which meant nothing for the producers. They would then come out in the campaign and denounce one another in unmeasured terms, each claiming that he was the friend of the toiler and the opposing party was the enemy. The toilers would go crazy over these bogus issues and fight each other to a finish on election day.

"While the toilers were engaged in this sanguinary strife, the representatives of wealth and special privilege would get together privately and throw their balance of power to the candidate who could be relied on to serve their interests most faithfully. By this trick the voting power of the masses was so neutralized that it amounted to nothing.

"The wealthier classes, especially the beneficiaries of special privileges, and the officials promulgated the fallacious idea that government was the source of all prosperity. The minority party, which was usually the hobos, held to the same doctrine, but insisted that the dominant party should also be held responsible for industrial depressions, panics, flood, drought and cyclones.

"The dodos ridiculed such claim and reminded the people that some of the most destructive floods and fires and epidemics visited the land of Tom under hobo rule. They also explained that financial depressions and business disturbances appeared only when the people feared hobo victory. Hon. Max Mergerton, the acknowledged generalissimo of both divisions of the dodos, was so firmly convinced that the gods frowned upon the hobos, that he warned the people of the calamities that would surely follow hobo ascendancy.

These admonitions from Mergerton had much weight with the business public. They knew that Mergerton stood very high with the gods of commerce

They also knew that many leading hobos threatened to cut off a goodly portion of the gods' rations by raising the tariff and taxing franchises. Of course this was only talk but it had its effect. The gods were not in the habit of taking chances even on a bluff, when they had a sure thing.

"You, my neighbors, in this age of intelligence, would naturally suppose that the business public and the laborers, whose interests are inseparably bound by invisible chains that are stronger than steel, would see through this game and get together. But they did not, and there was a good reason for this.

"These two factors of progress and prosperity had no remedy on which they could come together. They were all worshipers at the shrine of wealth, which had become the national idol. The business public believed in competition, and the toiling producers believed in the wage system.

"Of equal rights and opportunities they knew little and cared less. Under a system of equal opportunities—equal access to the natural and only primary means of existence—no one could suddenly become very wealthy nor need anyone be very poor. Such doctrine as this did not meet the views of the ambitious people of Tom, every one of whom, even the poorest, expected to some day become a millionaire, at least.

"Industrial co-operation among producers and consumers was hooted as nonsense. Few had any confidence in a remedy that the people could apply independently of government. To apply remedies based upon morality, integrity, good will and confidence of men in one another would require the abolition of hatred, prejudice selfishness and greed.

"To inaugurate such remedies as the people could apply themselves would shatter the national idol—wealth worship. It would set aside national tradition and custom and revolutionize society. Each

would be obliged to concede to each other every privilege that he desired for himself. The right of private individuals to own, control and monopolize the means of existence and tax the toilers for opportunity to live must be abolished. The right of private individuals and corporations to appropriate the unearned increment of wealth produced by social growth must also be abolished, and this vast revenue which made billionaires must be used for public purposes.

"Such a program was frequently presented by the prophets, but it was so successfully combatted by the ignorant and the privileged classes and evaded by the hobo and dodo politicians that no headway was made.

"The worship of the 'Almighty dollar' had secured such a firm grip upon every rank and grade of society that to advocate primitive Christianity, as taught by the Messiah, was considered lunacy. Wealth and the power and luxury it afforded had become the idea and the ideal of practically all.

"Hoboism and dodoism had become the political idols. In private conversation the great masses of business men and producers condemned hoboism and dodoism alike, but when the ballots were counted it was discovered that they were nearly all hobos or dodos.

"The wealthy classes manipulated the hobos, for the hobo party was largely made up of the toilers, and they were considered dangerous. But occasionally the dodos permitted the hobos to get control of the government. They knew that unless the hobo party had an inning now and then, it would go to pieces and then the people might get together and win out. One term of hobo government to three terms of dodo rule was the program carried out.

"The other favorite issue presented, when the people wearied of tariff, was the currency problem. The specie, or 'real money' as it was termed, consisted of two sorts of pebbles. One was white and the other yellow.

These pebbles were found in various places, usually in mountainous localities. Their value was based upon the cost of procuring them, one yellow pebble costing about as much labor as sixteen white.

"The dodos, representing the creditor classes, favored scarce money, so they demanded the adoption of the yellow pebbles for a sole standard of values. The hobos insisted on a double standard of values on a basis of sixteen to one in favor of the yellow.

"Some of the issues employed by the privileged classes and their politicians to keep the masses of hobos and dodos divided were decidedly amusing. Tariff and currency were the two leading issues. All agreed that tariff was a tax and that all taxation in its final analysis must come out of labor.

"But the dodo leaders claimed that by labelling this tax 'protection' they could compel the foreigners to pay it and thus relieve the toilers of Tom from a heavy burden. This idea was very popular with the unthinking dodos, and the capitalistic hobos too.

"On the other hand the hobo leaders claimed that the protective tariff only increased the price of the commodities it affected and that the people of Tom were compelled to pay this increase and that it further encouraged monopoly. Both agreed that the chief function of government was to collect and eat revenue. The revenue must be had. But the hobos claimed that they would levy a tariff for 'revenue only' and that by such a policy monopoly would be effectually destroyed. For ages the toilers were kept divided about equally on this issue. It served its purpose well, for it prevented them thinking of equal opportunity.

"The workers divided on this issue about the same as on the tariff, and the wealthy classes pooled their issues and gave victory to the dodos and the yellow standard.

"Centropolis was a city of enormous wealth. Be-

ing the chief seaport, it handled a vast commerce, and was the financial center for Tom. Their imports broke bulk at Centropolis and paid tribute to jobbers and brokers. The bulk of Tom's exports, too, were compelled to pay tribute to the Centropolis wharf sharks. During the trading seasons thousands of inland merchants crowded its hundreds of hotels. All leading manufacturers of Tom were therefore compelled to keep agents, brokers and often salesrooms in Centropolis.

"The most notable institution of Centropolis was the Stock Exchange. Its membership was made up of accomplished gamblers, including trust magnates, bankers, promoters and brokers. In order to enjoy its privileges over other gambling institutions, members paid for a seat at the table as high as seventy-five thousand dollars, in addition to annual dues.

"It run what is known in gambling nomenclature a 'skin' game. In playful parlance the game was termed 'shearing the lambs'. The lambs were the general public, while the inside ring of this gambling institution wielded the shears and took the wool. But the wealth of its members and their enormous profits gave the institution a respectability that placed it above the law-making power.

"Viewed from the gallery, the floor, known as the 'pit,' appears like a bedlam of crazy men. They rush about frantically while perspiration drops from their brows. A score yell at one time at the highest pitch they can command. They watch the bulletin board and as the name of some unfortunate who has failed is posted, members consult a small pass-book which they carry in their pocket. If interested in the failure they rush for the door swearing as they go. Occasionally a despairing wretch shoots himself in the pit. The frenzied gamblers step over his expiring body or kick it as they pass until it is removed by a porter.

"This enormous structure was forty stories high and covered four acres of ground. It contained 6,000 offices, occupied by brokers and lawyers. And it was only one of the scores of skyscrapers similarly occupied. Millions of dollars came daily to these sharks for investment.

"A gentleman remarked one day that he would put no money in such business; he wanted a permanent investment.

" 'I know of no investment more permanent,' replied his friend.

" 'How do you make that out?'

" 'I have known scores of people to put money in the hands of those fellows, but I never knew one to get a cent out again? Do you want anything more permanent than that?'

"The Produce Exchange is another immense gambling house. In all that enters into fleecing the public, it is a running mate for the Stock Exchange. Its members do actually buy and sell some produce. But the bulk of its business is dealing in 'futures' on 'margins.' These gamblers fix the price of produce arbitrarily as easily as a farmer works a pump handle. They give out 'bear' and 'bull' statistics of crops to convince the 'lambs' that their operations are governed by supply and demand, and the 'lambs' credit these reports.

"The one thing that the people of Tom boasted of was liberty. Everyone was free. The founders of Tom were men who had suffered under the cruel heel of oppression in the older nations, so when they drew up their declaration of independence, they declared that all men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They abolished all laws of primogeniture, which secured vast landed estates in the hands of rich families, who bore titles of nobility, even against the just debts

of profligate ancestors. The people of Tom also professed an abhorrence of kings and emperors and titled nobility and plutocracy. For many years Tom made splendid progress. The means of existence was free and every toiler could be his own employer if he so desired.

"But as time rolled on Tom began to accumulate surplus wealth. Shrewd manipulators and usurers found ways and means of appropriating to themselves a portion of the fruits of other men's toil. As these men began to realize the undue power that wealth confers, they began to put on airs, grew exclusive, unso-cialable, autocratic and domineering. Others saw the apparent advantages that wealth conferred and they sought it by the same methods. Thus the intense scramble for wealth began. Wealth supplanted moral worth as the standard of greatness. It is true, that landed estates could not be entailed under the Constitution. This wise precaution prevented the wealthy few converting the whole peasantry into rent-paying vassals, but greed and selfishness found another way of plundering the producers.

"Artificial persons, known as 'corporations for profit,' were organized under state charters. These artificial persons were endowed with perpetual life. They secured franchises to do many things, among which were the construction of gas, water, and power plants, also transportation plants, called railways. How to get the most money out of the public and give in return the least possible service was the daily and nightly study of these corporations. They very well knew that to declare enormous dividends would set the people thinking. In this emergency they watered the stock to keep dividends down on the surface.

"It required considerable ingenuity to rob the people and at the same time make them believe the robber

was their benefactor. But the wise railway promoters of Tom were equal to the emergency. Their favorite scheme of railway promotion was unique. A half dozen enterprising, penniless promoters would set out and induce the farmers and villagers to furnish right of way and pay money for stock in the enterprise. They would then, either sell the right of way or put it in the hands of a construction company which would construct the road bed, etc., and put down ties and rails largely on promises. The property was then mortgaged for money to pay claims and furnish rolling stock.

"The mortgage was soon foreclosed and the creditors would buy the railway equipment for a song. The company would then reorganize on a stock basis of four or five times the cost of the property. They would next bond it for double its value and get the stock for nothing. Service rates were charged that would pay about five per cent. on all this watered stock and bonds, or about thirty per cent. on the real investment. As the business increased and the dividends grew unseemly large, additional water would be poured into the stock and bonds and the magnates would pocket the proceeds. When complaint was made by shippers, because of the exorbitant tariff charged, the magnates would point to the small dividend that the railway paid the 'poor' stockholders, 'many of whom were widows and orphans.'

"As wealth accumulated and concentrated, its holders looked across the seas with longing eyes upon the titles of nobility worn by men less wealthy than they. They built spring, summer, autumn and winter palaces which they decorated in regal splendor. While they professed abhorrence of kingly rule, they feted, dined and wineed the effete scions of foreign nobility who came over to Tom to secure wealthy wives in order to replete their dissipated fortunes. These daughters of

mammon had a mania for marrying titled men—not husbands in the true sense, for under the laws of Dick, Harry, Bill and Nick, these so-called husbands could maintain as many other women as they pleased. In many cases these dissolute scions of nobility abused their Tom wives most shamefully, yet plenty of rich Tom girls were crazy for a similar experience.

“In the higher social circles, love had become a by-word and marriage a farce. A husband was supposed to be a convenience in the maintenance of an establishment, and the display of mercenary fashion. If he furnished the money and kept his intrigues out of the newspapers, no questions were asked. And the wife was regarded in the same light by the husband.

“Among the more exalted of the select set, children were considered a nuisance and finally the industry became a lost art. In one ultra fashionable church of 875 members, there was an average of fourteen divorces and seven baptisms annually. Society women were very fond of pets. I noticed a wealthy fashionable woman one bitter cold winter day, charter a special car to send a poodle and a monkey and a favorite cat to a southern resort for their health, while by her order a constable set a poor sick widow and six small children out of one of her tenements on the sidewalk, for non-payment of a month's rent. The widow died from exposure and the children were scattered, while the heartless landlady's brute pets were reveling in Southern climes.

“A fashionable lady of Centropolis was awarded \$7,500 damages against a railway company that was responsible for the death of a favorite poodle. The defendant corporation sought to have the judgment set aside as excessive, on the ground that no poodle is worth so much money. The reviewing court sustained the verdict, remarking that the plaintiff had no children, and that the treasured love and affection of a

fond mother's heart was lavishly bestowed upon this pet. She was therefore entitled to compensation for her mental suffering and anguish.

"During the same court term the case of a very bright five-year-old child came before the court for review. The child had been killed by a motor of the Consolidated Traction Company. The negligence of the company was admitted. The only question was the measure of damages to which its father was entitled. The jury awarded him \$5,000. This verdict was set aside by the trial judge as 'absurdly excessive,' and a new trial ordered. On the second trial the jury rendered a verdict for \$5,000. An application for a third trial had a hearing in the appellate court. The court ordered a third trial, and in rendering the decision of the court the chief justice said:

" 'It is patent that when damages, in a case of this kind, are assessed by the jury at such a sum as \$5,000 they are not estimated on any correct legal principle. Our statutes confine the amount of the recovery in such cases to the pecuniary injury sustained by the next of kin. This is nothing more than a deprivation of a reasonable expectation of a pecuniary advantage which would have resulted by a continuance of the life of the deceased.

" 'Children are more often an expense than a pecuniary benefit to the father. If at the father's death an account was stated showing, on the one side, the moneys received by the father from his child, in a majority of every hundred cases the moneys expended for the benefit of the child will be found to be far in excess of the amount received from him. And yet, on the theory upon which this verdict is based, the larger a man's family is the more likely is he to die rich. In the present case, if the father of the decedent had a reasonable expectation of being benefited, in dollars and cents, to the extent of \$5,000, by the continuance of the life



“THE LADIES LISTENED IN BREATHLESS SILENCE AS HE
PROCEEDED.”—Page 141.

of his deceased child, a family of ten sons would justify the assumption that at his death he would be better off by \$50,000 than if he had never had issue. The mere statement of such an assumption makes its absurdity apparent.'

"A third trial was had and a third jury rendered a verdict for \$5,000 for the death of the boy. This third verdict was taken to the supreme court and it also was set aside.

"A fourth trial was ordered and the jury awarded a judgment of \$2,000. This verdict was also set aside, and soon after the judge who rendered the first famous decision was elevated to the position of supreme judge.

"I see, my friends and neighbors, that you are surprised, and well you may be in this Christian land and age of humanity. But I relate what I saw without a word of exaggeration.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STRANGE LIQUID.

"There were in Centropolis twenty-three thousand lawyers and one hundred and seventy-five courts of record, aside from the courts held by petty justices. The thirty-six volumes of statutory law comprised only a fraction of the law of Tom. The great bulk of the law was buried in decisions of the supreme courts of the various states. So complicated and contradictory were these decisions that no business man would attempt any important transaction without consulting a lawyer, and even the lawyer could only guess at the law. The twenty-eight criminal courts were in perpetual session, while the twelve divorce courts were busy as bees. Each court was provided with two judges who took monthly vacations alternately. Even with this rest a dozen judges went crazy annually in their vain efforts to comprehend the ingenious arguments of the lawyers.

"Several attempts had been made to codify the laws, but the commissioners always died of old age before they could finish the work.

"Disease germs held high carnival in Centropolis, despite the forty-three thousand doctors and the twelve thousand three hundred different brands of patent medicine. Every one of means kept one family physician, while the very wealthy families kept two or three. Nervous prostration and indigestion were the chief maladies. Doctors prescribed diet cards daily and varied the massage and other nerve and circulation treatment weekly, or as often as something new was discovered.

"The wealthy classes who enjoyed the most luxurious palaces were the chief sufferers. The acute stage

which the competitive system had reached was a severe strain on the men. They practically lived on excitement. Business men not only suspected one another, but each knew that the other sought to rob him. Honesty and fair dealing were never thought of. It was impossible in a game where ten men competed for business that would support only one. The schemes employed by shrewd men to get business away from one another were unique. The business maxim was, 'Do others before they do you.' Another favorite maxim was, 'Get money honestly if you can, but get it.' A business man's chief concern was to keep out of jail, and if he succeeded he was considered exceptionally honest.

"To get into the clutches of the law was a serious thing. Strict law enforcement was the boast of Tom and especially of Centropolis. Murder, forgery, embezzlement and robbery were punishable by the death penalty. Those who were too poor to hire lawyers were quickly dispatched, but with the wealthy the case was very different. A wealthy criminal could keep his case in the courts until he died of old age or suicide.

"I noticed one very wealthy man who had hired a miserable wretch to kill a competitor. The evidence against him was complete. He was indicted and put on trial. He employed a famous criminal lawyer who kept his case in court eighteen years; the chief witnesses all died and he was finally discharged—a poor man. Three lawyers had grown rich out of him and the county had to foot a cost bill of \$37,000. He had been sentenced to death twelve times and each sentence was set aside on some technicality. In one instance he was awarded a new trial on the ground that one of the jurors, while sitting in the box, took a pinch of snuff contrary to the court rules. This juror was sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of court, and a gold medal was awarded the presiding judge by the Dracon-

ian Club in appreciation of his strict enforcement of law.

"Severe as was the competitive strain and drain upon the nerve and vital forces of men, it was still more trying on women. Woman's social status was graded by her ability to dress and entertain. No woman of standing was supposed to appear at a second party or high social function wearing the same gown, hat, or gloves. In the circles of the ultra fashionable, known as the 'Smart Set,' no woman was permitted to work, or even walk a square. Nor was she permitted to oversee the management of her palace. The necessity of an heir to inherit the estate required her to rear one or possibly two children. Being denied the natural exercise necessary for physical and mental health, they resorted to massage and stimulants. Ingenious mechanical devices supplied the defect of physique. The face and bust were the work of artists, aided by cosmetics. Children, being fed on stimulants and rich, highly-seasoned food, all their lower passions developed prematurely. Their dark desires were stimulated by reading sentimental novels and viewing erotic dramas. As a result, at the age of twenty-five, when they should have attained full and normal development, and capability for the enjoyment of life, they were wilted hot-house plants. The candle had been burning at both ends. They had scaled the heights of human passion in search of joy amid the transitory things of time; they now stood on the cold peaks of splendid isolation; in spring they had sent out no happy messages of love into the living, pulsating world of thought; summer brought no returns of joy; they must now retrace their steps and wring out sin in suffering.

"It is true that these fashionable women had wealth unlimited, which to the poor seemed to be everything; but they realized how little wealth can do to bring happiness to its selfish worshiper. It is true a depth of

degradation was in some cases reached, wherein the foolish victim did for a time enjoy the pastime of making others jealous, envious and miserable, by parading her wealth. But even that sort of enjoyment incurred its penalty. Every baleful message, sooner or later returned to the sender accompanied by seven others worse than itself.

"Thus the fashionable set of Centropolis were really and necessarily unhappy, even in the plenteous possession of the fruits of others' toil. But in that existence they only tasted the foam on the cup of misery, which they were compelled to drink to the dregs in other mortal existences to come later on.

"One of the great industries of Erebus was the manufacture and sale of a liquid that made those who drank of it temporarily crazy. This dangerous liquid was extracted from rye, corn, wheat or barley.

"The effect of this drink on different men was really amusing. It made some men talk nonsense. Some wanted to fight. It made others imagine they were rich. Under the awful strain of the competitive system, men became worn out with fear and worry and they would drink this liquid in order to forget their troubles. Women, too, became heavy drinkers, especially among the wealthier classes. They had their worries and disappointments over social functions and dressmakers, and the snubs that the 'smart set' inflicted on one another. Not being permitted to perform any sort of manual labor and having few or no children to occupy their attention, and being devoid of talent or taste for the arts and sciences, many of these fashionables lulled away their time reading sensational novels, drinking strong stimulants and sleeping off the effects.

"In Centropolis were 50,000 places, or saloons where the customers spent more money than they invested in food for their families. The cost of running the Centropolis saloons was estimated at one hundred

million dollars annually, and the bar receipts for the liquor thus sold was estimated at four times the cost of selling it, or four hundred million dollars annually.

"The great masses of toilers were poor. They lived in flats and tenements; in some cases a family of six or seven would live in one or two rooms and five hundred families would swarm in one vast building. It was an awful sight to behold the droves of dirty, ragged children in the streets and to hear their language; and to inhale the odors was something terrible. About all these miserable creatures knew was work, eat, drink and die. In their artificial environments, removed from nature, they knew nothing of God except what they were told by others. They were told that He was a God of love and justice and mercy; fond of praise and glorification; and in a constant attitude of anger toward those who did not love and praise Him. Moreover, they were told that God had favorites to whom He gave vast wealth in order to test their loyalty and that he inflicted poverty and suffering upon others for the same purpose. Erebus was a place of probation and suffering in which a powerful evil spirit was permitted to tempt the probationists and capture them if he could. Those whom he captured, would after death be consigned to a bottomless pit of burning flame, so constituted that it never consumed its living fuel; while those who held out against the tempter, and supported some church organization, were sure of eternal happiness.

"Many ministers who preached to the poor denounced usury and monopoly of the means of existence and spoke disrespectfully of extravagant social functions in which thousands of dollars were expended in flowers and finery, while infants died in tenements for the want of the nourishment that a few paltry dollars would buy. Such utterances from the pulpit were condemned by the respectable press as tend-

ing toward anarchy and when a minister became too earnest in his denunciations of the idolatry of wealth and the monopoly of the people's natural rights, he was suspended or excommunicated by the church authorities, and the faithful were forbidden to listen to him or even associate with him under penalty of eternal damnation.

"Although suicide was condemned by all churches, by society and by the law, its victims steadily increased in Centropolis. Its chief source was unbelief in either future punishment or reward. The orthodox doctrine—that God created such a veritable personality as the devil and permitted him to tempt people who were consigned to eternal punishment for falling into his traps; and the further proposition that God discriminated between his children by decreeing that some should live in luxury off of the toil of others who must suffer privation and want—was so obnoxious to thinking people as well as to the toilers, that agnosticism and materialism made sad inroads on the churches, and encouraged the suicidal mania. Another fruitful cause for suicide was insanity produced by the disease and nervous strain of a competitive system and mercenary fashion.

"But in this, as in all other emergencies, hypocrisy and deception came to the rescue of fashionable society. The Imperial Operating Society was the resort for fashionable people who had decided to pass over before their allotted time. Instead of resorting to the old vulgar method which disgraced surviving relatives, the intended suicide shuffled off the mortal coil under the direction of skilled physicians who guaranteed a painless death. Just what their guarantee was worth was not easily proved, as no one ever returned to claim damages in a court. It was what would be termed a safe business. The harsh edge was taken off the suicide by the press announcement that Mr. — or Mrs. — died on the operating table.

"This novel mode of protecting the family from disgrace was confined almost entirely to the better classes. Scores of double murders and suicides were reported by the press daily. Indeed the sale of a newspaper depended largely upon its ability to gather up all the more sensational criminal news and print it with scare headings and illustrations. To see scores of newsboys, in fierce competition over the sale of these sensational newspapers, was a curious spectacle.

"The little fellows were often ragged and unkempt, but they were full of the competitive spirit. They flocked about the great hotels and chief business corners, keeping up an unearthly din of voices as they poked the 'latest' and the 'extras' in the faces of all who passed.

"The *Dodo*, *Hobo* and *Bird*—all about the railroad accident—one hundred and seventy-five killed.

"All about the diamond robbery. Prominent society woman suspected.'

"Den of robbers rounded up—four detectives and thirty policemen killed.'

"All about the Rockside sensation—new developments.'

"All about the prize fight and knockout of big Johoro.'

"Ha's y'r *Evening Hobo*! All about the twenty-seven murders and thirty-four suicides!' yells one boy at the top of his voice.

"G'y'a th'r! The *Bird* has forty-one suicides!' yells another, and so on, the purchaser invariably selecting the paper that showed the highest criminal record.

"The great republic of Tom, with its 185,000,000 population, had only seventeen great newspapers when I left. Three of these papers, the *Morning Dodo*, the *Evening Hobo*, and the *Bird*, were published at Centropolis.

"The *Dodo* and the *Hobo* were rockribbed

partisan sheets and of course assailed each other viciously. The Bird was independent, with leanings toward the dominant party. It was vehement in its editorial denunciation of such evils as met general condemnation. But it handled issues upon which the public divided closely with great caution and when they came up in a campaign the Bird was silent until after election. Its shrewd caution gave the Bird the reputation of being a great skater in summer and a champion swimmer in winter.

"The 'Bird' outdid all that had preceded it in the rankest yellow journalism. It quickly reached a wonderful sale. The Sunday 'Bird' was sent out all over the land of Tom by special train loads. It was an especial favorite of the wealthy. Its illustrated puffery of the 'Smart Set' knew no bounds. Fashionable women whose fame it sounded bought scores of 'Birds' and mailed them to their friends. The poorer classes, ever anxious to follow the rich, rushed for the 'Bird' and felt elevated to the seventh heaven when some of their names chanced to appear in its society news.

"Other enterprising publishers saw that they must sing or get off the perch. But how could they compete with the 'Bird.' That would cost money. Where could they get the money? But that problem was easily solved. Indeed they were surprised to see how easily the money came when sought in the proper quarters. It was only necessary to sell to the great **Mergerton** trust syndicate sixty per cent of the stock in the improved papers.

"The great Sunday paper was now conducted on the syndicate plan and became a sort of mild opiate, that produced a dream, not unlike the effects of opium. Men and women would recline on sofas and feast their eyes and gorge their mental vacuum on the colorings and creations of the distempered fancy and diseased

imaginations of crazed fashion artists and wild sensationalists.

"The publishers of these seventeen great blanket papers fairly coined money. They conceded cheerfully every demand of labor and increased their advertising rates 50 per cent every time they advanced wages five. The smaller papers which stood for the people could not afford these advances and were therefore compelled to suspend or be placed on the boycott list by the walking delegate, which meant ruin.

"The entire daily press of Tom was now reduced to 8 Dodo and 8 Hobo papers and the 'Bird.' Before taking a stand on any great public question, the editors consulted the business offices, they consulted the bankers and they conferred with Mergerton.

"After Mergerton's trust syndicate had secured absolute control of the mental as well as the physical provender of Tom, it began to assert its power. The prices of iron, steel, copper, coal, beef and pork, together with many other staple products were advanced beyond all reason. Through trust economy tens of thousands were thrown out of employment and driven from their homes for non-payment of rent. Centropolis was a groaning vault of wealth, surrounded by a sea of poverty and degradation.

"Ages rolled by while I saw myself toiling and broiling in this enslaved city of sordid greed, unbridled passion and untold misery. How often! O how often! with envious eyes I had watched the never ending stream of corpses of the poor poured into the great public crematory, from whose towering chimneys roared perpetual flames. Not a foot of ground could be spared on which their weary bones could rest and kindly hands plant a flower. The land was all needed for deer parks and hunting grounds. Scarcely were the poor people's eyes closed in death's cold embrace when the black cart called and carried

off the emaciated body. When the cart was filled the load was dumped upon the endless chain feeder and over it went into the furnace. It was cremated in a moment, so ravenous was nature to claim her own.

"In all this mass of sweltering, enslaved humanity I saw much good. Vastly more good than bad. Worship of wealth and suspicion of one another was at the bottom of all the trouble. They all hated and envied Mergerton and his associates. Yet they secretly admired his wealth. The moment I arose above my surroundings I began to enslave those beneath me and kiss the hand that smote me.

"As I saw myself struggling through the disease-laden atmosphere of this vile city—as bad as any of them—I abandoned the stereoscope, threw myself on a cot and in the agony of despair cried out for light and truth. I had seen enough of Centropolis. Weary and sick I fell into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

AN INSPIRATION.

"In my next state of consciousness I found myself on a cot, weary and heartsick. The objects in my room seemed familiar, yet I could not fully realize them. I was very tired, all my bones ached and each nerve felt strained. Ariel stood by my bed. Gradually the scene changed. My cot was in a beautiful garden. Soft sunlight came down through almond trees whose white bloom waved in the breeze. Ariel approached me accompanied by a young woman radiant in beauty. She was clad in some delicate fabric, so light that it might have been a spider-web spun from mountain dew. She was singing a familiar song. I was instantly revived. I had heard that song before. But where? She approached nearer. Suddenly I realized that it was Ethel. Her mortal ailments were gone. She had developed into the most beautiful womanhood. I tried to arise and meet her but some unseen power held me to my couch.

"Ethel! my lost love! My Ethel! Found at last! Never to part again.

"For ages I have sought thee, Ozam. Remember thy promise. Love only is real life and Truth the only light," she said, as a smile of angelic beauty illuminated her happy face.

"My lost Ethel. Mine at last. We shall never part again," I exclaimed, as I arose from my couch and extended my arms to embrace her. You know the rest. Instead of taking to my arms my loved one, my affinity for all eternity, I found myself sitting upright in that horrible casket. Language cannot tell the agony of that disappointment."

"What became of Ariel, your guide, through this wonderful experience?" inquired one of his friends.

"I know not. All I know is that I parted from him and Ethel in that garden and found myself in the casket. What do you all think of such an experience?"

"It was surely a strange dream. It borders very closely on the supernatural," remarked a young man.

"The supernatural?" repeated D'Mars, "What do we know of the supernatural or even of the natural laws that govern mind and by which mind governs matter?"

"What do you think of it yourself?" inquired a gentleman with some concern.

"I am positive that I have seen in retrospect a portion of my past mortal existence. I am also certain that Ethel is an actual existing being now in mortal life, and that she is essential to my happiness and that I must find her. And I further feel sure that I will find her, if I am able to put my mind in the proper spiritual condition."

"Your mind is all right, except this hallucination; you should make all possible effort to free yourself from it. When you find it coming on think of something else. Do something to divert your mind from it," remarked an old physician.

"And what is your opinion?" inquired D'Mars of the minister, a most excellent, devout and exemplary man.

"I hardly know what to say. If your vision has come from the Source of light and truth then our creeds and our dogmas are all at fault."

"But there is nothing in this vision that contravenes the gospel. It seems to be a plea for primitive Christianity as taught by the Great Master and His followers during its early struggles," said an old gentleman.

"As I said, it is a strange thing," replied the min-

ister. "The ways of the devil are devious. I would advise Mr. D'Mars to throw himself at the feet of Jesus and pray for light and divine guidance. The light is never denied to those who seek it earnestly."

"That is precisely what I have done," replied D'Mars, "and the more fervently I seek divine light and guidance the more firmly the impression seizes me that I must find Ethel."

"You know that Ethel is dead. You saw her buried," remarked another physician.

"Very true. I also know that I have been dead in a similar way, hundreds of times," replied D'Mars, who was evidently deeply imbued with the ancient doctrine of reincarnation.

"Then you regard this dream as a revelation?" remarked an old friend, and the father of the little girl who saw Ethel by the casket and heard her voice.

"How else could I regard it, at least, until I have further light."

All eyes turned inquiringly on the minister, who was evidently in deep thought. He finally said:

"Yes, until you have further light, and if this is a revelation you will have further light. Be patient."

That night D'Mars decided to follow the minister's advice most religiously. Alone in his study, he threw himself upon his knees and prayed fervently for light and divine aid in the unraveling of this strange mystery which had come into his life. He cast off self, banished all ulterior motives, and arose above all mortal passion as far as possible. After an hour he felt more calm and peaceful. He resumed his chair and fell into a quiet reverie as he contemplated the mystery of life.

His door noiselessly opened and a tall gentleman of middle age entered his study and quietly sat down in an easy chair.

D'Mars was not the least disturbed over the in-

trusion. His visitor was an utter stranger. But even that did not disturb him.

"So you desire light and truth?" remarked the stranger.

"I do," said D'Mars, "and by the way, may I inquire who honors me by this visit?"

"I am known in mortality as the Hermit of Mt. St. Elias. but I am really Jonas, the prophet, whom you met in Multo," replied the visitor.

D'Mars was now disturbed. He feared that he was about to pass into another trance. He tried to reassure himself that he was not asleep.

"Be not alarmed," said the Hermit, "I come to help you to find happiness."

"Can you aid me in finding Ethel?"

"I can."

"Was my existence during that trance real—as real as this existence?"

"It certainly was. You never had but one real existence, although you have occupied successively many mortal bodies. You will continue to sin and suffer in mortality until you eliminate the mortal mind and for it substitute the divine or spiritual mind. You will never accomplish that until you find Ethel, your affinity, who is necessary to your complete intelligence."

"I know I shall never be happy until I find Ethel. Now, good Hermit, will you tell me where I can find her?" pleaded D'Mars in tones of meek supplication.

"I am not permitted to say or do anything that would interfere with your free will. I cannot give you the information you ask."

"Then Ethel is a reality?"

"She is, as real as you are."

"Does she love me?"

"She does. It is love for you that has induced her to seek you during countless ages. You are as

necessary to her happiness as she is to yours."

"For Heaven's sake, will you tell me how to find her?" exclaimed D'Mars, his eyes staring wildly.

"Ethel herself gave you the key when she said, 'Love only is real life and Truth the only light.' Remember this: 'Where there is selfishness there is no real love—where the mortal mind is set up instead of the spiritual mind, there is no truth, and without truth there can be no light, progress or happiness.'"

"What shall I do, now and here? What would you advise? I will follow your light," said D'Mars.

"You are rich in worldly possessions. You have never earned a penny of it. You tax the toilers for the use of God's free gifts to all the people. You eat bread in the sweat of other faces. I will repeat to you the command of the Master to the rich young man who sought eternal happiness. 'Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor.' Leave this place at once. Go to Chicago, work at the first honest, respectable employment you can find—and remember the words of Ethel, 'Love only is real life and Truth the only light.' One thing more, never utter a falsehood or send forth a baleful message to any living creature."

"But I shall be penniless."

"All the better. The desire for money is the root of all evil and money itself, to him who knows not how to make good use of it, is an impediment to the true progress. You will yet have abundance—see that you make the proper use of it." With these words the Hermit left the room as mysteriously as he entered.

D'Mars looked about in a state of bewilderment. Mystery seemed to be heaped upon mystery. He had an interpretation of the vision of Multo. He knew that Ethel was a reality. He would find her. The way to find her had been revealed to him. The search should begin at once.

The following day he deeded all his landed estate

to the founding of an orphan asylum. He next placed all his money, bonds and securities in the hands of a trust to be used as an endowment fund. reserving only enough money to carry him to Chicago.

His friends now considered him insane. But he had no heirs and no pretext could be found on which to enjoin him from disposing of his wealth as he saw fit or to set aside his will,

CHAPTER X.

MR. VANSTINE.

The following day, D'Mars, with a change of clothes and sufficient money to pay his fare, started for Chicago, to begin anew in the world, as did many another good, courageous young man. Upon arriving in the Windy city, he had his satchel checked, and set out to find work, as the Hermit had suggested. He smiled grimly as he thought of the learned essays he had written while in college, on how easily a young man could win without money if he had the "right stuff" in him. He was now in a position to test his plausible theories.

On he went in search of work. He must find a job. He saw plenty of the usual signs pasted on the doors of shops and factories, "No help wanted, keep out." This was not inviting. He saw a notice occasionally, "Boy wanted." He was not a boy. Nothing there for him. He had read in novels of young men getting positions in large commercial houses as a porter, and finally working up and becoming owner of the business. So he entered a number of jobbing houses in quest of employment. He was willing to do anything, but no help was needed. In some instances he was even rudely treated and informed that he had better go to the country where the "farmers need help."

Growing weary of rebuffs in the business center, he started out towards the residence portion of the city on the west side. He asked permission to carry a gentleman's satchel, which was refused. He sought a position as coachman, or he would take care of lawns, but no help was needed. In many instances he was abused for ringing the front door bell. He should have gone around to the rear and applied to the servant.

Passing along he saw a load of coal in front of a fine residence. He thought he might carry in the coal and make a quarter. He walked up the steps and rang the bell. A porter in livery opened the door and stared at him.

"Do you want that coal carried in?" he inquired.

"How dare you ring that bell? The side door is the place for menials to apply," was the answer as he shut the door.

He went to the side door and met a woman in uniform, wearing a white cap.

"I am out of work and hungry," he said, as he bowed low, "May I have the privilege of carrying in that coal?"

"We want it put in the basement. What do you ask?"

"I will put it in for twenty-five cents."

"Go ahead. You can put it in through that door."

"Have you a basket and shovel?"

"No. Them what puts in coal has their own basket and shovel," she replied as she slammed the door.

He began to realize that in order to carry in a load of coal, one must be a capitalist.

"Something must be done," he said, as he walked down a fashionable avenue and saw a towering church steeple and a splendid stone parsonage by the side of the church. He thought he would get some food there and save the only quarter he had to pay for lodging. He was already becoming a financier, so he walked up the steps and rang the door bell of the parsonage. A liveried porter opened the door. D'Mars inquired for the curate.

"What do you want?" inquired the porter.

D'Mars told his story as meekly as possible.

"He gives no personal aid. He gives his dona-

tions to the deserving poor through church societies," said the porter.

"But I must see him," said D'Mars in desperation.

"Impossible, he is taking his afternoon nap and I dare not disturb him," said the porter as he gently closed the door.

D'Mars philosophized as he walked away. He began to solve the problem that so sorely vexes the clergy why so many working men don't go to church.

Weary of this experience, D'Mars entered a beautiful park and sat down on a rustic seat to rest and think. He must have presented a dejected appearance, for a park policeman disturbed his reverie by placing his hand on D'Mars' arm and inquiring.

"What's the matter, young man? Have you been touched?"

D'Mars gave him an inquiring look.

"Has y'r pocket bin penched?" continued the officer good naturedly.

"Yes, sir," D'Mars replied, with grim humor, "Badly pinched. I am a stranger here. Been searching for work all day. My capital is reduced to a quarter. Do you know where I can find work—work of any sort—no matter how hard?"

"Indade and I don't. There's thousands like ye in this city. I'm sorry for ye."

"Could you not direct me to some place where you have a stand-in with the cook, where I could get some lunch?" inquired D'Mars innocently.

"Go on, now ye blaggard, what ar ye given a dacent polaceman. If I catch yez around here monkey-in, it'll go hard wid ye," said the officer as he walked away casting a warning look at D'Mars over his shoulder as he struck the curb with his baton.

D'Mars secured lodging, supper and breakfast at the Salvation Army barracks that night, and the next

morning insisted on giving them the twenty-five cents. He then continued his quest for work.

A tour of a large manufacturing district produced no more favorable results. No help needed. Two or three times he was about to edge into a position as draftsman, but he lacked experience. He found nothing that promised immediate results.

Passing a large hustling retail grocery store and meat market, he concluded to try his luck in trade.

"No help needed," was the laconic reply.

"I am honest, truthful and willing to work at anything honorable, even for enough to live on—work I must have. I could sweep out, pack baskets, do anything," he said earnestly.

"Have you a family?" was asked.

"I have no family, only myself, but that even is important. I can live on one dollar a day or even less, but I want to earn it."

"Have you any recommendations?"

"Nothing but my face. I came a long distance. I have been told many times to go home, but I have no home. I know I can do something if I only get a chance."

"I will try you," said the proprietor. "I will pay you fifty cents a day to start with. You can easily live on that for a while and save money, down at the Salvation Army barracks. Come tomorrow morning."

He stayed that night at the Salvation Army rooms, told them he had found work and made arrangements to stay with them at thirty-five cents a day. Next morning he reported early for work at the "Square Dealing" grocery store.

After a few days, the proprietor told him that he should wait on customers when he found time from his labor as porter. That very day a lady came in and made her way to a large box of eggs upon which was a label, "Fresh eggs from the country today, 25c."

"These are not packed eggs are they?" she remarked as she touched the box with her parasol.

"Yes'm," he replied, "I took them out of the crate yesterday myself."

She then began to denounce the store in loud and angry terms as she pointed to the advertisement, "Fresh eggs from the country today, 25c."

The proprietor came up and she upbraided him for his duplicity and told him what D'Mars had admitted.

"Never mind him," said the proprietor. "He is a green hand and don't know what he is talking about." At the same time he cast a glance at D'Mars in which he could see his finish.

"I would rather believe him than you, if he is green. He has probably not yet learned to deceive," said the woman as she gathered up her skirts and rushed for the door.

"We don't need you any longer," said the proprietor. "You are too big a fool to sell goods."

"But I only told the truth, wasn't that the right thing to do?" protested D'Mars.

"It is never a good plan to do the right thing at the wrong time. There is a proper time for everything," said the proprietor with emphasis. "You may go, I can make no use of such a greenhorn as you are and I doubt if anybody else in this city can."

Nothing was left for D'Mars but to go out and hunt another job. Passing along North Dearborn street, he noticed a card on the "Dolphin Creamery" which said, "A good stout man wanted." "That means me," thought D'Mars. He applied for the position. After an examination, the manager employed him. His work was to carry in cans and pour the milk into the butter extractors, wash cans and take care of the delivery wagons and horses. His wages were seventy-

five cents a day, and he got along with this work very well for several days.

"I think you are an honest and reliable young man," said the superintendent one morning. "I'm going to advance you to a delivery route. Your wages shall be increased to eighty-five cents per day."

He was glad of the change for now he had an opportunity to learn the streets of the city. He remembered that in all his former attempts to secure work, his ignorance of the geography of the city had been against him.

Early next day he started out in the fashionable neighborhood of Lake Shore Drive, in charge of a delivery wagon, and a list of customers. He got along swimmingly until about 9 o'clock when "the lady of the house" came to the rear door of a fashionable home as he was delivering milk to the servant. She inquired if it was "this morning's milk."

He knew very well that it was the milk of the previous evening, and that the cream had been extracted from it. How to get out of the scrape without telling a rank falsehood, puzzled him, so he tried to prevaricate by saying, "Yes, Ma'am, this is the morning delivery."

"I know that," she replied, "but what I want you to answer on honor is, whether it was milked this morning."

It was a hard struggle, his situation against the truth. But the truth won. He replied, "No, Ma'am, it was milked last evening," but he said nothing of the cream skimming.

"Just what I suspected," she replied, "and the cream skimmed off it too."

D'Mars tried to find some reply but she continued, "You need not say a word. I know the cream was skimmed off, because no cream arose on the milk yesterday and it soured before night too. I shall notify

the pure food inspector. We pay an extra price to the 'Dolphin' for milk and this is the way they serve us."

"Please do not notify the inspector," he said, "This is my first day delivering for the 'Dolphin Creamery.' I have already lost one job by telling the truth and if I lose this one I don't know what will become of me."

"Tell me about it," she said.

He then related to her his experience in the grocery and how he had resolved to be ever truthful.

"If they discharge you, come to me, maybe I can help you."

"Well, how did you get along?" inquired the proprietor, when he returned.

He related to his employer the whole story. He was in a towering rage.

"You are the biggest fool I ever saw. Go, and never show your face in this locality again," shouted his employer, as he discharged the young man on the spot.

D'Mars started out and walked down the avenue in the direction of the residence of the lady to whom he had told the truth. Before proceeding far he met her and an elderly gentleman driving in a carriage.

"Did they discharge you?" inquired the lady as the carriage came to a stop.

He answered in the affirmative and the gentleman said, "Get in here and go with us."

He obeyed, wondering what change was to come in his fortune. The carriage stopped in front of a massive structure on a business street and the lady was driven away, while the gentleman and D'Mars entered the elevator. It stopped on the seventh floor and they entered the offices of the Consolidated Railway system. After passing through an extensive of-

fice, they reached a door on which was marked "J. Vanstine, Private." They entered and Mr. Vanstine gave D'Mars a seat while he looked over some letters for half an hour. He then turned to D'Mars, saying, "I have heard your story from the housekeeper. I believe you are honest and I wish to put you in a position where you can do something for yourself. What would you like to do?"

"Anything that is honest and honorable, no matter how hard the work," D'Mars replied.

Mr. Vanstine was a man of about sixty. He had a kindly intelligent and earnest face and a generous disposition. He resided in a palatial mansion on Lake Shore Drive, presided over by Mrs. Primrose, a relative. His life was shadowed for many years by the loss of his wife and a little daughter. After these sad events he bent all his energies upon business and had won an immense fortune. With his accustomed scrutiny and precaution, he had made special inquiry as to D'Mars' qualifications and discovered that in addition to an excellent classical and literary education, he had taken degrees as a mechanical engineer, mineralogist and assayer.

"Can you make a reliable assay for gold, silver, copper and lead?"

"I can find out what the ores furnished me contain."

"Well, that would be a reliable assay, would it not?"

"It might be reliable as to the specimens assayed, but it would be a very poor index as to the value of a mine or even a vein, unless the samples were taken by an expert who knew how to take average samples."

"Is especial skill necessary in taking samples to learn the average value of a vein of ore?"

"It requires far greater expert skill to take an average sample of ore than to make an assay. There

is where the crooked work is done generally and the assayer catches the blame. I can take average assays that will vary anywhere from \$5.00 to \$50.00 per ton out of one and the same vein, if I understand the ore."

"But you say you have had no experience?"

"I never saw a gold mine. But I have seen and learned something from men who paid dearly for thinking they had one, until they tried to get gold out of it."

"Very true," said Mr. Vanstine reflectively. "I think I can give you some work in that line later. At present you can have a position in the engineering department. It will pay \$20 per week to begin with. What do you say?"

"I shall gladly accept it. Indeed, I surely regard it a streak of good fortune."

D'Mars went to work next morning and soon demonstrated marked ability and genius. He introduced some of the improvements in railway cars and engines that he had observed in Multo, which gave him the reputation of a great inventor.

One day passing down Desplaines street, on his way to work, he picked up a pocket book. He looked up and down the street. No one was near. The pocket book contained \$5,000 in large bills, apparently just drawn from the bank. Upon reaching the shop he 'phoned to the afternoon newspapers to advertise a "pocket book found, will be returned to the owner upon proof of property at ——— D'Mars."

A gentleman called the following day. His proof of ownership was satisfactory. He found the money intact and he was not only profuse in thanks, but handed D'Mars a \$100 bill.

"You owe me nothing except \$1.50 I paid for the advertisement," said D'Mars.

"But such honesty and promptness as you have displayed is entitled to reward. I ought to give you

\$500, for my chances to ever see this money again were less than one in one hundred."

"I cannot accept your money. I have not earned a penny of it."

"But you must look at it as merely a trifling reward for honesty."

"Honesty that requires a financial reward is not worth much. I hope that mine is of a higher order," replied D'Mars in a manner that cut off further importunity.

"Since you decline reward, I can only present you my card. Should you need aid at any time, come to me."

D'Mars accepted the card and thanked the gentleman, who was superintendent of an extensive trunk railway and a bank director.

Weeks ran into months. D'Mars' impatience to find Ethel gradually gave way to tranquility. He spent his evenings in his room, reading and thinking. He had resolved to perform his duty, keep his mind right and never indulge even one evil thought. He was very companionable and had already made hosts of friends, who frequently invited him out to make the rounds and see the sights of a great city.

He never joined them. What was Chicago to a man who had seen Multo and Centropolis? He occasionally spent an evening at the opera, which he contrasted with the operas he saw in Centropolis. But neither his mind nor his heart were on the play. His dreams were of Ethel. Now she was the trusting child on the verge of the grave asking him to always love her. Again he saw her in the full vigor of beautiful womanhood, surrounded by admirers. At times she was in serious trouble. He endeavored to meet her, but something always prevented. Thus the time passed by until one day Mr. Vanstine summoned him to his office by 'phone.

D'MARS AFFINITY.

"How would you like to take a long trip to a foreign land?" he asked D'Mars?

"I have no ties. I am alone in the world and I suppose I would be as well off one place as another."

Mr. Vanstine reflected for some time. He finally said:

"Mr. D'Mars, if you make this journey, you shall be intrusted with a most important mission. For some time past I have desired to send a man to Australia, to look after some business interests, but I have been unable to find one on whom I could rely implicitly. You are comparatively a stranger to me—and yet, you are not a stranger. Some fifteen years ago I met a man in Spokane. They called him the 'Hermit of Mt. St. Elias.' He was honest if ever an honest man lived in this world. He was of great aid to me in locating some valuable mining claims. I found every representation he made me to be true. I would stake the last dollar I have in the world on his word. I have made millions through his aid and I have diligently tried to find the old man that I might reward him, but I could get no trace of him. I suppose the poor old fellow is dead and better off." After further thought he continued:

"Now to come to the point. This old Hermit visited me last night in a vision. You accompanied him. He spoke of you by name and gave you a high recommendation. I well remember the dream for it impressed me."

"Very strange," remarked D'Mars, as he endeavored to control his agitation.

"It is very strange and the strangest thing is that some irresistible impulse urges me to send you on this mission."

"And the same influence suggests to me that I should go."

"Are you a believer in inspiration?" inquired Mr. Vanstine.

"I am. I believe that all the real joy of life—yes all real knowledge comes through inspiration and that all suffering comes from rejecting good inspiration for the gratification of pride, greed, self."

"Then you believe that this life should be spent in preparation for eternity?"

"Eternity? In preparation for eternity?" repeated D'Mars, reflectively.

"Certainly, you believe in eternity?" said Mr. Vanstine earnestly.

"Yes," replied D'Mars. "I not only believe in eternity, but I have implicit faith in it and its ruler. I know that we are now in eternity, that we have always been in eternity and that we must ever remain in it. Our present brief mortal existence, in a section of eternity measured by what we call time, is only one of the innumerable mortal existences through which we have passed in the fallen worlds, since we rebelled against our Creator. With that unfortunate rebellion came sin, disease, suffering, mortal death—evils of our own creation, all."

"Then you believe that this world was intended to be a heaven?"

"This world has been a heaven. God never created anything that was not good. This world was a heaven until we made a hell of it. When we return to the observance of nature's laws, God's laws, it will be a heaven again. But it is unprofitable to discuss things that come to each through his own experience, only those who have had similar experiences can understand one another."

"We should certainly do all in our power to make this world happier. There is certainly room for improvement," said Mr. Vanstine.

"We should. And each must begin with himself.

Happiness is the tranquility, peace, and ecstasy of the mind that is not content until it sees every human being in a position to enjoy all that it enjoys. Billy Dolivar works in your shops for a weekly stipend, returns nightly to a happy home, is free from care and worry. He is asleep the moment his head touches the pillow; he goes about his work cheerfully bubbling over with good will toward everyone; he experiences more real enjoyment than you do in a month with all your money."

"Very true. Very true," replied Mr. Vanstine. "I have often thought of that. But what's the use of talking? The millionaire is on the same tread-mill with the humblest toiler. He must not miss a step or he will be thrown off. The more money, the more worry. What is he to do? If he gets off another takes his place. He spends sleepless nights studying out schemes, as it appears to him, to protect himself from the cormorants who stand on all sides seeking an opportunity to devour him."

"I don't know," said D'Mars. "I suppose that all we can do is to follow the little light we have and seek to increase it until we can find our way out of the dungeon."

"It so seems," replied Mr. Vanstine. "It is a puzzle. But we are on the treadmill. Things must be kept moving. Now to the business in hand. This is a most important mission and one that will require great tact. I own valuable gold mines in Australia. I never saw them. The property has been in process of development for three years. It is known as the Eclipse Mining Co. I own nearly all the stock. We are now ready to put in a reduction plant. I desire a most careful examination of the mines, the ore bodies, their values, how much in sight, and the best process for those ores. You can employ and consult experts. I do not know that there is anything wrong,

but I have heard suspicious rumors and I want to get down to the real facts. You see this is an important errand."

"I fully realize that, but I am not sure that I can perform the duties you require."

"I am of the opinion that you can serve me. I would suggest that you secure a position of some sort at the mines, assistant engineer or the like. You shall have credentials as to your ability, etc., but I leave that all to you when you arrive on the ground. I would suggest, however, that you are not supposed to know me at all. You must be very careful not to arouse suspicion that I am investigating."

Mr. Vanstine and D'Mars went through maps and charts and assays and soon he was on his way to Australia, well supplied with the necessary funds.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAGEDY OF THE CLIFF.

Nothing of note occurred during the trip. On arriving at Sidney, D'Mars decided to avoid notice as much as possible. So he secured lodging at the "Strand," once the leading hotel, but now superceded by the "Bluff House," where the swell promoters and the "suckers" hold out.

Early next morning he called at the office of the Eclipse Mining Co., introduced himself and applied for a position that would enable him to learn the practical details of mining. Superintendent Smith looked him over and studied him for some time as he read his credentials. He asked him a few questions as to compensation, etc., and then he retired to an inner office. Soon he emerged with the Chief Engineer and metallurgist, Mr. Shell. After a brief interview they told him they would take the matter under advisement. He should call at 2 o'clock p. m. He was there promptly at the appointed hour. In addition to Mr. Smith, he found a shrewd, keen looking grey-eyed old man, whom they introduced as Hardwick, a leading lawyer of Sidney. He was a fine conversationalist, and led D'Mars into all sorts of conversation, told anecdotes and unfolded many schemes to make money, that came under his observation.

D'Mars saw at once that Hardwick was endeavoring to probe his character to the bottom. As Hardwick recounted schemes on money getting, some of which were very questionable, D'Mars became interested and enthusiastic. He saw clearly that Hardwick was a smooth rascal and that he hoped to find in him a counterpart. Hardwick was evidently satisfied with him, for after a few moments' private con-

versation in the inner office with Smith and Shell, Smith hired him on a salary of \$100 per month.

D'Mars' first step was to learn all that he could of Hardwick, Smith and Shell, and he early discovered that they had detectives on his trail. He soon learned that Hardwick was a wealthy man and sharp as a steel trap. He was an attorney and financial manager for Miss Dashon, an orphan girl, about 19 years of age, and whose estate footed up to about \$25,000,000. She resided in the palatial Dashon residence on the bluff and was under the surveillance of her housekeeper and chaperone, Mrs. Fordyce, a woman of about forty years, whose cold, grey eye chilled one to the finger nails. Mrs. Fordyce held many secret conversations with Hardwick and had few intimate associates.

Hardwick dominated the city. Every one hated and feared him. A veil of secrecy seemed to hang over Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce. People shook their heads ominously as they mentioned the singular drowning of Miss Dashon's father and mother, but no one would talk. All was enveloped in mystery.

D'Mars attended to business strictly. He evidenced a ravenous appetite for knowledge of mining, which accounted for his frequent talks with experts. He had also worked into the good graces of Hardwick and the officers. Even amid his studies, he had time for social affairs. He had been introduced to Miss Dashon and quickly saw that she was interested in him. Indeed, she was quite partial to him, a thing that Hardwick did not approve, although, strange to say, Mrs. Fordyce seemed to favor him.

Social lines were clearly drawn and strictly adhered to in Sidney, where society consisted of the wealthy few and the thousands of poor toilers. Even the few favorites of fortune who constituted the select circle of the "smart set" presented few attrac-

tions of an elevating or refining character. Literature and the arts were neglected. Fashionable display, glaring social entertainments and gustatory reveling were indulged to the exclusion of the more elevating and refining amusements and diversions.

D'Mars, a wage worker himself, mingled to a great extent with the working people. He counseled with them in their troubles and to the extent of his ability relieved their distress, most of which was due to their own improvidence. Many of them earned good wages, while others worked just enough to maintain a mere existence, but many of those who earned good wages, were not much better off in the end than the indolent, for no matter how much they earned, they spent it and managed to keep in debt. A few were thrifty and frugal. They invested their money and owned a few houses from which they derived an income.

One evening D'Mars called upon a poor fellow who sustained an injury in the mines and had been laid up for a few weeks for repairs. He had a large family and D'Mars occasionally gave him a dollar or two to help tide over. On this occasion he noticed a young woman in the kitchen surrounded by the wife and children. She had a basket from which she gave them doughnuts and cookies, which to them were dainties. There was nothing remarkable about her. She was neatly though not richly gowned, but she had a restful happy face, a serenity that bespoke a mind that was at rest. Her movements were graceful and her words were cheering.

"She is the angel of the camp," said the sick man. "She holds the position of cashier in one of our leading stores. She is the adopted child of Angelo Azzette, superintendent of the Crown mine and a man of a great deal of property. He is a very intimate friend of Hardwick and his word is law about the

mines. They have no children except this girl and a firm bond of friendship exists between her and her foster mother.

Azzette is an Italian, and there are rumors that he was once a member of a band of Sicilian robbers, but no one would dare breathe a word concerning him. This girl, Azel, devotes all her spare time and every penny she can raise going about among the poor, helping the needy and comforting the sorrowful.

D'Mars went home that evening impressed by that face and determined to learn more of Azel. The opportunity came sooner than he anticipated. The very next evening he attended a church festival. It was, of course, a mixed affair, socially. The rich and the poor mingled to a slight extent, the sisters and daughters of wealth maintaining that reserve which usually denotes the presence of the better class. On the contrary, those of the lower plane met and talked and laughed and enjoyed a good time in their own small way.

Miss Azel was there, the brightest of the bright and the most cheerful of the cheerful. She had in her hand a small book and was soliciting "chances" on a gold watch for which there were several candidates, and as customary in such places, the formality of an introduction was dispensed with, the candidates soliciting anybody and everybody to sign the book and pay the fifty cents and help the good cause.

In passing through a quiet alcove, D'Mars and Azel met face to face.

"Won't you sign my book?" I am a candidate for the gold watch," said Azel, almost without looking at him.

"Certainly," he said, as he took the book and pencil, and wrote the name D'Mars and returned the book accompanied with the fifty cents.

"I have heard that name before. It seems familiar to me, but I can't recollect when I heard it. Have you lived here long?" she said.

"I have resided here only a few weeks," replied D'Mars.

"It must have been a dream," she added with a smile as she started to pass on.

"Do you believe in dreams?" inquired D'Mars, in an effort to prolong the conversation.

"I do," she replied. "I have my reasons for my belief. Sometimes I wonder which is the reality and which the dream.

"You are quite a psychologist and philosopher," said D'Mars. "Don't you know that I have arrived at almost the same conclusion, regarding dreams, only that I have about decided that what we call dreams is sometimes more real than what we consider the reality?"

"So you are a dreamer too," she said with a smile. "Well, we cannot devote much time to that subject now or I shall not have money enough to win the watch."

"I hope you will win it. You ought to, for I notice that you have hosts of friends," said D'Mars.

"Yes, I have many friends, but they are mostly poor and can't help me much. But what does it matter? My desire to win it is prompted by the worst qualities of human nature, ambition and selfishness."

With a graceful bow and before D'Mars could say a word, she passed on and was soon out of sight.

Turning to the left, he encountered Mrs. Fordyce and Miss Dashon and another young lady. While the girls were holding an inquest over some bit of fancy work, Mrs. Fordyce embraced the opportunity to ask him if he was "acquainted with that girl."

"Never spoke with her until now," said D'Mars.

"I should not think you would gain much from her acquaintance," said Mrs. Fordyce.

"Who is she?" inquired D'Mars.

"She is nobody," replied Mrs. Fordyce with an impatient gesture mingled with scorn. "She was a foundling picked up by the Azzettes, the people who raised her. They have been very kind to her. She tries to show off, but of course she could not be admitted into society."

"If she is honest, respectable and intelligent, she is entitled to an opportunity," D'Mars replied.

"Generally speaking, your idea is right, but we cannot afford to take chances on the waifs of the slums. They generally turn out bad and already this girl begins to exhibit depraved tastes, as seen in her choice of the poorest and lowest people for associates."

D'Mars felt like coming to the rescue of Azel with a sharp retort, but he bethought himself that he was a detective and detectives should be "long" on ears and "short" on tongue.

"Besides all this," continued Mrs. Fordyce, "she has been the heroine of a demoralizing social scandal. You have no doubt heard of it. It occurred about two years ago. Many people are surprised that she has the nerve to show herself in any respectable society."

"You surprise me," said D'Mars, "for she is highly spoken of among the miners."

"The miners," repeated Mrs. Fordyce in disgust, "they would think nothing of such an escapade."

"What did she do?" inquired D'Mars.

"Well it is a long story, but I can quickly give you an idea of it. The Duke of Cronstadt was here and he had an English valet called Cobden, who fell desperately in love with Azel and planned an elope-

ment. They eloped to Melbourne to be married, the Duke accompanying them. Six P. M. was the time set for the ceremony. About five o'clock Cobden called at her room in the hotel and found the Duke there and made up his mind that all was not right. He and the Duke had some words over it and Cobden left the Duke's employ and she was turned out of the hotel into the streets. Neither the Duke nor Cobden came back here, but she returned."

"What is her story?" inquired D'Mars.

"Oh, she had a story, of course. She claimed a conspiracy. She was given an opiate. The Duke and Cobden conspired against her. She was innocent of harm and all that sort of folderol and the lower classes here believe her and threaten to lynch the Duke and Cobden should they return. What else could she do but invent a story?"

At this disagreeable junction they were relieved by Miss Dashon who had joined them and grabbing D'Mars by the arm said, "I am just starving for ice cream."

"Why Florence," exclaimed Mrs. Fordyce, "why do you persist in doing these outlandish things?"

D'Mars laughingly responded, "The hungry surely have a right to seek food. That is a privilege conceded to birds and fishes, and why should it be denied to woman, the cap-sheaf of God's creation and the crowning glory of man?"

Florence and he were soon seated at a table, while Mrs. Fordyce, who did not eat ice cream, conversed with two or three old ladies near by.

"I suppose they have elegant ice cream parlors in New York," said Florence, as she toyed with her dish and didn't seem so hungry after all.

D'Mars portrayed to her in vivid colors the magnitude and grandeur of New York catering establishments and the attractions of the bargain counters.

"I should like to travel. Here it is the same thing all the time. The same tiresome old walks and drives," and she uttered a gentle sigh. "Why should we not enjoy life, when death comes, that is the end of all things."

Don't you believe in immortality—a hereafter where this mortal incumbrance shall be thrown off and the real joys of being shall begin?" replied D'Mars.

"Oh, I suppose so. I don't know what I believe. Who would mope around through life waiting for an opportunity to sit on the edge of a damp cloud and play an old harp, probably out of tune?" she remarked laughingly.

Miss Dashon drew the gold watch. She had five hundred and fifty votes, which appeared in a check from Mr. Hardwick for five hundred of them and the other fifty were smaller amounts. Azel had five hundred votes, all in fifty cent contributions, while the other candidates had small amounts representing only a few votes.

The announcement of the vote was cheered. The clergyman came forward and said that Azel came so near drawing the prize and worked so faithfully for it, that he would take \$50 of the money and buy a watch for her exactly like the watch won by the popular Miss Dashon.

"I don't need a watch or any other jewel," said Azel, but if you will give me the \$50 I will distribute it among the poor."

Long continued cheers followed this declaration from Azel and the \$50 were promptly turned over to her.

"Did you see the nerve of the bold jade? She saw an opportunity to pose and win applause. I pity the poor that will ever hope to see a penny of the money," said Mrs. Fordyce in an undertone to a fashionable group who stood around her.

D'MARS AFFINITY.

"Shut up, you jealous old Corbine," said a rugged plainly dressed woman who stood near. "There's more warm honest blood in Azel's little finger than in a ten acre lot of the likes of you."

"You can take the price of my watch and give that to her for the same purpose," said Miss Dashon.

"Heaven prosper such acts," said the clergyman, and cheers greeted her on all sides, and the incident closed.

D'Mars had now made sufficient investigation of the mines to warrant him in the belief that Mr. Hardwick was an accomplished villain; that he had Smith and Shell under his control, and that they had set a trap to beat Mr. Vanstine out of a half million dollars.

The very day that D'Mars began preparing his report of the mining situation for Mr. Vanstine, an event occurred that shocked and startled the entire community. It was the murder of Mrs. Fordyce. She was found dead at the foot of Cedar Cliff, an almost perpendicular rock two hundred and thirty-five feet high and only a short distance from the Dashon residence. Mrs. Fordyce frequently visited the cliff and sat for hours on one of the rustic seats near the brink. The accident and suicide theories were first advanced by the gossips, but these were quickly abandoned when the coroner reported that a bit of fringe torn from some garment was found clutched in her inanimate hand.

That Mrs. Fordyce was unpopular and had hosts of enemies was conceded, but the detectives sought a motive. Who would have a motive in getting Mrs. Fordyce out of the way? was the question.

It was whispered that Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce were not harmonious. Hardwick had a wild and worthless son away at college, whom he wished to marry Miss Dashon. Mrs. Fordyce opposed the match. She feared that the dominance of the Hard-

wicks would finally oust her from her good position. She desired a husband for Miss Dashon whom she could manage and over whom Hardwick would have no influence. This theory would point toward Hardwick as interested in the removal of Mrs. Fordyce.

But another theory was industriously worked up. It was that Azel was desperately in love with D'Mars and that Mrs. Fordyce sought to capture him for Miss Dashon, believing that she could control him. Then there was the bit of fringe, evidently torn from a woman's garment, found in the grasp of the murdered woman.

Two days later came a sensation that both startled and stunned the entire public. Azel was missing, she had suddenly disappeared. The Azzette premises were searched. The garment from which the tell-tale fringe had been torn was found concealed in an outhouse at the Azzette residence. The garment belonged to Azel. She had worn it within a few days. The chain of evidence was complete, not a link missing. Azel was even seen in the vicinity of the cliff about the time the murder was committed. A bitter feeling had always existed between her and Mrs. Fordyce. Azel knew that Mrs. Fordyce had been poisoning D'Mars' mind against her. She was undoubtedly the murderess.

D'Mars' feelings at this time can scarcely be imagined. Here he was, held up as the innocent cause of a horrible crime. He knew that Azel was innocent, that she was incapable of such a crime. He believed that a foul conspiracy existed. What and who was at the bottom of it? That was the mystery that puzzled him.

The press and the "better classes" were indignant over the theory that Hardwick might be interested in the removal of Mrs. Fordyce. Learned articles appeared on the potency of heredity and the phases

of evil that had suddenly developed in the character of waifs, whose parentage was unknown. Perhaps they would develop into criminals, maybe murderers. Azel had been acting very curiously of late. She seemed to be affected by melancholia, shunned society, seemed fond of associating with the lower classes, and the hope was expressed that thorough investigation would show that her mind was unbalanced and that she would thus escape the death penalty and be cared for in an asylum. Hardwick shared in this humanitarian view of the case.

On the other hand, Azel had hundreds of defenders. They insisted that she was innocent, but in view of the evidence they had but little ground upon which to base an argument or even a hope. The press demanded that a most diligent search be made for Azel. Ten detectives were very busy for a while running down all sorts of clues, but Azel was not found and the "nine days' wonder" soon passed into the tomb of forgetfulness.

CHAPTER XII.

D'MARS' DISCOVERY.

D'Mars reported the mining situation to Mr. Vanstine. The result was that Smith, Sheil and Hardwick were summarily disposed of and D'Mars put in charge. In addition to these changes, Mr. Vanstine offered the entire property to D'Mars for \$250,000. D'Mars bonded the mines for this amount, paid the money over to Mr. Vanstine and took complete charge himself.

He studied the geographical and topographical location of the mines carefully and soon concluded that these mines were located upon the site of the ancient city of Multo, in the submerged land of Pluto. He had the geographical formation carefully inspected by a famous archaeologist who was renowned for his knowledge of prehistoric antiquities and who inspected the formations with great care. The various discordant ingredients which he found in the rocks, all of which owed their present formation and location to igneous agencies, puzzled him at first, until D'Mars presented his theory that it was the site of an ancient city.

"I thought of that several times," said the expert, but this formation is more than 40,000 years old. Besides, the city that covered so extensive an area as this must have contained many millions of people. So extensive a city upon an island that exhibits so little other evidence of mineral wealth seems too absurd, to present as a reasonable theory."

D'Mars said nothing concerning his knowledge of the matter, but requested the expert to locate as nearly as possible the spot where the formation indi-

cated the most extensive structure that might have been the business center of a large city.

The archaeologist said that the presence of large quantities of chemicals such as acids and arsenic and sulphur in the ore, indicated the sites of large drug houses, while rich deposits of lead, copper and iron in the form of stringers were indications of a place where large buildings once stood. All these surface minerals, however, while in a state of fusion might have been shifted in the upheaval from their original location, he suggested. This seemed quite reasonable to D'Mars and the investigation proceeded.

One day the expert came to him wreathed in smiles. "I am now certain that I have found the site of what must have been an enormous structure. Clearly outlined in solid quartz," he said, "I find a cross section of a column twelve feet in diameter and of as yet unknown length. It is composed of a sort of rock now unknown. It will not fuse at any ordinary heat. It has survived the volcanic heat that fused the rocks and metals that surrounded it."

D'Mars had a section of the column stripped and at once recognized it as one of the massive columns of the temple of Jupiter. Having well in mind the geography of the city of Multo he was now able to locate the sub-treasury and the leading banks. He knew that in the federal treasury and banks was hoarded upwards of Five Thousand Millions of Dollars, gold and silver, coin and bullion. He knew that there were millions of dollars gold and silver plate and jewels in Cleo's Porphyry palace, while in his own palace there was stored values to the amount of \$2,000,000 in gold.

He kept his own counsel and made a map of that portion of the city of Multo from memory. Of course, to some extent, he had to guess at the distance, but as the city of Multo was regularly laid out with the

points of the compass, he could, after all, reach some accuracy in direction. Taking the temple as a center and his maps of Multo as a guide, he first located the sub-treasury and ordered a four compartment shaft driven at that point. He next located the Porphyry palace and ordered another shaft driven at that point. He also, located his own palace, nearly a mile from the temple and there another shaft was ordered. As he perfected his map of Multo, he discovered that the locality which had already been developed was four miles from the business center of Multo, in the aristocratic part of the city. He calculated that the nuggets and scattered gold they had discovered was produced by the fusing of the plate, coin and jewels in private palaces.

As work on these shafts proceeded, the expert examined everything discovered. At the main shaft over the federal treasury building, the first evidences of success were found. At a depth of 96 feet a vein of rich gold bearing quartz was struck. Geologists, metallurgists and mining experts, who looked and laughed at D'Mars' "wild and whimsical" scheme of prospecting, became interested. They decided that the quartz found indicated a "rich find," but it was not a true fissure vein. It might be a lenz, or an arm, or a mere overflow. It dipped west. Some thought it led to the mother lode. Others were of the opinion that it was a throw and that the fissure was east. This theory was strengthened by the dips of the formation on the eastern slope. There was no agreement among the experts, so work on the shaft proceeded downward.

At a depth of 125 feet, another vein of very rich quartz was cut. It was a fissure vein almost perpendicular, dipping slightly north toward the temple. It was twelve feet thick and assayed \$74 gold to the ton of ore.

This was enough. Speculation ran wild. D'Mars was offered \$10,000,000 for the mine. Fabulous prices were offered for claims on the drive of the vein, but he declined to consider any of the offers.

He now decided to follow this vein and proceed with the shaft to a depth of 200 feet before he drove any cross cuts or tunnels. The ore was a splendid free milling proposition, although it contained more silver and copper and a trace of lead. At a depth of 200 feet no material change appeared in the quartz. It carried its values, though the silver and copper increased.

At this depth, tunnels were now started on the drive of the vein, while cross cuts were also made in opposite directions, giving the developement a star shape, while the shaft was continued downward.

While this work proceeded, a rich shute was discovered in the shaft at the Porphyry Palace tunnel, which D'Mars named the "Cleo." Many rich nuggets were found in the soft formation and the experts declared that all indications pointed to an extremely rich mine. Nothing was yet discovered at the D'Mars shaft, which he abandoned, he having concluded that he had made a mistake in the location of the Castle.

Excitement had now reached fever heat. All the land within five miles of the Multo shaft was taken up by speculators. Capitalists came from all parts of the world in response to the cablegrams sent out by the promoters. Expert real estate boomers came in droves. D'Mars took no part in the speculation. He had two miles square, about 2,500 acres, in the business center of Multo. He knew this was the original location of the gold. In the volcanic eruption and the earthquake, some of it might have shifted out of this center but he knew that if such were the case, to find it would be a mere accident. To all inquiries for an opinion he gave the one answer, that he did not believe

gold would be found outside his land in paying quantities. When asked how he came to locate his shafts in places where there were no surface indications, he shook his head, smiled and said he was following out the inspiration of a dream; and he had reason to believe that there was little gold anywhere else in that section of the country.

"D'Mars is a puzzle," said one of the old miners. "He came here within a year and has discovered the richest mines in the world."

At the end of one year's development, D'Mars employed 500 miners and was positive he had tapped the business center of the ancient city of Multo, and that the bulk of the precious metals hoarded in that city were his. The value was estimated at from three to five billion dollars. If he secured only half or a third he would have enough for any ordinary purpose.

The promoters were engineering the most colossal boom ever seen in a mining camp. They had two or three score mining companies organized on an average capitalization of \$5,000,000 each. They started business by putting small blocks of stock on the market which they sold for twenty cents a share, for the purpose of letting in "a few friends" on the "ground floor," and putting on development.

A score of these companies started shafts. Nearly all found float gold and free milling quartz, a natural result of the violent upheaval. As the shaft went down the shares of stock went up. Many of these pocket finds were very rich. Assays from selected samples ran high. As each new pocket was discovered and a high assay made, the stock was advanced five cents and sometimes ten cents per share. Announcements were made from time to time by the promoters that the shaft was now near the rich vein. A few more shares would be sold for seventy-five

cents. It would go to one dollar and probably two dollars, or even higher. All depended upon the value of the quartz and the thickness of the vein. Those who had purchased stock at twenty cents figured that they had already made 250 per cent, when it advanced to seventy-five and they would not sell a share below \$1. Why should they? In a month it might go to \$2 and no one could tell where it would land, perhaps at \$500 per share.

When D'Mars was certain beyond all question that his mining venture promised success, he set about carrying out his cherished idea of doing something for labor. To aid humanity by helping the poor and dependent to help themselves was his mission in life. He had seen the effects and the final outcome of concentrated wealth and degraded poverty in the proud cities of Multo and Centropolis. Multo was as completely effaced as though it had never been. Its boasted treasure of gold and jewels was known only to the angels. Satan himself was not permitted to remember it. D'Mars knew that he himself had been there long years ago. He had perished in the zenith of his iniquity in the midst of an unholy banquet. Here he was now 45,000 years later, the ghoul of his own grave-yard, scattering the ashes of his former mortal body to the wind, in the search for lost treasure. He would now put it to some good use. He would begin, he thought, by enabling all employes to participate in the full profits of their toil.

Imbued with these and like exalted ideas, he proposed a plan of co-operation. He would organize a co-operative mining company, on the Multo mines. The capital stock should be \$25,000,000. He would distribute \$5,000,000 of this stock among the 1,000 miners he would soon employ, on a basis of twenty cents per share. It would average 2,500 shares to

each miner and would cost the purchaser only \$500. They could pay out for it in installments that would be easily met. They were earning good wages. This stock would soon earn 10 per cent dividends. Here would be an extra income of \$250 annually, to each worker. After the stock paid dividends which would be soon, it would sell for par, possibly a premium.

D'Mars presented his plan to a few of the miners as he happened to meet them. It seemed to meet general approval. They called a meeting to consider it. The mine superintendent, who always took great interest in the welfare of the workers presented the plan of co-operation to the assembled miners. They asked many questions and for an hour discussed it among themselves.

There was considerable diversity of opinion. Some favored the plan, others were in doubt, and a few opposed it.

"The capitalization is entirely too high," said an active man, who seemed to exert a good deal of influence. "Here is a capitalization of \$25,000,000. This is a prospect, nothing more. We have seen a good many prospects before. D'Mars nor anyone else knows anything about the value of this property. It is a pig in a poke and I for one would not go into it."

"But D'Mars has an offer of \$10,000,000 for this property. That would put the stock on a forty cent basis to begin with," said the foreman.

"We don't know whether he has any such offer or not. That's his story," said a bright young man.

"You have no right to question D'Mars' word after all the kindness he has shown us," said an old miner. "You can count me as one that will take a block of the stock. I have been mining now thirty years and haven't a dollar. But I will take this stock and pay for it out of my wages."

A sage looking individual who always took an active part in politics now arose and in grave measured tones, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been a close observer of such speculation as is proposed here. My advice to you is to beware, B-e-w-a-r-e. It is a good deal like the partnership between the lion and the cow. You would have 5,000,000 shares and he would have 20,000,000. Where would you be? What power would you have? This block of stock would cost you \$1,000,000. You would furnish D'Mars the money to develop his mines and for every dollar you would get in dividends he would get four. Fine proposition, isn't it? Beware."

"There is another feature of this tempting offer that you have not thought of yet," said an old walking delegate, who up to this time had not spoken. "When you ask an advance of wages this superintendent will say to you, you are stockholders, you are working for yourselves. You are sharers in the profits of your work; what you fail to get in wages you get in dividends. In case we want to go on a strike there will be a division among us. Some will think that because they own a measly little dab of stock in the company, that they are working for themselves and refuse to go out. I regard it as a shrewd scheme to destroy the union."

This speech stirred the assembled miners up to a high pitch of excitement. A dozen tried to get the floor and all talked among themselves. Finally, order was restored and one of the claimants for the floor was recognized by the chairman. He said:

"I have been a miner for 35 years and I'm one now and always expect to be a miner. I have gone on strike and walked the streets for months while my family suffered to sustain the union. I have paid hundreds of dollars out of my wages to support

strikes. Many of you have done the same thing. Now, what have we to show for it? We have derived benefits from organization. We have had higher wages and better mining conditions. That is true. But I now ask you candidly, what have we as a body of men to show for our toil? I have long believed that the solution of the issue between labor and capital is co-operation—co-operation that will enable each workingman to become his own employer, his own capitalist. Something has been said here about the miners supplying capital for D'Mars. You all know that D'Mars needs no such aid. He has millions at his command. I believe that he has made us this generous offer in order to help us help ourselves. I believe that if we accept it in the proper spirit, he will do still more for us. I believe he will give us an opportunity to acquire, own, and control the entire mines. I for one shall accept this offer now."

This speech was received with cheers, groans, hisses and, on the part of some, silence. They were thinking. After a good deal of discussion on these lines a committee was appointed by the chair, to confer with D'Mars and report to an adjourned meeting a week later.

The proposition was discussed during the week pro and con. It had friends and opponents in all classes. The business public generally opposed it. They reasoned that if the miners took up this proposition and succeeded they would not stop there. They would establish a co-operative supply store. By giving it their own trade they could make it profitable. This would injure business. It tended to socialism and would finally be an end to enterprise.

The boomers, speculators and promoters also opposed the "scheme," as they termed it, and in order

to defeat it they made all sorts of propositions, offering blocks of stock to their employees at 20, 10 and often five cents a share.

When the miners met again the committee reported that it was unable to agree, and suggested that the matter be dropped. This report was received with mixed cheers and groans.

At this juncture, D'Mars himself entered the hall. He was received with prolonged cheers and those who had said the bitterest things against him at the former meeting were the first to rush up and take his hand.

He explained to them his proposition. It was meant to help the workers help themselves. He was sorry that it had caused division in their ranks. He had no desire to interfere with their union. He would always pay the highest wages going. Whatever wage scale the union presented, he would be the first to sign. There would be no strike. (Loud cheers.)

He went on to say that he had long cherished the hope that the unseemly and unchristian and even barbarous contest between capital and labor would be ended. He saw no solution except for labor to become its own capitalist, its own employer, its own boss, on the co-operative plan. Prejudice, suspicion, envy, selfishness, were the stumbling blocks to labor's progress. Co-operation upon high moral lines would weed out these evils. With learning came higher ideals and with co-operation came the means to gratify them. He suggested that those who approved this plan and desired to take stock should do so. Those who could not agree need not take it. There would be no discrimination. All would be treated fairly, whether they joined in co-operation or not. (Prolonged cheers.)

Of the 500 men in D'Mars employ, 200 suscribed for stock. Within three months the employes had

increased to 1,000. About 500 now owned stock, but there was a strong sentiment in the camp against the co-operative miners. Deprecatory remarks were made by their companions in their hearing.

"He thinks he is a capitalist now," and "He's getting his head swelled," and "Did you see him try to strut like D'Mars?" and "Wonder how he manages to live on camp grub," and "Did you notice that these imaginary capitalists are getting to look very wise," and "Oh, no, he was not there. He belongs to the capitalistic class now." Such were the venomous remarks indulged by the opponents of co-operation.

When they met a co-operator they would jolly him with, "How much dividends do you get?" and "What will you take for your stock?" and "Can we have a job when you get to own the mine?" and "I hear that the big vein is pinching out. You better sell while you can." This pestilential annoyance had the desired effect upon a majority of the co-operators who disposed of their stock for the sake of peace. A few held out and braced the storm of ridicule, but at the close of the year there were only thirty-five stockholders left among the miners.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROMOTER'S BOOM.

At the end of eighteen months from the opening of the new mines the reduction plant was completed and 50,000 tons of ore worth \$60 per ton was in the stopes ready to be conveyed to the stamp mill and the smelter. At the end of two years the net product of gold after paying for the machinery and development and providing a betterment fund for additional machinery and development was sufficient to pay a dividend of eight per cent on the capital stock. Each holder of 2,500 shares received \$200 dividends. Stock advanced to \$1.50. The co-operators who still had stock could pay out for it with dividends, or they could sell their block of 2,500 shares for \$3,750.

It was now the co-operators' turn to become funny. Occasionally they asked their former critics how much they would give for a few shares.

The leaders of the opponents now became angry. They were very bitter against D'Mars as men always are against those whom they slander and vainly try to injure. In their bitterness they tried to get up a strike for advance of 25 per cent. on wages and shorter hours.

Having learned that D'Mars would concede that, they increased their demand to fifty per cent.

The other mining companies opposed any increase of wages. They said that the highest wages ever paid in that country were now paid. And if any increase were demanded, they would all shut down as they were running at a loss now.

This shut-down would throw 7,000 miners out of

work. The result was that the union voted down the demand for an increase of wages.

D'Mars saw that a majority of the workers were not yet educated up to co-operation, so he dropped all further attempts and came forward with a voluntary advance of 25 per cent. on the wages in his mines. Things now became so hot for the opponents of the co-operators and the strike promoters at the D'Mars mines that they were forced by their companions to seek work elsewhere.

There were now 3,000 employees in the D'Mars mines. They studied co-operation and soon all were convinced. So they held a meeting and decided to ask D'Mars to let each of them have a block of 2,500 shares for fifty cents a share on the installment plan as he had offered the same stock previously at twenty cents. They sent for D'Mars, who promptly responded. He was greeted with prolonged cheers upon entering the hall. To their proposition he replied:

"I am glad to know that you are all converted to co-operation. Later developments in the mines show that this stock which you ask for fifty cents is worth \$2.00. The ore now in sight makes it worth that, but what I know enables me to say that every share of this stock will be worth \$5.00. Within ten years I am sure \$1,000,000,000 will be taken from these mines. We have tapped the mother lode. I know not how deep we must go to get it all. But that does not matter much, so long as it is there.

"Now, my friends, you have come at the eleventh hour. The scripture shall be fulfilled. You shall have the full day's pay. You shall receive the 2,500 shares at the original price, twenty cents, and on the same terms. But I am going to make some additional scripture, just for this occasion. The original text, which applies to spiritual things only, shall not be changed.

To the holdings of the noble thirty-five, who came at the first call and stood the brunt of the day, who endured ridicule and abuse for the sake of a principle, shall be added ten fold. They shall have their 2,500 shares increased to 25,000 at the same price. The dividends which this stock shall draw will meet the payments in two years and some to spare."

The applause that greeted this declaration was deafening. It seemed that it would never end. When order was restored D'Mars concluded:

"I see this makes you happy. But there is other happiness far more entrancing and enduring than the joy which material fortune brings. It comes through the true spirit of co-operation. I would not exchange it for all the gold in the world. I hope you will seek it. Each must seek and find it for himself. It comes through making others happy. But I did not come to preach to you. You are on the right track. Keep up the good work."

Another outburst of cheers greeted these remarks and continued long after D'Mars had left the hall.

Soon after D'Mars had made the co-operative stock distribution among his three thousand miners, which was in reality a gift to them amounting to \$8,375,000 a marked change came over the camp. Great improvements were noted in the miners' homes. They lived better, dressed more richly, spent money more freely. Many sold their stock and engaged in business, or speculation, while others drank and spent the money like lords. Some put their stock up as collateral or borrowed money and bought carpets, upholstered furniture, pianos and organs. One miner paid \$300 for a pair of hunting dogs and \$120 for a gun. Several purchased fast horses. Some took blocks of stock at a low price in some of the various mining or real estate companies. Many of the miners' wives and

daughters bought sealskin coats, others diamonds and many kept hired domestics. Everything at the mines went on swimmingly and to put it in the language of the world, "The ornithological webfooted specimen of cupidity hung in an elevated position."

But later on a change came. The Multo mines were not so promising. The great ledge of pay ore was weakening. It gave signs of "pinching out" on the lower levels. There was plenty of pay ore in sight, but it was evident that the output would fall off. Bankers, brokers and mining sharks who held stock as collateral, showed signs of panic. They called in loans. Debtors could not pay up. The collateral had to be sold. Miners came to D'Mars and begged him to buy it. He declined to buy any of this stock except at public sale. He permitted none to sell for less than par. Many stockholders under various pretexts endeavored to induce D'Mars to buy at par. He advised them to hold on to it, but in cases of necessity he purchased, always paying par.

A vast majority of the miners held to the co-operative idea and many not only kept their stock, but had purchased additional shares. Thus things were drifting when the Multo mine showed signs of weakening. At that same time the Cleo mine reached a remarkably rich vein. It looked more promising than did the Multo at its best. Outside promoters and speculators, who opposed the co-operative plan, began to shake their heads and whisper poison into the ears of the co-operators. They said that D'Mars had "buncoed" them. That he had sold them stock in the poorest mine. The Cleo was the mine. D'Mars owned all of it. He had sold the poor miners over 8,000,000 shares at twenty cents a share in the poorest mine and got out of them \$1,600,000 which he used in developing the Cleo and the Pleidas, which also looked well.

a rich pocket of ore having been found in one of its crosscuts.

Many of the co-operators became dissatisfied. Of course they could easily pay out for their stock with the dividends it earned. It cost them nothing, but D'Mars was making too much money. He was becoming a capitalist—worse, a plutocrat.

"What do you fellows amount to?" the disturbers would say, "D'Mars owns over 16,000,000 shares. All of you put together own only a little over 8,000,000. All of you combined don't amount to half as much as D'Mars. You are nothing but suckers. He does as he pleases. He puts shafts down to suit his own schemes. He intends to freeze you all out anyway in the end. The way to keep even with him is to sell your stock if you can and get the money for it and get some good of it."

In this way things went on from bad to worse. D'Mars counseled with the miners, but that was of no avail. Some had lost confidence in him. Many suspected him. The Multo mine was giving out. The Cleo looked well. Another rich vein was struck in the Pleidas. This was proof that D'Mars had "bun-coed" them.

"But," said D'Mars, "the Multo mine still pays dividends. The dividends in another year will pay out for your stock."

"Yes," said a ringleader among the insurgents, "but if the mine gives out, what will the stock be worth?"

"The mine will not give out. It is undoubtedly the best mine in the camp. I would stake everything I own on it," replied D'Mars.

"What else would he say," said the outside disturbers. "Why don't you test his sincerity? You fellows own over 8,000,000 shares in the Multo mine.

Why don't you make him an offer to trade this stock for the Cleo or the Pleidas mine. Then you will have something that you will own and can operate yourselves. You will be better off, than if you owned all the stock of the Multo mine. What does D'Mars do? You do all the work. Why not have the full fruits of your toil? Make an offer of this sort to him and if he is sincere he will take you up."

"Good common sense," said one of the kickers, others took the same view of it. So D'Mars' co-operators, all except a few of the original thirty-five who had the big blocks of stock, held a meeting and proposed a proposition to trade all their stock for the Pleidas mine. They could not command all the original 8,375,000 shares. Many had sold and some refused to take part in the proposed deal. But they were able to muster up 5,000,000 shares. They appointed a committee made up of the most determined kickers, which called on D'Mars with the proposition. He heard them and then replied:

"Now, gentlemen, if you make this trade, I fear you will get the worst of the bargain. I do not know what the Pleidas mine amounts to or the Cleo either. But I feel sure that the Multo is the great mine.

"If it is a mistake we assume the whole responsibility," said Fred Zudhurst, the chairman.

"Very well," said D'Mars, "when do you desire to make the transfers?"

"Tomorrow, if it will suit you," said Zudhurst.

"I am ready, deliver me the 5,000,000 shares and I will deliver you the deeds to the Pleidas, clear, free and unencumbered. You get all the machinery, too," said D'Mars.

The Committee returned to the hall and gleefully informed the miners of their success.

"I didn't think he would do it," said one of the agitators.

"He couldn't help himself. He saw that we were dead on to him. I could see that parting with the Pleidas for this worthless stock was like pulling teeth. He squirmed, but let go."

The transfers were promptly made next day. The new owners capitalized the mine at \$10,000,000 divided the stock among themselves, in proportion to the amount each surrendered. Then they bonded the mine for \$250,000, sold the bonds for 80 cents on the dollar, to procure working capital, and soon extensive development was going forward on the Pleidas mine.

D'Mars and about three hundred of the miners, who held Multo stock and stood by him, went ahead developing the Multo and the Cleo mines. D'Mars soon had the old quota of 3,000 miners at work. He was still full of the co-operative idea and accordingly offered all the new men 1,000 shares each of the Multo stock at thirty cents. Some accepted the offer, but the majority declined. They said they could not afford to buy.

"But I am paying you \$3 per day. You can live on two. At the end of the year you can have it paid up," said D'Mars.

"Why not give us the dividends on this stock. That was the bargain you had with the other miners who traded it to you for the Pleidas mine."

"Why give you the dividends it earns until you pay for it. The dividends would pay for it in two years. It is worth more than par. I am offering you seventy per cent. of it now gratuitously," replied D'Mars.

"But those were the terms you gave the other fellows, besides you sold them the stock for twenty cents," they said.

"Yes," said D'Mars, "I gave them the stock gratuitously, and they didn't want it. I have learned that few people appreciate a gift. Few of those people ever paid a dollar of their own money on that stock. The dividends are all they paid on it. I could have the dividends without selling it. Then they had the nerve to come and offer it to me at par. I paid them more than par for it. I traded them a mine that they consider worth \$10,000,000 for 5,000,000 shares of it. That was paying one hundred per cent. premium for my own stock. Now some of them say, I would have swindled them had they not been too smart for me. I will now make the prediction that within six months these people who are now 'bearing' Multo stock will be grabbing for it at par."

As stated, a few hundred of the employees took up the offer and they were ridiculed by the majority who lived up to all they earned and managed to keep about thirty days behind at the grocery.

About sixty days later, a new formation was found in one of the shafts of the Multo. It showed iron, lead, copper and silver as well as gold. D'Mars believed that this was one of the vaults of the treasury where a reserve of at least \$2,500,000,000 in silver and gold had been held. Just forty feet deeper a large and very rich vein of gold and silver was struck. The gold was in stringers, shot, flakes and nuggets. The ore assayed \$30,000 to the ton and the vein was six feet thick. The sum of \$250,000 was taken out the first day, some nuggets weighing as high as seven pounds.

The news spread like wild fire. Two dollars was offered for Multo stock. The speculators and boom promoters advanced their stocks from twenty to fifty points. Land doubled in value. D'Mars was offered \$100,000 per acre for land a mile from the Multo mine.

Lawyers too reaped a rich harvest. Suits in

equity were begun against D'Mars by "heirs." Everyone who could show that a great-grandparent or uncle had "squatted" on the D'Mars land, brought suit for possession.

A few days later another rich vein of ore was found in one of the tunnels. The same mineral indications heralded it. The ore assayed \$25,000 per ton. The boomers and promotors again advanced their stock, and the price of land soared up in sympathy with the watered stocks.

An area of twelve miles square or 144 square miles, around D'Mars' 2,500 acres, showed float gold. In some places only a trace was found and in others, the outcroppings looked well. Prospectors had come from all quarters and the surface was "gophered" completely. Some veins of gold-bearing quartz were found at great depth in some of the shafts, but no pay ore had yet been developed, and stockholders in the prospecting companies were clamorous—the predictions had failed, the prophecies had been unfulfilled.

But the promotors were equal to the occasion. They professed to believe that the absence of pay ore near the surface was not discouraging. Indeed, it was a good sign, they said. The gold was there. They were on the dip of the Multo vein; the ore grew richer with the depth. They were bound to strike it and all indications showed that they were near it. Another small block of stock would be placed on the market by each promotor. The proceeds would carry the development to the required depth, and then the stock would advance to one dollar or to five dollars according to the richness of the vein—no telling where the price would stop.

Some of the promotors had found traces of iron, copper and lead. These were the indications that her-

alded D'Mars' rich vein. The pay gold was almost in sight.

The craze of speculation assumed many amusing features. At a depth of two hundred feet in a shaft, splendid specimens of copper ore were found with a trace of gold. The experts examined the ore and surroundings and declared it the greatest copper mine in the world. It happened to be the site of the Gambrinus brewery. A company was organized at once, capitalized at \$10,000,000, and a block of the stock was placed on the market at fifty cents, but a few special friends of the promoters were let in on the ground floor at thirty cents and they grabbed large slices of the copper pie.

D'Mars was sorry for the dupes who furnished the money. But he could do nothing to stop the craze. His warnings were all misinterpreted by the promoters. They explained that he was jealous and hoggish. They said that he feared that after they had all tapped the rich veins gold would be so plentiful that it would be worthless. Investors had no such fears and the money still poured in.

CHAPTER XIV.

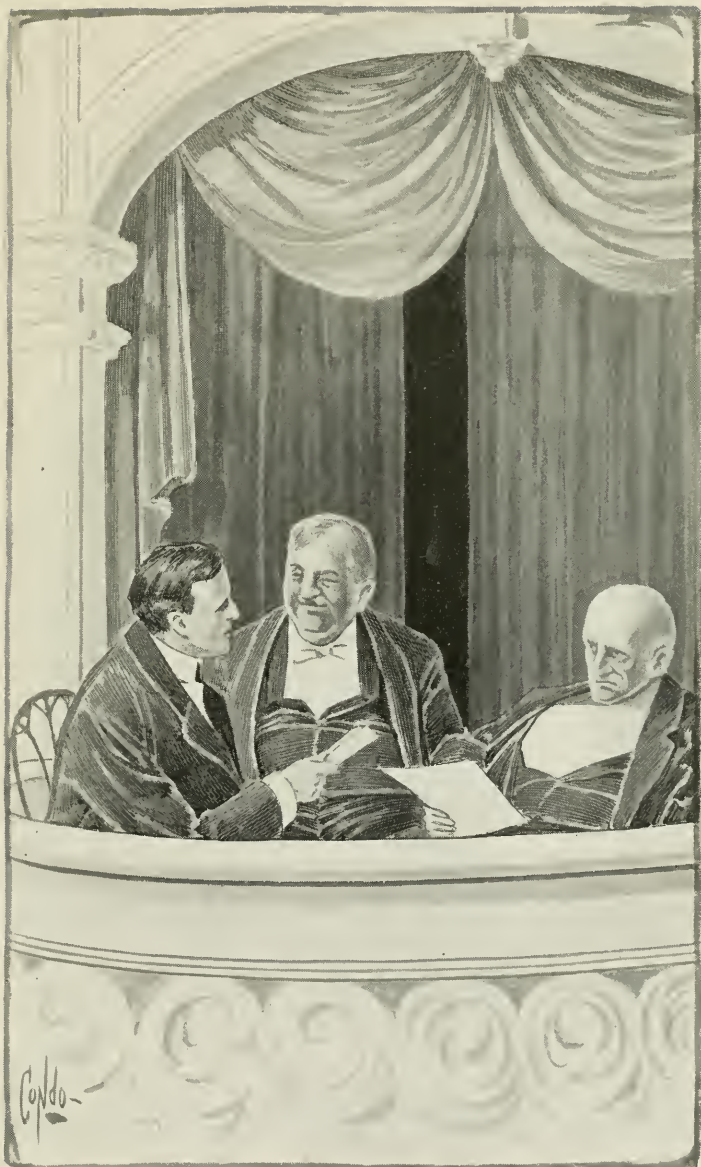
CORINNA AND EDITH.

On the evening following the murder of Mrs. Fordyce, Azel sat in her room. She had been depressed all day. She was not only shocked over the murder, but she had a strange foreboding of impending evil. She could neither fathom nor understand it.

Some strange feeling had possessed her since that night she met D'Mars at the church festival. That she had met him before, she was sure. But when, and where? Was it a dream? She could not analyze her feelings. It seemed to her that he was some way linked to her fate. Was this love? Was she in love with one who probably cared nothing for her, perhaps never gave her a second thought? Her pride came to the rescue and she despised herself for such weakness. But she could not shake off the impression and the depression.

She now reflected on the past. Who was she? Who were her parents? Were they respectable? Why had the finger of scorn been pointed toward her by the best society? Then she thought of her misfortune of two years ago, when she had been deceived by Cobden. What had she done? Why was the cross so heavy? She then thought of Him, who suffered death on the cross, and as she had done on former occasions, she threw herself at the foot of the cross and prayed for mercy. Long and fervently she besought the Source of all good and happiness for a ray of light and for guidance.

Her prayer was answered. That night she had a dream of warning and of future happiness. A beautiful angel appeared to her and warned her that conspirators



"SHOULD I ATTEMPT ANYTHING RASH TO-NIGHT YOU GENTLEMEN
MUST RESTRAIN ME."—Page 181.

had plotted her ruin. They were still active. She would be charged with the murder, and her only safety was in flight. She should leave secretly on the vessel which sailed for Liverpool the following day, and leave that place of worry forever. She then saw herself surrounded by friends and admirers. Far in the dim distance, struggling with ocean waves, she saw D'Mars. He was trying to come to her.

Next morning she decided to follow the inspiration. Long before anyone had stirred, and in the light of the early day she left the only home she ever knew. It broke her heart to leave without a word to her foster mother, who had been so kind to her. But this was the course she had been directed to pursue. She had just enough money to pay for a second-class passage. No questions were asked, and at 9 a. m. the vessel was under way.

Like a criminal and a fugitive from justice Azel occupied a camp chair in an obscure corner of the deck. She wept bitterly as the city faded away and the mountain range assumed its atmospheric tints and finally merged into the horizon. She well knew that her sudden disappearance would be subject for comment and that her enemies would treat it as a criminal circumstance. Suppose that fragment of fringe found in the hand of the murdered woman were by the designs of the conspirators in some way traced to her. She would be considered guilty and her absence would prove it. What would her friends say? Her concern was more for them than for herself.

Hour after hour she sat and scanned the blue circle that surrounds a ship at sea. Finally a woman approached and took a chair near her. She saw that Azel was in trouble. She wore the garb of some religious order. Soon she engaged Azel in conversation. She was gentle and unassuming. It was a relief to

Azel. She had often comforted the sorrowful and helped them bear their burden of woe. She needed someone to whom she could open her heart.

"I am Sister Celestine," said the stranger. "I have had my own sorrows and I am accustomed to hearing and sharing the sorrows of others. You can tell me all in perfect confidence."

She appeared to Azel as a sympathizing and loving mother.

It seemed that the bread she had cast upon the waters was returning a hundred fold. And she was so hungry for sympathy. She told all without reservation, except her own kindness to the needy and suffering.

The good sister spoke to her words of comfort; told her how little dependence could be placed in the world and its transitory allurements. She believed that Azel's dream was an inspiration and that she was wise in heeding it.

"Let me look at your hand," said Celestine.

Azel extended her left hand. Celestine held the slender fingers and viewed the delicate palm long and earnestly.

"My child," she finally said, "I never before saw but one hand like yours. You ought to be happy, and you will be happy again. The lines of mortal mind are almost eliminated. You have visited the immortal worlds, since the fall of man. The line of immortality so seldom seen in a physical hand is well developed."

"What produces these lines?" questioned Azel.

"Mind," said Celestine.

"But the infant's hands show all these lines. How could its mind produce them?"

"Oh, my child, your question involves more of the occult, I fear, than you can understand. The agencies that produce the lines in the infants' hands

were at work producing these lines ages before the infant was born."

"That agency is God," said Azel.

"Yes, it was spiritual mind and evil mind, too. Mortal mind as well as spiritual stamps this index to each character on the human hand."

"Does my hand indicate natural aptitude for any occupation? You see I must do something to earn a living the moment I land."

"You are a natural artist. Music is your forte, yet your large ideality and love of nature bespeaks for you success with the pencil and brush. You ought to sing well."

"I do sing, but I am utterly unable to vocalize the harmony that comes to me."

"Your voice needs cultivating, perhaps. I knew you could sing the moment I saw you, for I recognized in you the singing temperament."

Celestine and Azel became warm friends during the day and at night they were assigned to the same room.

Celestine had been a famous Prima Donna and electrified many a cultured audience by her songs in opera, before she abandoned the world for the seclusion of the cloister. But the world followed her and the beautiful convent on the shores of the Mediterranean, to which she had retired became famous for its musical and vocal training department.

The following day, she played and sang for the second cabin passengers. Azel was astonished. "If my voice was only trained like that," she said mentally as she stood by the grand piano and drank in the inspiration.

"Now I want to hear you sing," said Celestine.

With faltering heart Azel sat before the instrument and sang one of her favorite pieces to her own

accompaniment. The applause and encore were so generous that Azel was compelled to sing again and again.

That evening Celestine assured her that she had great natural ability, and for her was assured a brilliant future in the field of art.

After this, the first cabin passengers came over frequently to hear Celestine and Azel play and sing. Every possible effort was made to induce the singers to change their quarters, and come over to the first cabin, but in vain. To all importunities they replied that they felt it a duty to stay and cheer the plain people who enjoyed so few of the luxuries of life.

Three years later a young woman sat in her room gazing intently upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The soft azure Italian sky was unclouded and a delightful breeze toyed with the foliage of numerous shade trees, which like sentinels, guarded the approach to the ancient structure. The rare beauty of the sole occupant of the boudoir was enhanced by the peaceful tranquility that rested on her sweet and intellectual face.

It was Azel, but she was no longer known by that name. After entering the convent, upon her arrival in Italy, she took the name of Corinna. Three years had wrought wonderful changes in her appearance. Azel of the mining camp was now a finely developed and matured woman of twenty-three years. But the improvement in her appearance was only an incident to the mental change. Under the tutorship of Sister Celestine she had become a famous singer and artist. Indeed, she had surpassed her teacher in music and was now a noted improvisatrice. Her musical compositions were admired for that rare melody and harmony which stirs the deepest recesses of the human heart and touches the soul.

She had buried the past. The dark clouds of her early life were turned by the sun of peace and joy into a sea of molten gold. But one dark shadow remained. Who was she? Where in the realms of space or in the conservatory of nature was the mother whom she still believed fondly loved her. Sister Celestine only, knew her secret, and she guarded it well. She had been a mother to her, as well as a friend in need. In this hour of triumph, she thought with a shudder of what might have been, had not that dear woman come to her aid in that hour of deep distress and woe. She saw the narrow margin, the trivial circumstance that turns the whole tenor of a life.

Sister Celestine furnished her the Sidney newspapers from time to time. She read of the marriage of the Duke of Cronstadt and Florence Dashon. How could she marry the man who had conspired with Cobden to slander and betray her? What motive could these men have for such perfidy? But so far as she personally was concerned, she had escaped their clutches, if they had further schemes than to injure her name. But she forgave them long ago and hoped Florence would be happy.

She also read of D'Mars' success and the fabulous wealth he had won. She was glad to hear of his success for she had learned through private sources that when she was charged with the murder of Mrs. For-dyce, D'Mars stood out with her friends among the poor and declared his belief in her innocence. He had also employed a detective to work on the case and if possible, discover the plotters against her. She learned also of his strange hallucination, in which he believed that some day he would find his affinity, Ethel.

She often thought of writing to D'Mars. She knew that she could trust him. On one occasion she had written a letter, but after considering the matter,

she destroyed it. She could not say what she wanted to say. What did she want to say? She could not tell. When she thought of him, a strange feeling possessed her. She thought of her dreams, of the locket and her final dream of warning on her last night in Sidney, in which she saw D'Mars struggling to reach her. What did it all mean? A strange feeling came over her when she meditated on these matters. Was it love? Did she love D'Mars? "No," she would say. Then she would feel provoked over such weakness. She may never see him again. Perhaps he never thinks of me in that way. But strive as she would D'Mars was her hero. She realized that he never could be anything more to her than a memory, yet around that ruin the fresh bloom and tendrils of her heart of hearts were still verdantly entwined.

This was the state of Corinna's mind when she was about to take the veil that would forever bury her from the world. She had found refuge from her enemies, peace and happiness within these old convent walls. To her the chime of the bells was sweet music. She had sought to penetrate the secret mysteries of her heart—in prayer and meditation. To-day ended her novena, in which she prayed for light. She had consulted the old chaplain. He was not sure she had a vocation. He advised her to wait. The light would come to her in a way that precluded mistake. She could better afford to await events than to make a hasty mistake. Her mission in life, whatever it was, would be made known to her in due time.

"Here you are and I have been searching for you the last hour," said a merry voice as Edith Rockwell, her pupil and her inseparable friend and companion, entered her boudoir. Edith was the only daughter of old Jasper Rockwell, the richest man in the United States. She was a splendid specimen of American

beauty. Dark raven locks crowned a strong intellectual face of rare beauty.

She had been a pupil of Corinna the past year and had made marvelous progress. Indeed, she was already one of the famous singers of that land of art. They were more like sisters than tutor and pupil. Edith was the only confidant with whom Corinna had ever entrusted her whole story, except Sister Celestine. Edith's warm and loving heart went out in tender sympathy for the lonely orphan who had experienced so much of the dark and sad side of life.

"What is it dear?" said Corinna as Edith entered and threw herself into an easy chair.

"I have just received a letter from papa and he will be here one week from today. He wishes me to make the tour of the Alps with him and I want you to accompany us. There now, you will go, won't you?" and she fondly kissed Corinna.

"I fear that I must disappoint you, my dear. I expect to spend the remainder of my life within these walls and this trip would only distract me. I think I would better not undertake it."

"Have you had an answer to your nine day prayer?" queried Edith with concern.

"I can hardly say that I have. You see my novena only ends today. Answers do not always come instantly.

"Well this time your answer came sooner than you expected. You already have it."

"What is it? I do not understand."

"This opportunity to tour the Alps. Sail on the beautiful lakes, drink in the grandeur and sublimity of nature, is your answer. You must not ignore it. No one can tell what inspiration may come to you. God does not always speak in words. He manifests himself in His works. You will know and love Him

better when you see more of His works. You must go with us."

Corinna was silent. Edith's words had impressed her. She had longed to see something of the world. Maybe this was her answer. It was a strange coincidence that this unexpected opportunity had come to her at the very moment the expected answer to her novena was due.

But there was still a shadowy background to the bright picture. She had no money of her own. The contemplated trip was an expensive one. She knew that Sister Celestine would gladly spare sufficient funds to defray her expenses, but she could not afford it. They had so many expenses and their income was small. She knew that Mr. Rockwell would willingly pay all the bills, but could she put herself under such obligations to any man—and especially to an entire stranger? The shadow of a cloud gathered on her face as she thought of this.

Edith noticed it and truly read her mind. How to surmount the difficulty, puzzled her, for she knew that Corinna was a woman of strong convictions and peculiar views upon such points of propriety.

"You know the chaplain told you not to hurry, to await events until you were certain. The vacation season is here. You can get away. Now what in the world is to hinder you accompanying us? Papa will be only too glad."

"I will be frank with you, Edith. I would certainly consult Celestine. I know she would be pleased to let me make this trip with you. I may never have such an opportunity again, but they have already done much for me here, they are poor and I could not think of asking them to incur such an expense. I know that the expense is nothing to your father. He would

be glad to pay it all, but really, I could not accept such a personal favor from even him."

"I knew that you would regard that as a barrier to your happiness, so I provided for it. Papa sends me one thousand dollars every month, I can't spend it, I have more money than I know what to do with. I have eleven thousand dollars in the bank doing nobody any good. Papa knows nothing of it. I have drawn a check for five thousand payable to you. I have long intended to give you that money. Here it is," remarked Edith, as she placed the check in Corinna's hand. "You can accept it from me. Papa need never know anything about it."

Corinna was so overcome by the kind consideration and delicacy of Edith that she burst into a flood of tears.

"I do not know what to do," she finally managed to say, as she returned Edith's fond embrace. "Knowing the generosity of your nature and the unselfish kindness that prompts you, I must accept your favor. But the amount is entirely too great. You must reduce it. I would not know what to do with one thousand dollars."

"There now" said Edith, laughing in her gladness. Say nothing about the amount. Papa would not care if I gave away a million, he makes more than that daily. Sometimes I fear he will go insane over money and business, and he is such a sufferer from nervousness."

"But I thought he had recovered from that?"

"No. The doctor thought he had cured papa, but he relapsed and is now worse than ever. His malady is very strange. The physicians can find no constitutional ailment, yet he is a physical wreck. It has now reached his stomach. He has been dieted to death, nothing but change of scene seems to benefit him and

when he is away, he worries over business. I want you to have an opportunity to talk with him and draw his mind away from those material things."

"I shall consult Celestine and if she thinks it best, I shall be only too happy to accompany you. This all seems so sudden."

"Believe me, an unseen hand is guiding. It shapes our destinies. We only seek light and choose the right according to our light. Now I can see nothing wrong in this trip. It seems to be right. We can only obey and trust to Him who knows all things."

One week later Mr. Rockwell arrived in his splendid yacht. He was accompanied by his private secretary and wife and a guest, Mr. Vanstine, of Chicago.

CHAPTER XV.

LOVE'S FINAL TEST.

Mr. Rockwell had heard of Corinna through Edith, which made the meeting, not only cordial, but a very happy affair. Mr. Vanstine was most companionable and between him and Corinna sprang up a firm friendship. He thought she resembled his wife who was dead twenty years, but would ever remain enthroned as the idol of his heart. Tears came to his eyes as he told her of their little daughter who was drowned at the age of three years and how the mother never recovered from the shock. But notwithstanding his great sorrow he was brim full of vivacity and was the life of the party. "I induced Mr. Vanstine to accompany me because his endless fund of wit and humor cheers me," explained Mr. Rockwell to the ladies.

Mr. Rockwell, once a man of splendid physique was only a shadow of his former self, yet the sparkle of his eye and his keen scent for business indicated that what suffering had taken from him, physically, was bestowed upon his mentality. Of a most delicious luncheon, he partook of only clam broth and water crackers. After luncheon the party enjoyed a prolonged conversation, and among other topics, Mr. Rockwell's strange malady was referred to.

"I shall starve to death unless I soon find relief," said the trust magnate. "My stomach revolts against everything. I have been existing on clam broth and crackers until I feel even a protest against that simple diet. There is a strange peculiarity about my malady. To show you the delicate position I am in, I will relate to you an accident. My chef was instructed by the physician to give me only pure water crackers. For several meals, he gave me butter crackers. I got

along with them very well until the physician saw him serve the butter crackers. He was very much excited. He said, that violation of orders had defeated his plan of cure. He was starving out the malignant germs in my stomach. Butter was their natural food. They were now revived and I might expect an attack from them at any time. Butter was repulsive to the friendly germs. It tended to sicken them and render them unable to kill off the malignant germs, thus reinforced by butter, their dainty food. After this I was utterly unable to taste a butter cracker. The physician explained to me that the malignant germs had just begun work, and a hand-to-hand war was now going on in my stomach between the two enemies. He expressed the hope, that by depriving the malignants of their rations and encouraging the home guards, I would recover from the disastrous mistake of the chef."

"Have you any other trouble?" inquired Corinna.

"I have; it is just developing. I begin to suffer from insomnia. It comes from the nerves. My physician warned me about two weeks ago that I might expect this. He advised me to drink of and bathe in the healing waters of Carlsbad. But I have not the least particle of faith in them, and my physician at Carlsbad assured me that if I did not believe in them they would injure me. He advised change of scene—anything that would distract my mind from myself and from business. He advised me, if I could get relief no other way, to play poker. Mr. Rockwell even admitted that the excitement of the games at Carlsbad did more to restore health than the water."

"Why didn't you play poker?" said Mr. Vanstine. "Were you afraid you would break the crowd?"

"Now, Brother Vanstine, you know that I have religious scruples about gambling. Were it not for that I believe I would have given them a whirl," re-

plied Mr. Rockwell, with that smile which so often made Wall street tremble.

"I believe you can be cured," said Corinna.

"I hope so," said Mr. Rockwell dubiously. "But I want to say to you that I am about through with medicine. I have eaten and drank barrels of it. I have bathed and washed and rinsed and I am surprised that they did not run me through a wringer. They have given me the Swedish movement and kneaded me to perfection."

"I suppose they needed your money more than you," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"Possibly," replied Mr. Rockwell, "but I still stand by my offer of one hundred million dollars to any physician who cures me and gives a ten years' guarantee."

Three days later they reached Marseilles and a few hours' ride by rail carried them into the heart of the Alps. The scenery was a revelation to Corinna, and even Edith who had seen much of the world shared Corinna's bewilderment in the presence of these cloud-capped domes of eternal snow. They spent several days at Como, and made many excursions to the mountains. Near here, and hidden deep in the mountain fastness dwelled the famous recluse Gervino. Corinna and Edith had heard of his wonderful learning and powers in the occult. Some of his predictions were astonishing in their specific fulfillment. He seldom saw visitors and never gave any attention to those who called out of curiosity.

Several hours' drive through a steep mountain pass brought the ladies to a deep chasm about twenty feet across and through which a swift mountain torrent dashed a hundred feet below. On the opposite side was a small stone cottage. A swing bridge spanned the gorge and Gervino always kept it open

except when he was crossing or receiving visitors. The guide called the recluse by means of an old improvised telephone connected with the cottage by a wire.

He came out and leisurely walked down to the brink. He was clad in patriarchal robes and wore a long beard slightly sprinkled with gray. After viewing the ladies for a few moments he adjusted the bridge and they walked over. The ladies apologized for the intrusion and began to inform him of their desire for information.

"I am endeavoring to ascertain what is my vocation in life," said Corinna.

"I too, seek knowledge," said Edith.

Gervino studied them several minutes before he spoke. It seemed an hour that those piercing eyes were fastened upon them alternately. He finally addressed Corinna.

"You contemplate a life of seclusion from the world—in a convent. That is not your vocation. You have an affinity in mortality. He loves you and is searching for you. You love him though you are scarcely conscious of it yet."

"Have I ever seen him?"

"You have seen him thousands of times during the ages since the fall of man. You have seen and conversed with him in your present mortal existence."

"Can you give me his name?"

"Names are only human fictions. They have no place in eternity. Your present mortal life is enveloped in a mystery which you seek to solve. You have been a victim of relentless enemies. They have an object in pursuing you—but their day is over; your triumph is near at hand. Within one year the mystery of your life will be cleared up."

"Can you describe my affinity?"

"I can. He is tall, dark complexion, regular features, commanding presence and three or four years older. He and you played together in childhood; during your existence which preceded this one."

"Are my parents living?"

"Your father lives. He has considered you dead for many years. Your mother is dead in mortality and passed on to paradise. It is hardly likely that she will ever return to mortality. You shall see your father and he shall pass on and join your mother."

"My father living! Tell me, good prophet, what is his name, and where can I find him?"

"I can say no more. What you ask is not revealed to me. But you shall meet your father within the year, and your affinity too. You shall be happy. But I see a shadow. There shall be an interruption in your plans at the most unexpected time. But great happiness is reserved for you."

"I must await the slow hand of fate," said Ethel, resignedly.

"You should not be impatient. Thousands of years you have awaited the happiness now within your grasp. See that you miss it not," said the hermit.

Turning to Edith, he remarked:

"You desire to know if you will marry and if you will be happy, and if your father will ever be cured?"

Edith bowed in response, with a significant glance at Ethel.

"Your father will be cured and his cure will be complete if he follows the inspirations that will come to him. You will be married and happy. You will have two lovers. One is a knave and unworthy of you. You will fancy that you love the knave. Beware and heed your warnings. You will soon recognize your real affinity when you meet."

"Have I ever met either?"

"You have seen the knave but you have not been introduced."

"How shall I recognize the knave?" inquired Edith.

"Easily. He will present to you an alluring bait. Ethel will aid you in the unmasking," said the hermit gravely.

"How soon will father be cured?"

"Within one month."

"Has every one an affinity?"

"Yes, every being endowed with free will, reason and choice between right and wrong has an affinity, either in mortality or in the higher existence. Those whose affinities have passed on, have a vocation for a life of celibacy. Both of you ladies have affinities in mortal life."

"Have I ever seen my true affinity otherwise than in mortality?" inquired Corinna.

Gervino closed his eyes in meditation several minutes before answering. Not one word was spoken. Slowly opening his eyes, he replied:

"Long ago when this world was young, prior to man's rebellion, you and your true love, your inseparable other half, were happy together on this earth. But you both fell with the other angels. One of the consequences of that rebellion was the destruction of love and the estrangement of lovers. The marriage of those who did not love—those who were not made for each other by nature's law designed, brought into mortal existence the children of the flesh, the sons of man and with this unnatural miscegenation came mortal mind—sin and suffering—woe and misery. You and your lover were thus estranged and for thousands of ages he and you have been separated. You have both wandered and suffered, as error ever

wanders and suffers. You have at times almost come together, but owing to the darkness and the perversity of error you were not united in wedlock. My light reveals to me a time when you met. Had you wedded then all your wanderings would have ceased and you would have been happy ever since in the immortal worlds."

"So no one should marry until he has found his affinity—the one intended for him or her by nature's law designed?" said Corinna.

"Certainly not," replied Gervino.

"But is it possible for one to know to a certainty when he has found that other half?" queried Edith.

"It is not only possible, but easy and certain. There is no guess work in nature. The mistakes occur when man—conceited, selfish man—interferes with God's plans."

"How is one to know?" queried Corinna.

"There is an infallible rule and guide given to all, more liberally to women than to men, because women, not influenced by passion, so largely as men, are more likely to heed it. Were this guide heeded, there would be few mistakes, and no divorces, more happiness in society and an improved race of people," replied Gervino.

"What is that rule and guide? If I am not too inquisitive?" queried Edith.

"Love. Real love is the guide. Every woman, if she searches her heart honestly and casts aside all other considerations, can determine whether she loves or don't love. So can men, but they are not so sure to heed the language of the heart."

"Are there infallible tests?" inquired Corinna.

"There are. Rules that cannot be tested before it is too late, are worthless. There are infallible tests that should be applied and precautions that should be

observed and warnings that should be heeded before one step is taken." Here Gervino stopped and reflected. He continued:

"When from the point view of truth, harmony, real love, I look out upon the world, groaning and heaving and struggling under a self-imposed burden of evil, worry—and reflect upon the weak and ineffectual attempts made to relieve it, I hardly know what to say to you ladies who seek light. Could my weak voice reach all the towering peaks of human passion, and penetrate all the pits of misery where sin is wrung out in suffering, I would say on this subject to both young and old:

"Marriage is life's casting die. No event from birth to death equally affects human weal or woe. That happy, all is well and life is one delightful balmy summer day. The lamp of love in constant lustre burns, making the home a paradise in which bright, sweet-tempered, intellectual children honor and obey parents, and dwell in love and harmony. Marriage unhappy, all is wrong. The storms of passion sweep a desert coast. The ship of life encounters cross winds and is tossed by autumnal storms. Children cross-grained, ill-tempered, disobedient, erratic and quarrelsome. Such a home, is dark and dreary, cold and cheerless, a prison from which escape is only through divorce or suicide and these expedients only store up wrath against the day of wrath."

"Why this social chaos, this moral hiatus, this Dead Sea fruit where only luscious apples should have grown?" inquired Corinna.

"The parents made a mistake in the outset. They were not mated. There was no real love. No affinity. Perhaps they mistook human passion for love; or perhaps it was marriage for convenience, an alliance demanded by aristocratic society, a marriage

for money, a business partnership, wherein dollars were expected to bind hearts. Or maybe it was a youthful freak entered into without consideration of its responsibility and far-reaching consequences. I read a very cheerfully written item the other day in a newspaper of a young couple down east, chance acquaintances, who went out riding. As the item read: 'He said to her laughingly, let us get married. She answered laughingly, all right. They procured a license and found a minister and within two hours they were married.' No doubt, thousands of thoughtless young people would regard that as a good romance, but ladies, there is no romance in marriage. It is the most realistic of all the realities of life. He who trifles with the heart, plays with fire and powder. One explosion; all is over. He carries the scar of the wound to the grave and beyond the grave. Hence, the necessity for caution, honesty and knowledge at every step in so momentous a matter."

The ladies listened in breathless silence as the hermit proceeded;

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

“Marriage has its rationale in love. Without love, marriage is an inexplicable failure. It is a divine institution, and like any other of God’s ordinances it cannot be diverted from its purpose without incurring the penalty. It has one object only. That object is the propagation of the human race, the maintenance of society. Those who divert marriage from this sole and only object, transgress an imperative mandate of the great Creator and as the transgression is grossly wicked, the penalty is terrible, swift and certain.

“But these dangers are not set as a trap to catch the unwary. There are certain and infallible guides and range lights for all who will heed. They are not left carelessly to be displaced by men. They are written in words of fire in the gospel. And as some may not hear or see the real gospel in an age of man-made religion, other guides are set up in the human heart especially in the feminine heart. It is given to all to know the promptings of the heart. Every woman is endowed with, not only reason and observation, but with an intuition or prescience that stands like a sentinel on the ramparts of reason to warn against ambuscade and point the way to safety.

“In order that these warnings and guides may be the better understood, I would say a word on real genuine love and mistaken love, mere passion or even base desire. To mistake human passion for love is generally fatal, because where passion controls real love is absent—there is no affinity. And where the motives of marriage are purely sordid, such as marry-

ing for money, for a home, for support, to meet the requirements of social tyranny so conspicuous among kings and nobles and even merely rich nobodies, the outcome is even worse. It is often said, 'they will learn to love afterwards.' But they will not. They do not. Of course, while the money holds out, under the tyranny of society some manage to maintain an outward semblance of harmony, but behind the scene Satan mocks misery. Often the situation becomes unbearable and then comes the divorce scandal and even then few of the dry bones of the skeleton reach the public gaze.

"Woman's mission! Why was she created a woman? To what do all her functions point? Why was mother's love stamped indelibly in her soul? Why was this divine attribute made the all controlling passion of her brightest and best nature? Why is the mother endowed with the seemingly supernatural power of impressing her own character, her beautiful ideals, her talents and culture, upon the mind of her child? Why is the mother empowered and commissioned to train that child to become a valued citizen and an ornament to society? Why is woman by common consent the sovereign social power, the queen of society? With all these powers and responsibilities resting upon her and within her grasp, to correct and protect the towering evils of the times, a few unsexed women are seeking to discover Woman's mission.

"Courtship! Marriage being the rationale of love, and love being the necessary condition of wedded happiness, the initial step toward marriage is a most important consideration. That step is courtship. The dawn of love. The springtime of hope. Sweet season of bright anticipation. Solemn season for the most careful and prayerful caution. The pairing instinct is the high-

est, noblest and most sublime of human attributes. And it is moreover mandatory. He who would ignore this ordinance of nature must prepare his back for nature's lash.

"How is it to be approached? How is courtship to begin in order that it may lead to happiness, the desired, and if wisely begun, the predestined end? How is the well intended average young person to find his or her affinity, that missing half so necessary to make the complete one? Is that one who can insure her happiness, complete her existence, among the young woman's suitors, or is he separated from her by mountain peaks and wide oceans? The young man, too, must ask himself this momentous question. Everything depends upon a correct answer. In case of doubt, who is to be the umpire? The matter must be settled.

"In nine cases out of ten, the two halves are in the same community—in close proximity. Perhaps they have already met. Nature is harmony, its tendency is to put everything in its proper place for purposes of harmony. Erroneous mind, selfishness, slavery to the tyranny of distorted society, the mandates of blind passion are the blinds that shut off the divine light. These barriers to happiness are all of mortal make. As long as man will maintain them he must suffer the consequences."

"Then those who have no affinity in mortal life should not marry?" said Corinna.

"They should not marry in mortal life, yet they may form a happy union with their affinity in the immortal worlds."

"Did you ever see one who had formed such a union?"

"I have. I entered into such a union myself. While I never had a wife in mortal life, I have been

truly married and have enjoyed wedded bliss for forty years."

"Strange," said Edith.

"My story would no doubt sound strange," replied the hermit.

"Do relate it for us," said Corinna. "It will interest us and be beneficial too."

"There is indeed a lesson in it, to those who are in a frame of mind to understand. But I must ask of each of you ladies a solemn promise that you will never identify me with the story should you repeat it while I live."

The promise was given and the ladies awaited the story in breathless expectation.

"Seventy-five years ago, I was born in the sunny land of Italy. My ancestors were Chaldeans. The Chaldeans were far in advance of their age in what was known then as the occult. The shepherds on the hills of Chaldea first saw the star of Bethlehem. They saw the rays of light that reached the spot where the Messiah was born. These simple minded shepherds heard the singing angels as they came on the rays of light to celebrate the renewal of communication between this planet and the immortal worlds, which had been severed by the fall of the rebellious angels. They were the wise men who came from the east to adore and there were more than three of them. They were hundreds.

"As I said, my ancestry comes down from these shepherds. My father was well to do. He gave me a splendid education. When I arrived at man's estate I loved Alitea, a beautiful girl. She was pure and good as she was beautiful. We were betrothed but I was wild and wayward. I didn't appreciate the prize I had won. I was unworthy of her. I associated with wicked young men of wealth and education, culture and so-called refinement, the young men, who of all

are the most dangerous; through the influence of wealth and connections they are able to lead wicked lives and yet gloss them over with the glamour of social refinement. Beware of these young men who sow the wind, if you associate with them, you will some day reap the whirlwind.

"Our wedding day was set. Everything was in readiness. Through the influence of some friends I abandoned my bride at the altar. I ran away. Her heart was broken. In one week she died. I was on my way back to beg forgiveness and make amends, when I read of her death. I could not return to the scenes of my crime. I dare not. My remorse was terrible. Sleeping or waking my crime was with me. I tried to smother it in my heart, but could not. The human heart was never intended as a receptacle for such a monster.

"One night Alitea came to me in a dream—or rather a vision. She was radiant in beauty, clad in the pearly raiment in which nature apparels her favorite mountains in the springtime. I dare not approach her; I could only beg forgiveness. She granted it freely. I begged her to come back to me, but she shook her head mournfully as she replied: 'No, that cannot be. You can come to me, however, if you will. It all depends upon your choice. I can and will help you, if you will accept help.'

"I felt much relieved after this, but I was unhappy. I could not banish from my mind, the memory of my crime and the remorse that ever comes with remembrance.

"After that Alitea came to me often in visions. She tried to cheer me, but the shade of a dark sin still hung over me. On one of my visits to her realm of bliss I suggested to her that the ceremony which made us one, be performed. She complied with my request. A pious old apostle who had long prior passed over, met

us at the altar in a grand cathedral. The organ played, the choir sang and the nuptial ceremony was performed, just as originally contemplated. It was far more realistic than in mortal life. I was free from the distractions and passions of mortality. I had left all these with my sleeping body. After our marriage she came to me, or I went to her, in all my dreaming hours and I have slept and dreamt far more than half the time.

"When the Italian war came on, I was expected to take up arms. I consulted Alitea. She informed me that all war is murder on both sides. War is opposed to harmony. She advised me to leave Italy and seek a quiet retreat where we could dwell in harmony with nature. I came here forty years ago. She accompanied me. She is with me, not only during sleep, but in all my waking hours. I am unable now to decide which life is the real one, this mortal life or my sleeping life when she seems to be absolutely real. At such times, that seems the real life and this one is the disturbed and unsatisfactory dream."

"Can you converse with Alitea now in your waking hours?" inquired Edith.

"Yes, Mdle. I have conversed with her since we sat down here. But in order to see her when awake, I must close these mortal eyes and open my real eyes."

"This all seems so strange, for you to be constantly in the presence of death and on the verge of the unknown," said Edith.

Gorvino smiled as he replied: "Death. What you call death has no terrors for me. It is only a delightful awakening from a troubled dream."

"But the awful suffering in death."

"Putting off the old raiment and putting on the new is not death. The mortal mind has enveloped this change in awe and surrounded it with terrors. When

the mortal body sleeps and the soul enters another state of consciousness known as dreamland, all there is in death has been experienced. The mortal functions of the body continues in sleep, because the soul again is to return. When it takes its final departure, no more to return, all mortal functions cease. You speak of being on the verge of the unknown. You are on the verge of the unknown all the time. To the spiritual mind that sees in the light of faith, there is no unknown. Even while imprisoned in its cerement of physical matter, the spirit takes excursions beyond mortal experiences and even enters the borderlands of the higher heavens and meets friends already there. When it returns to the body in sleep it is unable to show forth the glory it saw. It finds itself shut off by the window blinds of mortal mind, which lives in a little limited world of its own creation and arrogantly declares that there is nothing beyond."

"When you leave this mortal body, do you and Alitea have real bodies?"

"Certainly. Mind is the only real reality in the Universe. Its power is unlimited except by the material agency through which it acts—the physical body for instance. Mind controls matter absolutely. Even perishable mortal mind exerts power over matter, but always for evil, for misery and for suffering.

"All thought is potent. Spiritual thought is eternal—imperishable. It is for good and it goes forth doing good for all times and adds lustre to the divine or real light. Mortal thought is error, merely negative, a sort of vacuum; and while it goes forth on its mission of sin and suffering, it ceases to exist when mind becomes harmonious and consequently good. When an evil thought receives the consent of the will and is harbored and no effort made to supplant it by a good thought, the sin is committed and the penalty incurred, so far as the mind is concerned. Thought is

little understood. There is not a spot in the universe that good thought does not reach. Evil thought is confined to the earth and ever returns to its promoter to curse and punish him. I have no fear of what is termed death, but I fear and tremble to harbor or send forth a baleful message to any living creature."

XVII.

CORINNA'S OCCULT POWER.

Three weeks later the party reached Genoa. The ladies were in ecstasies over their tour of the Alps. They had made a few sketches but had little time for colors. They were much concerned over Mr. Rockwell whose health had not improved. Corinna had firm faith in the prediction of Gervino. But Edith's hopes were almost shattered. Only one week remained for the verification of the prophecy. The following day they were to start for Liverpool. That would be the end of the cruise and Corinna and Edith were sorry. They had just entered into the spirit of the cruise and they could keep it up a year.

That night Edith dreamt that her father was cured, and that Corinna was the physician. She promptly informed Corinna of her dream the next morning.

"I have had an inspiration ever since we met Gervino that I would be instrumental in effecting the cure of your father," replied Corinna. "I have had several conversations with him leading up to a cure. You see the mind must be prepared not only to accept the light, but to seek it. I feel assured that he is prepared for the final treatment."

"And you will give it to-day and he will be cured. I know it for I never had so impressive a dream before."

"I am sure the final test will succeed for I have had an inspiration that amounts to a revelation."

"If this prophecy of Gervino is fulfilled, we can rely upon all he said, can't we," said Edith.

"I think we can rely on Gervino. His instructions are so clear and his councils so wise."

Early in the day they set out to sea. The city of Genoa was gradually lost in the shadow of the lofty mountain that loomed up in the background. The party sat under the canopy and enjoyed the delicious breeze that fanned the deep blue waters.

"I had a strange and impressive dream last night," remarked Mr. Rockwell. "I would not mention it were not the ladies so intensely interested in dreams."

Edith cast a glance at Corinna who evidenced no concern.

"Let us hear the dream," said Mr. Vanstine. "I had a dream myself and I would give millions for its fulfillment."

"Tell yours first," said Mr. Rockwell.

"No. I hardly think I shall relate it. But yours is due first at any rate," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"Yes," chimed in Corinna, "you first spoke of your dream. We are anxious to hear it."

Mr. Rockwell looked about cautiously as he remarked that relating dreams seemed rather foolish.

"There are no reporters here. Go ahead," said Mr. Vanstine.

"You may be surprised to learn that I have been aided in some of the greatest transactions of my life, by dreams."

"Good," remarked Mr. Vanstine with a hearty laugh. "How that would sizzle on the wires and in the headlines, 'Mr. Rockwell a Dreamer.'"

"Let us hear the dream," urged Edith. "We can't endure this suspense."

"It ran like this," said Mr. Rockwell. "I was in what seemed to be a dark rock-bound cave or dungeon. The darkness was intensely oppressive. I had a vast sum of gold hid in the vault and there were robbers searching for it. They had no light and I feared that they would find one. For this reason I was pleased

with the darkness. The robbers finally departed. Then I wanted light but could get none. I could find no outlet. There I was with my gold. I became very hungry; I was alarmed; my nerves gave way; I sank to the floor. I knew there was an exit, but without light I could not find it. I prayed for light. Finally I saw a dim light in the distance. It came nearer. I fancied that the robbers were returning with a light. I did not care much now for the gold. I was in a state of nervous prostration and starving to death. My life was all I cared for. The light moved near, it grew more brilliant. It was carried by a beautiful woman. I noticed as she came nearer that she was an angel."

"Of course you are an expert on angels," remarked Mr. Vanstine with a laugh in which all joined.

"Well, it was an angel just the same. The light became intense. The vault was transformed into a magnificent dining room. I thought the room looked familiar. On closer inspection I discerned that it was the dining room of the yacht. The angel laid the table. It was a most delicious spread. I ate everything my appetite craved. I suddenly remembered that I had violated all the rules of my diet card. The angel smiled over my alarm and said, 'That is all nonsense. There is nothing the matter with you.'

"This scene quickly changed, as dreams go. I was in New York. I seemed to be engaged in a colossal 'corner' on stocks. My object was to do up Wall street. I wanted to clean it up, yet I felt sorry for the victims. I had some great beneficial object in view, not personal gain. For that I cared naught. In some way I was to benefit the world. But I cannot now remember how."

"Did your corner win out?" inquired Mr. Vanstine, and Edith smiled.

"O yes, Wall Street was trimmed to a finish," replied Mr. Rockwell, as the old look of determination

spread over his face. "It was terrible, however. Banks broke, strong financial institutions tottered and failed—the panic spread. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis—all commercial centers were involved in the cataclysm. Strong business houses tumbled everywhere. Potentates of finance and captains of industry, stood with blanched faces watching the cyclone which they could not stay. Its onward and downward progress, they were powerless to stop. Industrial establishments were closed. Labor was thrown out of employment. Men and women, young and old, rich and poor, formed in long lines in front of the banks demanding and drawing out their savings. To be brief, the Wall Street bluff had been called. The inflated bubble had collapsed. The watered stocks had passed through a wringer. Stocks quoted at par went begging at twenty-five cents. Boom promotion stocks were so watery they would scarcely burn in a furnace."

"And you felt responsible," said Edith.

"I did. In some way D'Mars and Vanstine were associated with me. But I felt responsible and the singular thing was that I thought it a good thing and felt pleased over it."

"What was the final outcome?" inquired Mr. Vanstine.

"I awoke before the reorganization began. I wish I could have seen it through," said Mr. Rockwell with a sigh. "Now what is the interpretation of my dream, Corinna, you are our prophet?"

"I do not profess prophetic vision," said Corinna, "but I think I have sufficient inspiration to read your dream, Mr. Rockwell. It was vastly more than a dream. It was a vision—a revelation. It was for your guidance. You have sought light and you have seen it. Now, I will ask if you are willing to follow it and retire the dark past to the rear?"

"I would give half my possessions this moment for restoration to health."

"You mean physical health."

"I do, and mental—I mean all that the term implies in its broadest sense."

"You are willing to follow wherever the light leads?"

"I am."

"That promise involves much more than you imagine possibly."

"I make it without reservation."

Corinna closed her eyes and meditated in silence several minutes; she finally said:

"Your experience in the dark vault or dungeon in care of a vast treasure which benefited nobody and worked out your own ruin, is a retrospect of your past. The light bearing angel and your restoration to health prefigures your future. Your experience in New York indicates that you will use your vast wealth for the welfare of humanity. You have been highly favored in wealth, in sickness, in inspiration, in restoration to health and in opportunity to spread the light."

"Do you mean to say that my health is restored?"

"Your faith and your determination to seek the light of truth has restored your health. You are now fully restored."

With her last words, Corinna opened her eyes, and seemed somewhat bewildered. With a smile she apologized for going to sleep. "But," said she, "I could not help it."

Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Vanstine exchanged significant glances while Edith looked from one to the other in amazement.

"You were not asleep. You talked all the time, Rinna."

"It was a dream and I must have talked in my sleep. What did I say?"

Edith repeated her words.

"I recollect the words very well. In my dream I was on a lofty mountain. A bright light surrounded me. I was accompanied by a bright angel. I have often seen her in dreams. She stood by my side. Mr. Rockwell approached us. He inquired the meaning of his dream. The angel spoke the words you heard."

"Why you sat in that chair all the time. It was only a few moments, your eyes were closed and you spoke the words precisely as Edith repeated them," said Mr. Vanstine.

During the conversation Mr. Rockwell sat as one in a trance. He now revived himself and said, "I thank the great Master for the words spoken by His angel. I know that my health is restored. I have been favored with a new light and I now invoke His assistance in carrying out my resolutions."

"I know you are healed, papa," said Edith, "for I saw it all in a dream last night."

"Why should I be favored by this supernatural manifestation of divine love and grace?" said Mr. Rockwell.

"It may seem strange, but is it supernatural? Who can say where the natural ends and the supernatural begins? God created us and made fixed and immovable laws to govern us and insure our happiness. The supernatural means a suspension of His laws. He only can suspend them. Who can say, what right has any one to think or say that a God of infinite love, wisdom and power cannot cure disease without suspending the operation of His own laws? No, Mr. Rockwell, you have been cured by perfectly natural means—the means by which all disease of mind, and body through mind, can be cured, if we only go about it right."

"Do you believe, Corinna, that for one to depart from or vacate his body and behold an angel while

that angel speaks by means of the vacated body, is a natural thing?" queried Mr. Vanstine.

"I certainly regard that perfectly natural. And I believe that nature holds secrets more wonderful than that. What we term death is merely the casting off of the old and putting on the new. In so-called death we fall asleep to this present mortal existence and awake to a higher and better, providing we make the best use of this. For us who are endowed with immortal spirits there is no death. Every time we sleep we experience all there is in death, except, the mortal fear which we have unwisely cultivated and nurtured."

"That seems reasonable," said Mr. Vanstine.

"Why cannot we learn a lesson from the flowers of the field?" continued Corinna.

"August is the heyday of floral and vegetable nature. It symbolizes man in his prime. September's breezes sigh for the exuberance of vernal bloom and summer harvest, and foretell winter afar. October's frost is the chemical that transforms the beauty of spring into colors, and clothes the forest in azure hue. At its touch flowers and grasses die—they return to the conservatory whence they came. November's chilly blast strips the trees and the growth of vegetation is no more. December locks the remains in its frozen embrace and kindly wraps all nature in a winding sheet of snow. In April dawns the morning of resurrection. Gentle showers wake the sleeping. There was no death, no suffering. The flowers have no mortal mind to make them suffer. They obey, they put on the new vesture. Every plant and flower shows forth God's power. They glorify Him in their beauty. They praise Him in their perfume. They honor Him in their obedience. Only those who study nature and read aright its lesson can know God and obey His mandates. This change of mortal raiment which we,

in the folly of our pride and pomp fear, is not death. There is no death, except the transgression of God's ordinances, made solely for our happiness."

"But the flowers make no progress," said Mr. Vanstine.

"No, they make no progress. There is no true progress, except to return to the state of happiness from which man fell when he rebelled against the laws that govern nature. The flowers did not rebel or fall, consequently they have no progress to make. One flower blooms in the forest unseen and sheds its fragrance on the desert air. Its sister blooms in the garden. It adorns the banquet board, perchance it may grace the brow of a queen. The woodland rose is neither jealous nor envious over the good fortune that befalls its sister. In tones inaudible it sings its song to the dewdrops and in its beauty and obedience it praises its Creator as fervently as does the favored rose of the conservatory. Man alone makes progress, and he has much to make before he can compare in obedience to the lily of the valley."

"I have gained more wisdom on this trip than all the educational institutions I have endowed could give me," said Mr. Rockwell. "I now realize the true meaning of 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul.' Lose his all, including health, peace of mind, happiness, absolution from the fear of death. I now realize that peace of mind, happiness, that love that begets love, are Heaven. Hence forward, I shall try to make the world better because of my having lived in it."

"That is the true spirit. The way to love thy neighbor as thyself is to abolish self—forget self. Just seek to make others happy. Remember also that you will have severe trials. You and others have been selected to give the world an object lesson. You shall show to the world the possibilities and the dangers of

greed and competition. The idol of wealth worship and the injustice which maintains it must be smashed. There will be suffering. You will be upbraided and vilified. You shall meet terrible temptations. Then will your faith and resolution be tested as by fire. But if with prophetic vision, and the true spirit of apostleship, you fix your eye upon the horizon of futurity and turn neither to the right nor to the left, you shall triumph," said Corinna.

"You frighten me."

"There is nothing to fear, except your own weakness. You shall have light and inspiration at every step. Cultivate the former and heed the latter. These things I speak by the inspiration that comes to me. I must speak them."

The cruise continued two weeks. Mr. Rockwell's health was fully restored. He gained twelve pounds during the fortnight. Corinna was landed at her home and Edith accompanied her father and Mr. Vanstine to London, soon to return to Corinna and continue her studies.

Mr. Rockwell employed every possible effort to induce Corinna to accompany the party to his home in New York, but Corinna was deaf to all persuasion. Edith was loth to part from Corinna whom she had learned to love as a sister. It was therefore planned for Edith to remain with Corinna for the present and for both to visit New York later in the season.

On her return to Corinna in Italy, Edith was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Chicago, old friends of Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Vanstine, who were making a tour of the continent. The party stopped several days in Paris, sightseeing. One night at the Grand Opera they noticed a distinguished appearing gentleman in a near by box, who seemed to be deeply smitten by Edith. Indeed he scarcely removed his eyes from the Chapman box. During intermission he

sought an introduction to the Chapmans, which was easily procured, as all were well known and stood high in social ranks.

So it came about that Edith and Lord Caledon were introduced. The young lord was handsome, dignified and highly cultured. He was a younger son, but through the death of his elder brother without issue, he became the heir in fact to vast landed estates. He had seen much of the world and wore that air of smooth polish and refinement which captivates and charms. He and Edith chatted pleasantly during the remainder of the performance. Lord Caledon explained to her many points in the play. Told her of his roving life and the follies of the world and of his desire to settle down. It was Edith's first love affair and it was evident to all who noticed the couple that Lord Caledon had made an impression.

Two days later the Duke and Duchess of Winchester gave a luncheon in honor of Lord Caledon and the Chapmans and Edith were invited. Such an invitation was regarded as the top notch for even wealthy Americans. Mrs. Chapman was ambitious. She knew that the social victory would be cabled to English and American society papers. She experienced a slight misgiving as to whether this was the proper thing for Edith, who was temporarily in her care. Besides, Edith had nothing to wear, suitable for the occasion, and the time was too short to order. To accept and omit Edith would never do for she shrewdly suspected that the invitation was due to Edith. On the other hand, how could she forego such an opportunity for social distinction? No harm could come of it. Lord Caledon was a perfect gentleman and the social lion of Paris.

In her perplexity she consulted Edith. They canvassed the situation from every conceivable stand-

point. Edith was inclined to accept, but she had nothing with her that was suitable to wear.

"You are both of a size, why not have one of your gowns that has not been worn, fixed over for Edith?" said Mr. Chapman.

Here was an inspiration. It solved the problem. Mrs. Chapman's gown was a perfect fit for Edith. The invitation was accepted, and the next twenty-four hours was devoted to dressmaking and millinery. The reception was a swell affair. Lord Caledon and Edith were at their best and were the subject of many compliments. After Edith sang she was the star of the occasion. Many distinguished ladies exchanged cards with her. The musical critics went into ecstasies over her and the social gates were thrown wide open. It is needless to say that Lord Caledon made hay while the sun shone, and when Edith returned to Corinna she carried with her his image.

She informed Corinna of her conquest, but stoutly maintained that she was still heart whole. Corinna sympathized with her for she had not forgotten her own brief romance.

"Lord Caledon is undoubtedly one of your two lovers. Which is he, the worthy one or the knave?" remarked Corinna and they laughed heartily.

The voyage across the Atlantic gave Messrs. Rockwell and Vanstine a fine opportunity to consider and mature plans for the future. They were deeply impressed with their recent experience. They were carried away with Corinna. Her womanly grace, wisdom and knowledge, and perception far in advance of her years; her purity and firmness of character, and, crowning all, her absorbing love and sympathy for those who suffer had fairly captivated these two men of the world. They had moreover come to regard her as an oracle and were ready to obey her merest word.

They had made and discarded plan after plan and finally concluded to leave the matter in abeyance until they arrived on the ground.

XVIII.

TRIMMING WALL STREET.

Upon arriving in New York Mr. Rockwell proceeded to his rural home and Mr. Vanstine engaged lodgings at the Rexmacher, a fine modern hostelry, that made the Waldorf-Astoria and the Manhattan look small as a nickel's worth of trust beef. On reading his evening paper, Mr. Vanstine noticed the arrival of D'Mars at the same hostelry. The item went on to state that D'Mars had closed out his holdings in Australia and was now the possessor of one billion dollars in cold cash. He was the luckiest man ever born and his movements were regarded with the greatest anxiety in financial circles.

Mr. Vanstine dropped the paper with the mental exclamation, "The man we need. He can give us an idea."

Glancing about the great lobby, his eye quickly rested upon a young man surrounded by reporters. As he approached the group, his steps were arrested by the conversation. Unperceived by D'Mars, he stood and listened.

"You are now regarded as the greatest mining expert in the world. Would you mind telling the public how you acquired such special knowledge?"

"By a dream," replied D'Mars.

"Then you knew that gold was there before you engaged in mining?" replied the reporter.

"I knew it was there before we started the Multo shaft and more than that, I now know how much there is of it. They can take out \$2,000,000,000 during the next ten years and still there will be gold left. How I know this is a secret that I may some day reveal, but now I would not even discuss it."

"Is it something supernatural? We all remember your remarkable trance."

"I do not know. To me it looked very natural as we mined it."

"Your dream—was it supernatural?"

"Supernatural? What do you mean by supernatural?"

"Phenomena, beyond nature," remarked a bright young man just out of college.

"How do you know when phenomena is beyond nature and inexplicable by the laws of nature?"

"We have the laws of nature down pretty fine in our colleges," said the young man.

"You are too learned for me," said D'Mars. "I cannot fully explain the simplest phenomena of nature, for instance, the life-giving principle in a blade of grass or flower. There are millions of living things within an arm's length of me that I know comparatively nothing about. I can't see them with the naked eye, yet scientists say they are there and I believe them. No, I am unable to draw the line between the natural and the supernatural. I must first know all about nature and the laws that govern it."

"Do you expect to engage in business in New York?"

"I may, but as yet I have no plans. I have absolutely nothing to give out."

At this juncture D'Mars' eye fell upon Mr. Vanstine. Breaking through the cordon of scribes, he seized Mr. Vanstine by both hands.

Mr. Vanstine warmly congratulated him on his wonderful success.

"And I owe it all to you and primarily to—that dish of sour Dolphin milk."

"Your coat of arms should be a Dolphin swimming in a pail of milk," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

The reporters smiled and made a note as they insisted on the Dolphin story.

Mr. Vanstine related the incident in his inimitable way and the reporters retired pleased, for they had got something on which to hang a good story after all.

Mr. Vanstine confided to D'Mars the story of their cruise, the cure of Mr. Rockwell, the wonderful woman Corinna and her interpretation of Rockwell's dream.

"Remarkable, yet perfectly natural," remarked D'Mars abstractedly.

"Perfectly natural," repeated Mr. Vanstine. "Can you explain it by natural laws?"

"I understand it perfectly, but only those who have had my experience could understand my explanation."

"Have you had similar experience?"

"I have, only much more similar, if I may coin a phrase.

D'Mars now related his early life; his boyish love; his vision; the hermit's advice; the murder of Mrs. Fordyce and the disappearance of Azel; the discovery of the buried treasure of Multo; his unswerving love for Ethel, whom he believed was in mortal life; and his efforts and determination to find her.

"A most remarkable, singular and mysterious combination of circumstances," said Mr. Vanstine, "and your discovery of all that gold is tangible proof. Are you sure that you have found the buried treasure of Multo?"

"I am sure. There is no doubt of it. I am also sure that Ethel is my affinity and that I shall find her."

"What are you doing to find her?"

"I am following where the light leads. I am trying to heed my inspirations. I had an inspiration to close out in Australia and come here. I am now awaiting inspiration."

The following day they called on Mr. Rockwell at his office and had dinner with him at his residence

in the evening. The story of the cruise on the Mediterranean and the cure of Mr. Rockwell; his strange dream and Corinna's interpretation were fully discussed. D'Mars related his story to Mr. Rockwell and assured him of his determination to find Ethel.

"Were we to indulge this sort of talk in the business world we would be considered crazy," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"All men in all ages who sought spiritual light and followed divine inspiration were considered crazy by the people of their time," said D'Mars.

"The martyrs who were burned at the stake in one age, became the sages, patriots and prophets of the next," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

D'Mars was seriously impressed by Corinna's interpretation of Mr. Rockwell's singular dream in which he cornered Wall street. After thoughtful consideration he said:

"For ages on ages the world has groaned beneath a self-imposed burden of selfishness, greed, injustice, sin and suffering. Mental emancipation must precede physical. An object lesson must precede preaching. The great masses can be reached only through their stomach. They all believe in the competitive gambling system that makes billionaires and paupers. Five percent think for the ninety-five. The lesson must be given to this five percent. We are the prescribed and predestined agents who shall administer this object lesson."

"You are right, D'Mars. I believe in an object lesson. Now, how shall we present it?" said Mr. Rockwell.

"Your dream and Corinna's interpretation answer your question, all except the details," replied D'Mars.

"And the details?"

"Trim Wall street. Clean it up to a finish. Call

its bluff. Burst the bubble, and do it according to law. Employ its own methods, show forth to the world the dangers of combined and irresponsible wealth."

"Then what?"

"Leave that to the inspiration that will be sure to come. Should we not understand our dreams, we shall send for Corinna. I'll risk her," replied D'Mars.

Mr. Vanstine and Mr. Rockwell concurred with D'Mars.

While Wall street is a bubble filled with hot air and gas and floated on other people's money, to clean it up to a finish was no trifling undertaking. The movement had to be conducted so adroitly that the oldest foxes and buzzards could not get windward of it.

With such practical men of affairs as these to decide on a policy was to act promptly. The financial conditions of the stock market were favorable to their project. The inside magnates were working the market like a pump and fleecing the "lambs" with every plunge.

A pool was organized and the sum of \$2,500,000,000 put up. D'Mars \$1,000,000,000, Mr. Rockwell \$1,000,000,000 and Mr. Vanstine \$500,000,000. The services of shrewd brokers were secured in all commercial centers. The managers, who, for short, may be designated the D. R. & V. Syndicate, kept in the background. They seldom met and never in public. They began a bear movement by selling and converting stocks into cash, until the "bulls became alarmed, and it was evident that the danger point was reached. Then they let out some money, as Mr. Rockwell put it, "We must give them line as well as bait."

Thus the D. R. & V. Syndicate played hide and seek with the market, buying through the front and selling through the rear door until a level was reached that astonished the oldest operators. The syndicate

now purchased continuously and secretly. When the "Bulls" attempted a boom, they quickly dumped a block of stock that broke the market and sent it down to a lower plane. By these and other tactics well known to professionals, they soon had secured at low figure over \$8,000,000,000 leading trust stocks. A large amount was held in option, to be delivered at a future day. As the day of delivery approached stocks advanced. The D. R. & V. brokers, the heavy holders, were not offering any for sale. The shrewd old foxes, who had sold "short" began to suspect a trap. But they were too late. The market was badly over-sold in certain lines. The "shorts" must make good. D. R. & V. let out a quiet tip to their "friends" that these stocks might go to two dollars. This blocked the "shorts" in their efforts to "hedge."

The day of settlement was approaching. The day of retribution was near. The object lesson was written on the financial bulletin board. The possibilities of the competitive system were to be realized. Mr. Rockwell dropped out of sight in the background. D'Mars, who was comparatively a stranger to everybody, had charge of the deal.

Each day added to the horror. The panic was on. Money reached sixty per cent on call loans. The saving banks were powerless. The customers stood in line everywhere clamoring for their deposits. Men were frantic, women were in hysterics. Legitimate business was at a standstill. Shops and factories shut down. Wheat, corn, cotton, provisions, declined from twenty to fifty percent.

Wall street, as usual, appealed to the government for aid, and as usual the government came to its rescue with an advance of one year's interest on its bonds. Mr. O'Gan and a few other trust magnates, endeavored to secure a loan of the government gold on trust collateral. But a concerted howl went up against

such a scheme and the secretary of the treasury did not dare attempt it.

D'Mars sat calmly in his office receiving and answering dispatches from the Syndicate brokers. He could see no one. He was too busy. He had made purchases and was ready to pay and wanted the stocks. He had done nothing illegal. He had the money. He could meet all obligations. He had a legal right to buy anything that was for sale. He was doing what Wall street was doing daily, only he operated on a slightly larger scale. To those who complained, he had only to repeat the answer which Wall street and its press had so often given to the socialists and labor unions: "Capitalists have a right to do as they please with their own money." His position was impregnable under the iron laws of the competitive system. Settlement was only three days off now. Sharks sought D'Mars with tears in their cold, glassy eyes. They begged for quarter. They would make a reasonable settlement. If pressed they were ruined. Business men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, bookkeepers, stenographers, typewriters—male and female, came to D'Mars and pleaded for life. Bankers declared that thousands upon thousands of poor depositors would be ruined if Wall street was forced to the wall.

D'Mars inquired how brokers could be ruined by an advance in the price of stocks, which they held as collateral.

They were forced to admit that they had been speculating and sold "short."

"You sold that which you did not have. Now I am criticised because I demand what I bought and for which I have the money to pay," said D'Mars.

Shrewd dealers who fathomed the extent of the "corner" settled early. They could not deliver the stock—and D'Mars accepted settlement with all on a basis of one hundred percent rake-off for the syndi-

cate. This settlement enabled D. R. & V. to net \$2,-000,000,000 on the corner. Had they pressed their claims to the bitter end they could have squeezed \$500,-000,000 more out of the "shorts." Had they done so terrible suffering would have resulted. As it stood, the object lesson was complete. They had shown to the whole world the possibilities of stock gambling and the dangerous power of vast wealth in irresponsible hands. Their vaults contained carloads of gold, silver, currency, stocks and bonds. When business resumed and values became normal, \$1,500,000,000 at least would be added to the value of their stocks and bonds. Here would be a profit of \$3,500,000,000. It was the most gigantic "corner" ever engineered and carried out successfully.

The fright over, business quickly resumed normal conditions. Dun and Bradstreet quoted D'Mars and Rockwell at \$6,000,000,000. The press declared their wealth equal to any other ten men living, adding "that it is only a transfer of capital. it matters little who owns the capital so long as business is prosperous."

"What are they going to do with this enormous wealth?" was the question on every lip. That they had won it legally was not questioned in the higher financial circles.

The press, of course, moralized and statesmen declared that the time had come to "put hooks in the jaws of those Leviathans of the commercial deep." Ministers declared that God gives great wealth to men only as stewards (a sort of divine trustees) to test them and in the day of judgment they would be held to strict accountability. Scientific socialists viewed the situation philosophically as they sagely remarked:

"I told you so. You have an object lesson that a fool even can read and understand."

Rich philanthropists wrote essays showing the great good that could be done with this money were it wisely distributed among charitable institutions and used for the relief of the poor.

Press reporters were clamorous for interviews. They wanted to inform the public of the syndicate's plans. The most trivial word spoken by either of the magnates was wired all over the world, while politicians of the dominant party sounded the praises of a government and business system that offered to everyone such opportunities for the accumulation of wealth.

"We have no information to give out," was the uniform answer of D. R. & V. to all inquirers. "There is so much detail to look after in the reorganizing of so many industries, that we have had no time to formulate any general plans."

"Will your policy differ materially from the present?" queried the shrewd reporters.

"Our policy is not fully matured. Until we are prepared to declare something positive we can say nothing. Our policy in the future, as in the past, will be to refrain as far as possible from disturbing business," said Mr. Rockwell.

So humorous was this remark that the reporters could not repress a smile that bordered dangerously on a ha—ha—

Noticing the effect, Mr. Rockwell promptly added, "I mean legitimate business."

"Then you do not consider stock watering and gambling legitimate?" said the spokesman.

"I do not. The object lesson posted now upon the business bulletin board ought to convince the public of that," said Mr. Rockwell.

"It is rumored that you and D'Mars have turned socialistic. How is that?" ventured the associated press agent.

"I would not care to reply to rumor," said Mr.

Rockwell, "but I trust that we aim at something more than is embraced in socialistic or any other political partisan platforms. That is all I care to say this morning."

By this time the dethroned trust magnates had recovered their breath, disfigured but yet in the ring. They learned that D. R. & V. were planning a policy. They felt that this policy ought to be guided in "safe" business channels. They regarded D'Mars as a young "plunger" whose head was likely to be turned by a streak of fortune. Rockwell was showing evidence of a singular phase of crankiness. They needed the aid of cool, level heads. They were a financial power that could not be ignored. The monster must be trained and led.

In this pressing emergency a number of trust magnates and leading politicians of both parties called upon D'Mars to advise and aid him in formulating a wise policy.

They suggested that he build a half million cottages and donate them to workingmen.

"Who would donate the land on which to build these houses?" inquired D'Mars.

They thought the land could be purchased on reasonable terms. He could buy good lots on an average for \$500 each and put \$1,000 in each cottage. In this way D. R. & V. would expend only \$750,000,000 and would have billions left. They painted in vivid colors the benefit labor would gain in relief from the payment of rent. Such a step would be an object lesson to all rich men.

D'Mars conceded their point and suggested to them that when workingmen were relieved of paying rent, they could and would be able to work for less wages.

The magnates did not seem to enter upon this phase of the subject with enthusiasm, although he

made very clear the advantage the employer would derive under the wage system from someone paying the employee's rent.

D'Mars next received and asked the rich philanthropists what plan they could suggest to relieve the masses of toilers from the support of the idle rich, give them the full fruits of their toil and forever put them in a position to help themselves without material aid.

They said the 'poor ye always have with ye.' The scriptures say so, any scheme to abolish poverty would be futile."

"Do you find any scripture which says we shall always have the rich with us?" inquired D'Mars.

They knew of none.

"Then," he said, "if there is no scriptural objection, let us abolish the rich idler and have all with us."

They thought that impractical.

"I have no fad, no patent nostrum. I desire none. Neither am I satisfied to apply mere palliatives that neither remove nor even touch the cause of the evils complained of. I have given some thought to this subject and I have had a good deal of experience with labor and capital. I have arrived at the conclusion that the only remedy of a permanent nature is the help that will help the masses of toilers to help themselves. When you gentlemen have something to offer on these lines I shall be glad to confer with you," said D'Mars.

About this time D. R. & V. had got their money counted, no trivial chore as anyone will realize who attempts to count a billion and handle the coin and bullion. They had \$1,000,000,000 gold and silver coin, bullion and currency and \$9,000,000,000 gilt-edge stocks, bonds and securities valued, prior to the panic, at \$8,000,000,000, and now easily worth from five to

six billion dollars. Stowing away these moneys and securities and reorganizing a few dozen leading trusts which they now controlled, required several days' work. But it was completed and D. R. & V. were now prepared to engage in more important and serious affairs.

"We have trimmed Wall Street to a finish. My prophetic dream has been fulfilled. Corinna said that when we reached this point inspiration would come to use if we sought it," remarked Mr. Rockwell to his associates.

"We need Corinna now. I wish she were here at this moment," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"We have such opportunities as no three men ever had before. We must use them wisely," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"We own the stocks and bonds of a thousand corporations. We could distribute this stock among the employees, put them in control and set on foot the grandest co-operative movement the world ever saw," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"And we would each have \$500,000,000 left," said Mr. Rockwell.

"What do you say to that program, D'Mars?"

"Not worth the powder to blow it. I have had some experience in making co-operators out of wage-workers by gratuitous distribution of stock. They are not prepared for it," replied D'Mars.

Mr. D'Mars then related his experience with the miners in Australia, remarking at the close that "no money benefits anyone, except that for which he has given service."

"You do not seem to repose much confidence in the business ability of the wage-worker?" remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"I have vastly more confidence in the honesty and ability of wage-workers than they have in one another,"

replied D'Mars. "Material aid will never benefit the poor, while through our barbarous competitive and monopolistic system fear of poverty and idolatry of money is born in the bone and bred in the marrow. We must go deeper into the problem than material aid before we can accomplish much," replied D'Mars.

"D'Mars talks like Corinna," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"In riddles," replied Mr. Rockwell, who viewed everything from a business standpoint.

"To me it is very clear. I have seen the competitive system and the materialistic system of getting along without God, carried to their logical consequences in Multo and in Centropolis. I have tested donations to wage-workers in Australia. I believe in service. I believe that life owes nobody anything. No man has a right to anything more from the world than he has given service for. He does not give service, he has no rights. I refer, of course, to normal persons. He who does not concede to all others everything, every advantage he seeks for himself, has no conception of human rights and duties," said D'Mars.

"Under that rule, what right have we to these billions that we possess?" remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"None. No right. No more right than the poorest beggar that walks the streets. We came in possession for a purpose. It is an awful responsibility. It makes me tremble. I pray for light—inspiration. I am confident that it will come. It is for us to heed the voice," replied D'Mars.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SOCIAL TRIUMPH.

At this juncture the postman entered and delivered a letter to Mr. Rockwell. His face brightened as he read.

"Here is a letter from Edith," he remarked. "She and Corinna will sail in about two weeks. Suppose we defer this matter until they arrive. I have an inspiration that Corinna can solve our problem."

"The same inspiration comes to me," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"I am agreed," said D'Mars. "She may be the predestined guide. I never turn down inspirations. I can feel her influence at this moment myself."

In due time the announcement was made that Edith Rockwell was on her way home, accompanied by Corinna, the famous singer and artist. Edith had been absent two years and her success in art and music was well known. Her social success in Paris and her probable presentation to the queen as she returned home had been heralded far and wide and was the subject of very general discussion in the inside circles of the "400." The name of Lord Caledon was very cautiously associated with Edith by the higher society journals, which were supposed to possess inside information.

Corinna's fame in the world of art was world-wide. She had entertained kings and princes in private musicales and was regarded as the most successful improvisatrice of the age. Society was on tiptoe and the fashion emporiums of Paris were raked for something new. So intense was the pressure of the fashionable set for new and unique designs that two caterers gave up in despair and suicided.

A week later the Rockwell mansion was the center of social attraction. The Metropolitan Press devoted page after page to the arrival and reception of the Social Stars. The elegant equipages of our titled and untitled nobility rolled up daily to the Rockwell mansion. Leaders of the "Smart Set" planned a social function that would eclipse the Madly-Bartin affair, to be given in honor of Edith and her guest. The proposition was broached to the ladies, but they gave it no encouragement. Corinna said that while she was fond of society, she had no taste for social functions whose sole object was the exhibition of gowns, diamonds and the art of dancing. Money purchased the former and the latter required no heart. But she did consent to attend a grand musicale to be tapered off with a waltz or two. This would exhibit the gowns, and that was all the society folks desired.

Preparations for a society blowout on a grand scale now went forward with a will. Aside from the "select set" a few leading musicians and singers were invited to participate. Herr Von Scholostertalker, private tutor to Mr. and Mrs. Roulet's little boy, had charge of the musical program. Corinna and Edith took no part in the rehearsals. They would play and sing something of their own selection. This decision of the star singer hardly met the views of the young duchess, Heinrotonklienschimerstein, who aided Herr Scholostertalker in the selection of purely classical music. She feared that Corinna might introduce some old melody that would destroy the harmony of modern music and grate harshly upon the technical ear. But Corinna would have her way in this at least, so there was no help for it.

The inner circle of fashionable culture being unable to agree on who should have the honor, the musicale was held in the magnificent parlors of the Symphony Club. Space will not permit, even though pen

could describe the splendor of the palatial temple of music. The music hall, ballroom, banquet hall, spacious parlors and vestibules excelled even the Porphyry palace of Cleo in richness of decoration, floral beauty and fragrance.

The audience presented a magnificent picture. The wealth, beauty and aristocracy; and, we might add, the hauteur and pride of the metropolis, were present. The term beauty is not out of place, for no other country of earth approximates the States in feminine beauty, and in this respect New York has no peer. Delicately and exquisitely chiseled features, that even the pagan art of facial expression had failed to destroy, enriched by wealth of hair that vibrated rays of sunshine under the soft electric lights, sparkled in their gorgeous settings of rich silks, satins and rare laces, set off by a dazzling display of diamonds and pearls. But the Psychic eye could readily read in the hauteur of the eye or the curve of the lip self and self only in almost every countenance.

A hush of surprise stilled the scarcely audible voices when the stars of the evening entered, escorted by Messrs. Vanstine and Rockwell. With graceful and courtly movement, Corinna and Edith walked to their places on the stage, while their escorts retired to their private box.

"How beautiful they are," whispered a young girl to her mother.

"Why Emma, your face is a perfect index to your sentiments. You forget your lessons in facial expression. It's bad form—even vulgar, for fashionable people to exhibit their sentiments and emotion. Notice how devoid of emotion—even expressionless, are the faces of ladies of culture. It is an evidence of exceedingly low breeding to express surprise at anything," remarked the aristocratic mother in a severe undertone.

Thus rebuked because she had a soul, the poor child looked like a clam the remainder of the evening.

D'Mars, who had been absent from the city on business and had not yet met the guests, at this juncture arrived and was escorted to the Rockwell box. He was anxious to see them, but the view was obstructed by a large palm near the footlights.

The musical program was perfectly modern and the musicians were *au fait*. There was plenty of harmony to the technical ear, while all that old plebeian melody that arouses emotion and awakens the enraptured ear, was carefully eliminated. The audience cheered, however, but it was painfully evident that no musical chord in their bosom had been touched. Corinna quickly noticed this. She knew that in every human heart is a longing, yearning desire for the melody of nature's harmony. She knew that every being has his higher as well as his baser passions and that it is the duty as well the lofty privilege of the world's exemplars to appeal to the noblest side of human nature only, and this, too, with that simple eloquence of meaning that can be grasped equally by the learned and the unlearned.

Corinna's part was indicated by a blank line on the program. When it was reached expectation was strained to a dangerous tension. The buzz of voices subsided as Corinna came forward, violin in hand. Never before was her beauty more radiant. She had the full sympathy of the audience and she realized it.

Clear, sweet and penetrating as the silvery chime of far away Christmas bells on the still frosty air, rang on the hushed audience the first sound from Corinna's bow. The marvelous purity of the silvery sound set all nerves quivering with delight and vibrating in enraptured sympathy with the artist and the tune. It was Corinna's inspired composition. Her soul was

under the influence of the Director of Nature's harmony. The musical fullness of divine light shone in her countenance. Entrancing notes of wordless song dropped melodiously from her bow through the air like diamonds rolling from the wand of the enchantress.

It was the wind's symphony to the trees; the ocean's caressing song to the shore, or the almost inaudible notes sung by the opening flowers to the April raindrops. It was an appeal to the better nature, the higher ideals, the nobler impulses of man. It brought joy to those who have thought and loved, suffered and hoped; to those who scaled the towering and fatal pinnacles of passion and fell to the depth of pain and remorse. A sympathetic chord in every heart was touched and revived by the delicious tones that from the strings blazing like electric sparks, now melting and blending into the gentle murmur of the brook, or the sigh of lovers at parting, only to meet again in an embrace of new delight. The audience sat spell-bound. They had heard the music of the masters, but never anything like this. At the close a thunder of applause that shook the house came up from the audience.

Corinna gracefully bowed her acknowledgement and retired. The applause continued like a whirlwind. A magic hand had transformed "facial expression" into genuine humanity. The lamp of love was lighted and heart breathed to heart at one touch of nature's harmonious melody. Corinna bowed again and again, but the applause was kept up until the director announced that she would sing a song of her own composition later on. This quieted the audience and the musicale proceeded in its mechanical way. The impatience to hear Corinna and Edith was so evident that the program was abbreviated.

When Corinna and Edith appeared for the closing number, they were greeted by tumultuous applause.

"The Dawn of Love" was the title of the song. Edith took her place at the grand piano to play the accompaniment. The piece was new. It was a sweet, soul-stirring romance, beginning in the dark hazes beyond the furthestmost shores of tradition. The tender sentiment that rules the universe, like the great luminary of day breaking through the early morning haze emerged from the shadows of the past. It dispelled darkness, the personification of sin, and animated all nature with life and joy. Life's beauty and truth, harmony and song; autumn was rich in the treasure of a mission performed and resplendent in etherealized beauty.

Corinna was at her best. Her voice was perfect. She sang the highest notes with ease and perfect control. The accompaniment was exquisite and artistically rendered. It traversed the gamut of human emotion. Everyone present was moved. They felt a swelling of the heart never before experienced. Corinna's voice encompassed space with the speed and joy of a lark soaring up into the springtide air. Wild thrills of ecstasy mingled with soft notes of loving tenderness, made the hall space resonant with the ring of a bird-like harmony. The audience sat bewildered. Was she human? Her marvelous poesy and musical genius and their effect upon the audience bespoke the supernatural.

The former applause that greeted Corinna was now redoubled for her and Edith. It was a supreme moment when they bowed to the audience and retired. The applause was continued. It seemed that a swift torrent from some vast reservoir had broken loose.

Again and again and still again Corinna and Edith bowed to the audience. But this was of no avail. The soul of real music was unsealed. The starved appetite had only a taste. It insisted on more until the stars gave them a delightful improvised melody with words adapted to the occasion.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RECOGNITION.

During this performance D'Mars was spell-bound. "I have seen Corinna and heard that voice," he said to himself over and over again. The face and the voice revived in him old memories. His mind went back to Multo. In memory he returned to paradise. His dreams in which he saw Ethel beautified and surrounded by admirers came back to him.

Noticing D'Mars' abstraction, his companions endeavored to rally him.

"I am under the control of a singular sensation tonight," he replied without attempt at evasion. "I can't explain it. I have seen that face and heard that voice before."

"You are in love," said Vanstine. "Which is it?"

"Which?" repeated D'Mars, "I see only one. It is Corinna. I believe that I have found Ethel."

"You see only one; rather a backhanded compliment to Edith," replied Mr. Vanstine.

"I am not responsible tonight for what I say. Edith is superb, but the eyes of love——"

"Are blind," interrupted Mr. Vanstine.

"Are single. There is no dual love. But one affinity. There is an unsolved mystery about Corinna. She is Ethel."

"You may be right. Edith admitted to me that there is a mystery connected with Corinna's early history and Corinna is an assumed name. But she would tell me no more," said Mr. Rockwell.

"I shall solve that mystery. I am madly in love. I never experienced any sensation like this before. Do you know that I can hardly restrain an impulse to go directly on the stage and throw myself at her

feet? Should I attempt anything rash I want you gentlemen to restrain me."

"I hope it has not come to that. You will have ample time and opportunity to meet her under more propitious circumstances," said Mr. Vanstine.

After the audience thoroughly emphasized its appreciation they filed into the ball-room, where an impromptu reception was held. The introductions were almost over when Mr. Vanstine introduced D'Mars as his old highly esteemed friend. Corinna acknowledged the introduction with a courtly bow and Edith playfully suggested that D'Mars and Corinna lead in the grand march. As this was down in the program, there was nothing left for them but to obey.

It was a supreme moment, and one that called for all the diplomacy she could command. She thought she could read something in D'Mars' face. Had he already recognized her? It was only three years since they parted. She had undergone some changes; so had D'Mars, but she recognized him the moment he entered the concert hall, although she did not expect his presence that night.

D'Mars was something of a diplomat himself. He gave no sign of his emotion. Of course he recognized her the moment they were introduced. He also recognized that he had found his long lost affinity. This recognition was mutual. She realized now that she loved D'Mars. But this knowledge brought her no happiness. She had no assurance that her love was returned. Be that as it may, she never would marry until the mystery of her life was cleared up. That much was settled in her mind.

They indulged the usual conversation of such an occasion, D'Mars being very careful to not touch on his experience in Australia. Later in the evening he engaged her in a waltz. He also danced with Edith, who, with woman's intuition and her previous knowl-

edge of Corinna's secret and a word from Mr. Vanstine, enabled her to read them like an open book.

"What do you think of Corinna?" she naively asked as he led her to a seat.

"She is a wonderful artist and a delightful entertainer," he responded with an effort to appear disinterested.

The press reporters went wild over Edith and Corinna. They pronounced Corinna the greatest living vocalist. Max Frothpan, the leading operatic manager, called on the Stars the following day and offered Corinna \$5,000 a night for fifty nights, but she emphatically declared that she would never go on the stage.

The next afternoon D'Mars called to pay his respects to the ladies. They were delighted to meet him, although he fancied that Corinna wore an impenetrable armor of reserve. He knew she suspected that he had identified her. Edith soon found a pretext to leave them alone. This move looked suspicious to D'Mars, but he was in for it and he might as well have it over.

He began with the cure of Mr. Rockwell, and from that adroitly led the conversation along psychic lines bordering on the occult, carefully feeling his way until he found an opening to introduce his vision.

Corinna was deeply interested and impressed and explained to him many things he had not understood. He related his first meeting with Mr. Vanstine, the part played by the hermit, his trip to Australia, his meeting with Azel, the murder of Mrs. Fordyce and Azel's disappearance. He then told of finding the buried treasure of Multo and how Azel's old friends stood up for her and to this day declare her innocence and hoped for her return in order that she may be vindicated. He then told her of his own efforts and how the conclusion dawned on him that Azel was Ethel

and that he would some day find her. He noticed that Corinna was deeply affected, especially when told that her old friends all believe her innocent.

"So you still believe that you will find Ethel," remarked Corinna.

"I have found her. You are Ethel, my long lost love, my affinity from whom I have been estranged during all these ages. I love you. You will be my wife. You are my affinity. You are mine—I am yours—your only true lover. We shall never be parted more," said D'Mars and he supplemented the words by clasping her in a passionate embrace.

All her efforts to disengage herself were futile.

"It cannot be. I am Azel, the unfortunate waif—the fugitive."

"I know all. I know that you have been the victim of some terrible mistake or crime. But I know that you are absolutely innocent. An angel; I am unworthy of you. I confess that. But you are my affinity, you are not Azel; you are Ethel. Your name shall be vindicated. Say that you love me and that you will be my wife."

"I cannot promise what you ask." I cannot. There is a barrier between us that may never be removed.

"Do you love another?" inquired D'Mars, as he released her and looked in her eyes as though he would read her very soul.

"No," she replied. "No other. I cannot love or marry anyone until the dark mystery of my life is cleared up."

"Is that all?" said D'Mars, and he again embraced her more passionately than ever. I promise you that the mystery will be solved. Some malignant interest has been pursuing you. That makes it all the easier solved. I have endeavored to pry into it. I already have some information. With your aid the

dark plot against you can be unearthed. But say you love me. That is all I ask now, my darling."

With her head now reposing on his heaving bosom Corinna wept but made no reply.

"My love is returned—yes, returned a hundred fold, for man's love cannot be compared in measure with woman's. I know it, but I want to hear those sweet lips say yes," and he bent his ear low that he might hear the word that sealed his bliss.

"I do not know, this is so sudden, so unexpected. I do not fathom my own heart. That cloud that hangs over my life is so dark. Should you remove that cloud you shall have my everlasting gratitude—and——" she paused.

"Love," interjected D'Mars, finishing the sentence.

Her head nestled closer and one arm was on his shoulder. He could stand the suspense no longer, and, taking silence for consent, he sealed the compact with a kiss—and then another—until Corinna disengaged herself.

Normal relations were scarcely resumed when Edith and Mr. Vanstine entered the room. There are occasions when diplomatic art fails and the emotions of the heart speak. The intruders, if we may so designate them, noticed that something had happened.

"Permit me to congratulate you, and in the absence of established authority, pronounce the benediction," said Mr. Vanstine with a hearty laugh.

"To what do we owe this strange demonstration?" inquired D'Mars with assumed surprise and dignity, while Edith embraced Corinna with her irresistible fervor and magentism.

"Come, come now; don't try that bluff upon me. I am too old. Own up. Are the preliminaries settled?"

D'Mars looked at Corinna and she blushed, while

Edith kissed her as she remarked, "And you never told me."

"We may as well own up," said D'Mars, but we are not engaged—yet—we have discovered that we are old friends—of long ago.

"It would better be all told," remarked Corinna. "I am Azel, the waif of the mining camp and the fugitive from justice."

"Yes," said D'Mars, "and the innocent victim of some mysterious and damnable plot. Corinna is Ethel, my affinity down through all these ages, and she has imposed upon me the task of clearing up the mystery of her life. Until that is done, she will not promise to be mine."

"Tut, tut, life is too short for the solution of mysteries. Bury the past. Drive away the cloud with the sunshine of the present and the still more glorious light of the future." replied Mr. Vanstine, and D'Mars cast a look of entreaty mingled with hope upon Corinna.

"I know that mystery can and will be cleared up and——"

"This year, too, you know," interrupted Edith and Corinna silenced her with a warning look.

"I will clear it up within a month," said D'Mars. and he brought down his fist upon the rosewood table in a most emphatic manner.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOLVING THE MYSTERY.

The following afternoon D'Mars and Corinna were closeted with Chief Vernon of the Transcontinental Detective Agency. In addition to what has already been related Corinna informed the detective of her dreams of a gold locket and chain. She could not tell when she first dreamt of it, but the first recollection was that she had worn it. Her story of Cobden's performance impressed Vernon. Then the effort of Hardwick to fasten the murder on Corinna (Azel) satisfied him that there was a plot, a conspiracy and a motive.

"I know there was a gold locket and two portraits in it and a name on it, but I never could remember the name and I am sure that locket is somewhere now," said Corinna.

"Maybe so, but dreams don't amount to much in Court. Your belief that the locket exists is well founded if there really was a locket. Criminals ever did and ever will preserve the evidence of crime. There is some fascination about it that prevents them destroying it."

After imposing the strictest secrecy upon all, Detective Vernon went to his office and entered into correspondence by cable with the Sidney office.

When Mr. Vanstine heard the story of the locket he was visibly excited and he informed D'Mars that his little daughter wore such a locket when she was drowned and that it contained his portrait and that of his wife.

A week elapsed before anything was heard from Detective Vernon. D'Mars and Corinna met fre-



"THAT MAN IS COBDEN," SHE EXCLAIMED.—Page 205.

quently and the wires announced that Lord Caledon had sailed for New York. The tongue of gossip was busy. It already had D'Mars and Corinna on the string, why he had not fallen in love with Edith was discussed and the verdict rendered was that she was in love with Lord Caledon, who was to be the social lion of the season.

Detective Vernon called to report progress. His Australian associate had been at work. He discovered that Cobden and the Duke of Cronstadt had been paid \$10,000 each for their part in the conspiracy against Azel. The money was paid by Mrs. Fordyce and furnished by Hardwick. Azzette had shown evidences of increased prosperity. He and Hardwick were close friends and he was suspected of knowledge of the murder. A dark mystery surrounded Mrs. Fordyce. Where she came from or what her antecedents was a puzzle. Azzette was the key to the situation. His armor was invulnerable.

Mr. Vernon made the proposition to arrest Azzette for the murder of Mrs. Fordyce, get him in the sweat box and extract a confession from him. In order to accomplish this, a story must be made up and a huge bluff played.

The Sidney detective, Mr. Hackel, was certain that the Dashons left no heir. It was further believed that Florence Dashon was the child of Mrs. Fordyce and that Azel was the real heir to the Dashon estate. Now, who were the Dashons? This was important.

"I can tell you all about the Dashons," said Mr. Vanstine. "Bill Dashon was a brother-in-law of mine. We married sisters. They inherited a vast estate in Australia. According to their father's will, should one die without leaving living issue, the estate went to the other one, and should she die without issue the estate went to the government.

"Now comes the heartbreaking part of my story: We had a little girl in her third year. Her nurse was a widow named Westlake. She took the child rowing one afternoon. They never returned; the boat was found upside down on the water. She and the child supposed to be drowned but bodies never found. My wife died of grief—a broken heart, a month later. These events occurred nineteen years ago; soon after we learned of the accidental drowning of Mr. and Mrs. Dashon, near Melbourne. They left a little girl, Florence, who inherited the entire estate and Hardwick was named in the will as executor. I tried to keep in touch with Hardwick, but he soon dropped correspondence. I had no interest in the estate and being very busy I gave the matter no further attention.

"Did your little daughter wear any sort of trinket?" inquired Vernon.

"Yes," replied Mr. Vanstine, "A small gold locket on which was engraved her name, 'Ethel.' It also contained portraits of myself and her mother."

"A clue at last" remarked Vernon as he glanced at D'Mars who was overcome by surprise and emotion. Then he quickly added, "Not a word of this must be even whispered to anyone, especially the ladies. Women are not good at keeping secrets."

"Do you hope, I mean suspect, that my Ethel lives," inquired Mr. Vanstine.

"I had not thought of that yet. My clue is in a different direction. I would not advise you to build much on that hope," said Vernon with a warning look at D'Mars which kept him silent.

After again enjoining absolute silence on Mr. Vanstine, Vernon took his leave. A few days later he summoned D'Mars and Vanstine to his office.

"I have some news for you," he began. "We have solved the mystery. Our bluff worked to perfection. We had Azzette arrested for the murder of Mrs. For-

dyce. He was taken at once to the police station. He was very nervous. Mr Hackel informed him that the evidence against him was conclusive.

He inquired who else was suspected. Hackel informed him that there was no suspicion about it.

"The whole conspiracy is out," said Mr. Hackel. "Azal is the heiress of the Dashon estate. She was kidnapped by Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce. Florence is Mrs. Fordyce's daughter. Anybody can see that by looking at her. When Hardwick accounts for the Dashon estate he will not have a cent left. He will not need it. He is as deep in the murder plot as you are. You will both hang."

Azzette turned deathly pale. He looked like a man of wax. He inquired if Hardwick was arrested.

"He is," said Hackel, "and he is already trying to saddle all blame on you. He says that you placed in the hand of the dead woman the bit of fringe from Azal's garment in order to fasten the crime on her and screen yourself."

"He lies like a thief," exclaimed Azzette. "That was done by his direction."

"Well, you can see where you are at," said Hackel. "Hardwick will hang you any moment to save himself. There is only one wise course open to you."

"What is that?" inquired Azzette.

"Tell the truth. Did you kill Mrs. Fordyce?"

"I did not."

"Who did it?"

"I don't know."

"What do you know about the murder?"

"What protection have I, if I tell all I know?"

"You have nothing to fear if you are not the murderer. It is between you and Hardwick."

"Well, I didn't kill her and I did not know there was any murder committed."

"What do you know about the finding of the body?"

"Hardwick asked me to get into his buggy and ride down to the mines. I did. As we drove past the foot of the cliff Hardwick looked toward where Mrs. Fordyce's body lay and asked, 'What is that?' I looked and saw a woman lying among the rocks. We approached the spot. It was Mrs. Fordyce. Hardwick pretended to be deeply affected.

"Suddenly he turned to me and said, 'Here is a chance to get rid of Azel. It is worth \$50,000 to you and no risk.'

" 'How?' I asked him.

" 'Azel and Mrs. Fordyce have been unfriendly. Everybody knows it. Let it appear that they got into a wrangle on the bluff and Azel threw Mrs. Fordyce over the cliff.'

" 'How will you start such a theory? There are no witnesses. You must have positive proof, or nobody would believe it.'

" 'Very true,' said Hardwick. 'You can furnish the proof and never appear as a witness. It is only a few steps to your house. Go there and tear a bit of fringe from a garment she usually wears, hide the garment in an outhouse, bring the fringe here and it will be found in Mrs. Fordyce's hand.'

"I was allured by the promise of \$50,000, and plenty more for I could hold Hardwick up when I pleased after that. But I wanted to protect Azel's life. So I said, 'Then I am to hang Azel for \$50,000?'

" 'No. There is to be no hanging. Azel will deny it all. The proof against her will be conclusive and the only defense will be self defense or insanity. She will go to an asylum for a while; she will soon get out and you will have \$50,000 and more, I will make it \$75,000.'

"I don't know what devil possessed me, but I obeyed him. Sometimes I think he hypnotized me. I procured the fatal fringe. And as luck would have it the fringe is from the sleeve of a dress that Azel wore that very day. She admits that."

"But who threw Mrs. Fordyce over the cliff?" asked Hackel.

"I don't know, but I have my suspicions. Hardwick is the man who wanted to get rid of her. He knew where to find her. But I saw nothing. He came driving by and asked me to get in and ride as he often did. I believe now he had the whole scheme planned to implicate Azel when he asked me to ride with him. Otherwise, why should he find Mrs. Fordyce's body and then leave it for someone else to discover?"

"You are something of a detective as well as a villain," said Hackel with a smile. "You reason well; you are sure you did not help Hardwick throw Mrs. Fordyce over the cliff?"

"I am sure of that and if Hardwick tries to implicate me in that he is a liar."

"What about the gold locket that Azel wore when she was brought to you?"

"I never saw a locket."

"It was removed before you saw her then?"

"She wore no locket when I saw her," declared Azzette.

"Now tell us about Azel?"

"Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce brought her to us and asked us to take care of her, when she was about three years old. Hardwick paid me \$800 a year and no questions."

"Who is Florence Dashon?"

"She is the daughter of Mrs. Fordyce. The Dashons had no children."

"Who drowned the Dashons?"

"I know nothing about that."

"Who was Mrs. Fordyce?"

"She was Azel's nurse in Chicago. Hardwick was there when Azel and the nurse were supposed to be drowned."

A warrant was at once issued for the arrest of Hardwick and served at two o'clock in the morning. The man of worry and schemes had fallen into a broken slumber. He had tossed restlessly on his silk embroidered couch during the earlier hours of the night. Dreams of prison cells, locks and bars, made night hideous. Accusers sprang up on all sides while his friends had deserted him. He had just emerged from one of these horrible visions when a knock came to his door. An awful terror seized him as he arose and opened the door.

There stood the sheriff and Detective Hackel.

"I have a warrant for your arrest on a charge of complicity in the murder of Mrs. Fordyce," said the sheriff, as he laid his hand on the trembling man's arm.

"How do you implicate me?" inquired Hardwick, with an effort at surprise and innocence.

"Azzette has been arrested and he has confessed," replied the sheriff. Hardwick staggered to a chair and sat down, the very personification of despair.

"We are sorry, but we must trouble you to open that safe," said the sheriff.

"I cannot. It contains all my trustee papers. I would not open it to any one without the advice of my attorney," said Hardwick.

"You may as well open it. We have a search warrant. We must see the inside of that safe at once," said Hackel.

After considerable delay Hardwick opened the

safe. Drawer after drawer was inspected without result. Finally, in a small secret drawer was found a gold locket and chain.

Hackel inspected it. Hardwick shook like an aspen leaf. On the locket was engraved the name Ethel.

There were two portraits. A man and a woman.

"We must trouble you to explain this locket," said Hackel to Hardwick, who, no longer able to stand, had staggered to his chair where he sat silent and pale as death.

"Where did you get this locket?" inquired Hackel with one of his freezing looks.

"I have nothing to say," replied Hardwick sullenly.

"You will now accompany us. You will have plenty of time to explain later on," said Hackel as he locked the safe and put the key in his pocket.

"This is an infamous outrage and you will all pay dearly for it," said Hardwick as the sheriff placed the handcuffs upon his wrists.

Hardwick demanded that his lawyer be summoned at once, but that was deferred until morning. Officers were placed in charge of the Hardwick mansion to guard the property, and bright and early next morning, our attorney, Mr. Rexford, was in court, asking for the appointment of a receiver for the Hardwick property on the ground of fraud and embezzlement as a trustee for the estate of Ethel Vanstine.

Mr. Vanstine could stand it no longer. He staggered to his feet as he exclaimed, "Found, my lost Ethel! Found after all these years! O, that her mother were here!" Then he burst into tears and cried like a child.

D'Mars was no less excited, but he suppressed his emotions. He had expected this for some days.

"Yes, found," said D'Mars, "I am the happiest

man on earth. And the two men embraced each other and wept.

The gentlemen were about to leave when Vernon reminded them that there was important business to be considered.

"No more business for me today," said Mr. Vanstine, "We shall see you tomorrow. Hold fast to the lines. We need a lawyer now. Come to Rockwell's tomorrow afternoon. Good day."

Vanstine and D'Mars drove rapidly to the Rockwell mansion, discussing plans of breaking the news to Corinna, as they went.

CHAPTER XXII.

EDITH'S HERO.

Ever since the triumph of Corinna and Edith at the music hall entertainment, the members of the higher social circles vied with each other in entertaining the Stars and singing their praises. An immense pressure was brought to bear on them to sing in the choir in the Church of the Redeemer and on two or three occasions they did sing solos. But the church was to them more like an opera house than an edifice devoted to the service of the meek and lowly Nazarene, And Rev. Dr. Metaphor's sermons were so materialistic, Corinna and D'Mars could not endure them.

Rev. Dr. Metaphor conducted a service in the lecture hall every Thursday evening. He opened with a lecture of thirty minutes, after which an invitation was extended to his hearers to ask questions or even offer criticism. This departure was very popular as it permitted the laity to "talk back," an opportunity that every churchgoer at some time or other desires.

The Rev. Doctor generally prepared a scientific discourse, gathered from his study of current magazine literature. His learned discourse at times indicated that the master mind of man had solved the problem of the universe. He had reached the genesis of the protoplasm and almost discovered the nerves that connect the soul and the will with the material body. Indeed, materialists were extravagant in their praises of Dr. Metaphor and hoped the time would come when even orthodox churches would see their way to drop the delusion and superstition of a spiritual existence altogether.

But on one particular Thursday evening, a climax

was reached. Dr. Metaphor's subject was Christianity vs. Socialism. He declared that man is part of nature and that he is governed absolutely by the laws of nature. Man is not only the highest product of nature, but to him is assigned authority to expand nature.

"Now," said he, "what do we find in nature to warrant these false and mischievous theories of Socialism?" Socialism contends for human equality. It would level all mankind down to a general average. Talent, brains, industry, ability, economy, ambition, would count for nothing. What would become of our great enterprises, our cities, our railways and steamship lines in the workings of a system under which no one would try to produce more than enough to serve his purposes from day to day?

"Let us apply the simple laws of nature to these mischievous theories and see them disappear like the morning dew under the sun's scorching rays. Where is the equality in nature? Are the mountains all of equal altitude? Are the trees all of a size? Is all land equally productive? Do all flowers give forth the same odor and are they clad in similar colors? No. A thousand times no. We cannot even say that two blades of grass are precisely alike. And in this difference the greater and the smaller, is found the chief beauty of nature." (Demonstrations of approval.)

"Now let us ascend to the Animal Kingdom, to which man belongs. Where is the equality among animals, fishes, fowls, insects? Take for example, the timid little mouse. Behold his beautiful smooth fur coat, his sparkling eyes, the agility of his movements; each little muscle, nerve and artery perfectly adjusted to perform its functions; his desires, passions and loves similar to our own. Yet that same nature that gave him all these functions has prepared another

animal just as perfect in functional attributes, to feed upon the mouse, and another animal has been prepared to feed upon this one. It is the same with the fish and the fowl and insect kingdoms. They all feed upon one another. (Loud cheers.)

"There is the same disparity in the human race. There is the larger and more powerful and the smaller and less powerful intellects. The weaker furnishes food for the stronger, but unlike the brute creation, the stronger among men do not eat and destroy the weak and helpless. On the contrary the intellectually strong, think, plan and manage for the great masses of weaklings. Were it not for the vast reservoirs of capital accumulated by men of giant minds, what would become of labor? Why the masses of these toilers would sink below the level of the Digger Indian who found it almost impossible to supply five wants. (Cheers and laughter.)

"Let us who have been highly favored with brain and intellect rejoice that we are favorites of fate. It is our own privilege and our duty to make the most of our golden opportunity. Let us rejoice that we have been endowed with love, that creative agency which attracts men and women and affords them a foretaste of heavenly bliss. Let us enjoy our palatial homes, our splendid equipages, our rich garnishments and our banquet boards. They were given us for our enjoyment. Vast minds require enjoyments. Lesser minds are satisfied with smaller pleasures. Were it not for these mischievous agitators, the so-called working people would be contented with the lot assigned them by nature and the world would dwell in happiness.

"These wild philanthropists tell us that no one should enjoy while another suffers. If that were true, there could be no enjoyment. The whole plan of na-

ture involves, inequality, injustice, cruelty, suffering, destruction and death. Nature is as cruel as she is prolific. Nature pours millions of people on the earth for whom there is no subsistence. Whole nations are depopulated by famine; just as vast herds of cattle are destroyed by drouth. What affair is that of ours? We did not make them, nor did we ask nature to make them. If all men were to be happy, why did not she make them happy as well as miserable? Nature permits evil because it is part of her scheme. Shall we, like blasphemers, fly in the face of nature and rebuke her, by endeavoring to improve on her work?

"All this misery and desolation round about us has one purpose. That purpose is to highten our pleasures. It reminds us that we are reserved for happiness. Rejoice, therefore, in your wealth, in your health, in your love. And what is love? What is this nature enforced affinity which draws two beings together, and forms the impact of two spirits? Life. Triumphant life gladdens nature. What a powerful impulse is love. Yet we have among us those who claim that they can resist it. Do you believe it? (Laughter). Ah, my friends, believe them not. Love thrills every nerve, fibre, muscle and artery of the body. Love conquers death. It is the elixir of life. Love with its ravishing beauty and entwining arms is heaven. Love is religion. God is love." (Prolonged applause.)

"Remarks and criticisms are now in order," remarked the Rev. Doctor as he sat down and fanned himself.

Corinna and Edith were shocked, not only at the cruel, un-Christianlike and beastly sentiments expressed, but over the approval of the audience.

"Were I a man," whispered Corinna to Edith, "I would criticise such a lecture."

"These people mean well, but they are educated to

those ideas. It would not do to criticise," replied Edith.

At this moment a young man about the center of the auditorium arose. He wore a pale and gentle face, but a smothering volcano lay behind his dark eyes.

"I would be derelict in respect for myself and duty to my fellowmen, as well as to my God, were I to remain silent in the presence of this shocking outrage upon all that is revered in religion and sacred in Christian tradition," was his opening sentence.

Excitement ensued. One whispered to another and soon all knew that the speaker was Horace Colston, editor of a people's paper known as *Truth's Torch*.

"After such a lecture from a minister is applauded in the class-room of a Christian church, let no one ask why infidelity, materialism, agnosticism and atheism are gaining ground in this country," he continued.

Groans and hisses were very audible in the audience.

"The gospel which you profess to preach teaches that God is the just, loving, merciful and benevolent Father of all. A just and benevolent father even in this world of injustice, gives equal opportunity to all his children. How much more so does God do justice to His children? Your lecture makes Him a God of cruelty and injustice—even worse, a God of mere chance. Then you apply that sacred term love to the lowest and basest passions of animal nature. You exalt an incident of life common to all animals, to life's end and purpose. Then you elevate this passion which you declare reason cannot control, to the supremacy of God. Love, sacred attribute of divine goodness; essence of infinite purity which saves mortality from the fiery tide of animal passion; how dare you snatch it

from the wings of angels; strew it upon the slimy floor of sensuality, amid toads and lizards and crawling vipers?"

Cries of "Put him out," now came from all parts of the room. A woman struck Horace with a parasol and all sorts of missiles came fast and furious toward his head. The uproar was intense. Horace made his way to the street where he was taken in custody by an officer, but released before he reached the police station.

Rev. Metaphor restored order and reminded the audience that Christians must expect such trials and tribulations and they should be borne with resignation.

Corinna and Edith were very much impressed by the incident. "His bravery reminded me of the courage of the early Christians," remarked Corinna to Edith as they returned home. "I hope soon to have an opportunity to thank him personally for his defense of Christianity."

The ladies learned from D'Mars that Horace Colston had abandoned a lucrative law practice for journalism. He published *Truth's Torch*, a social and industrial paper that enjoyed a wide circulation, but was generally boycotted by the business public because of the plain truths it told and its radical views. Mr. Colston, while abused and vilified by the wealthy classes, was a young man of irreproachable character.

At the ladies' request Mr. Colston called with D'Mars and was introduced. He told the ladies of his struggles and discouragements and they thanked him for his brave stand for Christian morality and expressed the hope that some day *Truth's Torch* would be as able to duplicate truth as were the monopoly press to cater to the idolatry of human pride, greed and selfishness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LORD CALEDON UNMASKED.

A few days later Edith gave a Maddar Lake tea to a few friends of the upper crust, and to the surprise of all Mr. Colston was among the guests. A quietly suppressed sensation bordering on panic was the result. Of course Mr. Colston was treated civilly as the guest of the Rockwells. But Mrs. Roulet took occasion to express her surprise to Corinna.

"Of course he is intellectual and cultured and all that, but he has no social standing. His assaults on society in the *Torch* are awful. They say he is an anarchist."

"Have you been reading the *Torch*?" inquired Corinna.

"O, no, I never saw a copy of it. I would not permit it in my house."

"Then how can you judge and condemn it, when you do not know what it contains?"

"Its reputation is enough to condemn it. No person of any standing would read it."

"Why I have been reading it and I think that it is the only paper that discusses social and industrial problems from a scientific standpoint. It condemns human pride and selfishness, and on idolatry of wealth and mercenary fashion and materialism, it is a veritable iconoclast. Now, do you not think that we carry these fads a little too far? Don't you think that our, I am tempted to say vulgar, display of wealth and luxury does quite as much to make the common people envious and discontented and therefore unhappy, as does the ranting of anarchists?" calmly remarked Corinna

Mrs. Roulet was shocked, but she was a diplomat. She knew that Corinna, although the guest of the Rockwells, was not in affluent circumstances, had no doubt felt the pinch of poverty and naturally sympathized with the poor. But she had now entered the highest circles of wealth. She possessed talents worth millions. She could make \$5,000 a night out of her voice. The thing for her to do was to set her cap for a rich husband. She must be gradually reasoned out of her plebeian ideas now that her environments had improved. So she replied:

"It is true that I have not read the *Torch*. But you will admit that general bad reputation is sufficient ground for condemnation. It is always based on something tangible."

This was a bad break, for Corinna once had a very bad reputation among the better classes in Sidney and it was wholly unwarranted.

"Reputation is what people say of a person—often what some people say—people who have not even investigated. Character is what one really is. I have known persons of good character to bear a very bad reputation among some people who had not investigated. No person should be judged and condemned unheard. I am informed that the *Torch* has an immense circulation. Perhaps its readers are the most capable of judging."

"Do you believe that the rich should divide up everything they have with the mob?" inquired Gebby Fredhart, a nice young man who had inherited a few millions in coin.

"That was the advice the Master gave to the rich young man—not only to divide his wealth and keep a portion, but to give it all away," replied Corinna. "But the *Torch* does not even take the strong ground

on which the Messiah stood. All it contends for is justice, free and equal opportunity for all."

"Then, if I have a million dollars in the bank I should give it away, in order that idle, lazy loafers might have free opportunity."

"Not so," replied Corinna. "Money is not opportunity. Man can live without money, but he cannot exist without opportunity."

This was too deep a proposition for the financier, so he relapsed into silence.

"Did you know that Lord Caledon arrives tomorrow?" remarked Mrs. Roulet.

"So I have heard," replied Corinna.

"Some of us wondered that Edith did not defer her luncheon until after his arrival, as they are very particular friends," remarked Mrs. Roulet.

"O, I don't know," replied Corinna carelessly, "Edith met him in Paris. I doubt that she ever gave the incident a second thought."

"Well, he did. Mrs. Nippie McFlimsie is a close friend of his and she says that Edith is the attraction that brings him here."

"Do you know anything of him?"

"O, yes. He was the lion of Newport two years ago. We entertained him and he turned the heads of half the girls of our set. But he didn't care to marry."

"So you think he has set his eye upon Edith."

"I know it. He is a great catch. Very close to the royal family. He has immense estates. He will be the social lion here this season. This is why I have spoken of the presence of that man Colston here. It would be too bad should Edith become interested in him at a time when she can carry off the prize of the season."

"I suppose Edith's father would have some influence."

"I talked with him and he don't seem to care. He has undergone a great change since he regained his health. That was a strange cure. None of us expected to see him return alive."

"The ways of God are inscrutable."

"Do you think the cure was miraculous?"

"It was not produced by man," replied Corinna.

The next day Corinna and Edith were in the music room discussing the luncheon and the guests and the arrival of Lord Caledon.

"I do not know whether I care for him or not. We know so little of him. But we will treat him well if he calls. I want you to meet him and give me your opinion."

At this juncture D'Mars and Vanstine arrived from their interview with detective Vernon. They planned the manner of breaking the news to Corinna, but their plans miscarried.

The ladies noticed that both were excited. They could not conceal it. Upon entering the room Mr. Vanstine was instantly overcome by the pent up hunger of a father's heart. He gave way and seizing Corinna in a firm embrace, he exclaimed, "Ethel, my long lost daughter. Found at last. You are my daughter. We have heard from Australia. The mystery is solved. My daughter, my Ethel," and he kissed her again and again.

Corinna was so overcome by surprise that for a moment she was speechless.

"Father," she finally exclaimed, "is it true? Can I say father?"

"Yes, it is true. Have no fears. All is clear. My lost Ethel found."

"It is true. The mystery is solved," said D'Mars to Edith, who witnessed the scene in blank amazement.

The fond father finally released his daughter, who sank on a sofa, overcome by emotion.

But she was released only to be caught up in the arms of D'Mars who kissed her and claimed his prize.

The scene and explanation that followed need not be gone over in detail. It closed by D'Mars and Ethel joining hands and receiving the parental blessing, with Edith as the sole witness. Edith next embraced Ethel and father and lover retired.

The following afternoon detective Vernon and Attorney Solomon called at the Rockwell residence for consultation with D'Mars and Vanstine on the Australian matter. While they were closeted in the library an intensely interesting drama was on in the parlor.

Lord Caledon had called on Edith. He desired an introduction to the famous artist, Corinna. The reception parlor was separated from the library by a heavily draped opening. After the compliments of the season, Edith brought in her guest Corinna. Lord Caledon was all anticipation. He was prepared to make his most correct courtly bow.

Corinna had advanced only a few steps when she had a full view of Lord Caledon. She was instantly transfixed to the spot. Her fresh young blood was congealed and every nerve paralyzed, by the bewildering surprise that met her gaze.

"That man is Cobden!" she exclaimed.

Lord Caledon stood ashy pale, every nerve unstrung for the instant.

It was a critical moment. Lord Caledon first regained his composure. He knew that nothing short of a flat denial would even relieve the present crisis. Overcome by surprise and by Corinna's agitation, Edith was unable to introduce them. The suspense was intense. Lord Caledon was the first to break it.

"Cobden," repeated the visitor with feigned astonishment, "I am Lord Caledon at your service," he added in tones intended to be dignified. "I am unable to understand."

"You are Cobden, the miscreant, who conspired with the Duke of Cronstadt to encompass my destruction at Melbourne. What fate has ordained that we should meet again?" exclaimed Corinna, as she clung to Edith trembling with excitement.

The voices attracted D'Mars and Mr. Vanstine, who instantly appeared on the scene.

"What does this mean?" inquired Mr. Vanstine, as he grasped Corinna in his arms, and Edith, who was now quite overcome leaned on D'Mars' arms for support.

Lord Caledon saw that nothing but a bold strike would help him now.

"I am Lord Caledon," he said with well feigned hauteur, "I made a social call on Miss Rockwell, whom I met in Paris. This young woman insists that I am Cobden, a person whom I do not even know, nor ever heard of. This is all I know. I blame no one. I am evidently a victim of mistaken identity."

By this time Detective Vernon and Lawyer Solomon arrived on the scene.

"I cannot be mistaken. It was only four years ago that we met in Australia. You are the man Cobden, the valet of the Duke of Cronstadt, who sought my ruin. You know all about it. I have reason to remember you, and I could pick you out of a thousand men," replied Corinna emphatically.

"If this is true, and I believe it is, you will answer to me personally for the infamous outrage," said D'Mars, advancing a step toward Lord Caledon.

"I am prepared to answer personally for all my acts. If you assume responsibility for this insult, you shall account to me personally," replied Lord Caledon, as he handed his card to D'Mars.

"I shall now," he continued. "Leave this house," and he walked toward the door.

"Just a moment," said Vernon. "Are you really Lord Caledon?"

"I have so stated. My card to you also. I am not accustomed to such experiences. Good day."

"Don't be in a hurry," replied Vernon, "I happen to know that Lord Caledon and Cobden are one and the same person. A warrant has been issued at Sidney for your arrest. You are charged with conspiring to injure the character of Azel Azzette, this lady who has been proven the daughter of Mr. Vanstine, and the sole heir to the Dashon estate. I am instructed to detain you pending advices from Sidney. You will therefore consider yourself under arrest."

"I knew he was Cobden," said Corinna, as she sank into a sofa.

"I shall settle this matter with you, Lord Caledon," said D'Mars, advancing toward him.

"Stop," said Vernon, "He is my prisoner and he shall not be assaulted. The law must take its course."

Lord Caledon was now the picture of despair. Through his own perfidy he had lost two heiresses, the wealthiest in the world, and now he was on the brink of an exposure that would be an international scandal and bar him from all society. But while he was an accomplished villain, he was no fool. He was a man of devices. He thought quickly and acted promptly.

"Can I have a private interview with you gentlemen?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Vernon. "You will find us gentlemen."

"Now," said Lord Caledon, after they were seated in the library and Corinna and Edith had retired, "I realize that I am up against it good and hard and I wish to make an explanation and a proposition."

"We would be pleased to hear you," replied Solomon.

"I was a younger brother to the heir of the Caledon estates. I was cut off without a penny and found myself a soldier of fortune acting in the capacity of valet for the Duke of Cronstadt, who was pretty much in my own plight. He was endeavoring to win the heart of Florence Dashon, the heiress. He was opposed by Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce and failed. How to raise the wind in order to get away from Australia puzzled us. Hardwick and Mrs. Fordyce knew our circumstances.

"Mrs. Fordyce proposed to pay me \$10,000 if I would get up some sort of scandal against Azel. I revolted against her first proposition. She said that Azel was proud spirited and she wanted something done that would compel her to leave the city of Sidney.

"I consulted the Duke and he proposed to aid me, provided he was taken into the enterprise and the amount doubled. I feared that they would not put up \$20,000, but the Duke said they had some object in banishing Azel and they would not let a few dollars upset it. He was right. Mrs. Fordyce paid us \$10,000 each for our part in the episode at the hotel in Melbourne.

"I found Azel a perfect lady in every respect and the fact that she is as pure today as the driven snow, so far as we are concerned is the only solace that I have. I felt awfully mean over the dastardly act since my brother died and I came into the estates, I have often wished that I could make amends to her."

"We can understand how your conscience smote you," remarked D'Mars.

"I doubt if you can. Only those who have had such an experience can appreciate a living hell that one must carry about in his bosom—yes, must carry with him to his grave and beyond the tomb. I am paying a part of the merited penalty at this moment,

in my confession. I was a victim of environment. To some extent we all are. My environments were bad. I knew nothing but selfishness and my own pleasures. But this has taught me to sympathize with sufferers—yes, with the worst criminals. Only those who know the temptation one had can judge him.”

“You are sound in that proposition, anyway,” remarked Solomon.

“True,” said D’Mars.

“And your proposition,” inquired Solomon.

“I know nothing of the object of the conspiracy against Azel. Of course, I realize that I furthered it and that what I did was done for money. God knows I needed it badly.”

“Are you aware that the Australian law is very severe against even the part you and the Duke played?” queried Solomon.

“I am. But what is to be gained for anyone by giving publicity to a world-wide scandal? It is buried now. It would injure me, of course, but not half as much as it would humiliate Corinna. She has outlived it in Sydney. No one attaches blame to her. Why not suppress the whole thing?”

“Mrs. Fordyce has gone to her reward. Hardwick must be punished. When it gets into court the whole ball of wax must come out,” remarked Solomon.

“We have plenty of cases and evidence against Hardwick without going into the Melbourne affair further than to show that Hardwick paid money to accomplices. I am of the opinion that his bank books will show that. At any rate he cannot overcome the inference against him in the Melbourne matter should we drag that in,” said Mr. Vanstine.

“Very true,” remarked Solomon. “Hardwick has plenty to answer for, but I want to ask Mr. Vernon how extensively it is known that Lord Caledon and Cobden are one and the same person.”

"It is not known outside our agency and you people, to my knowledge," replied Vernon.

"Very well. I am willing to let Lord Caledon go free for the present," remarked D'Mars.

Lord Caledon was suddenly called to England on pressing business and the gossips wondered if Edith had rejected him for that "miserable crank" Colston.

Hardwick was removed from the trusteeship of the Dashon estate which amounted to twenty-five millions and which was vested in Ethel. His trial was a long drawn out affair. Depositions were taken in New York and he was finally convicted of conspiracy against Ethel and embezzlement of trust funds and sentenced to ten years in prison. For the kidnapping of Ethel which occurred in the States, he could not be tried in Australia, so that part of the case was dropped. At the end of the trial, his lawyers had him plucked as bare as a beggar's goose. The great masses of plain people who always insisted that Azel was innocent were vindicated and the newspapers pointed with pride to their claim that the whole affair was shrouded in some dark mystery.

Florence, who had married the Duke of Cronstadt notwithstanding the Cobden affair, was prostrated over her changed fortunes. She knew all along that she was a bogus heiress and that Mrs. Fordyce was her mother. But she and the Duke resided in a palace in St. Petersburg and lived in princely style on the income from her Australian estates. But to do her justice she did not know that poor Azel was the rightful heiress. She had been informed that the true heiress had been **drowned** and that no wrong had been done in giving the estates to her.

When the Duke learned that his wife's estates in Australia had been given to Ethel, he threatened to

secure a divorce and abandon her and her child to the care of the cold world. In this dire emergency Florence made a pilgrimage to New York to throw herself at the feet of Ethel and beg for mercy.

After Ethel had heard her story she consulted her father, sent for Solomon and D'Mars and laid the matter before them.

"You have the power to do exactly as you please," remarked Mr. Solomon.

"I have left the decision of this affair entirely to Ethel," said Mr. Vanstine.

"I know how Ethel will decide, and I am proud of her for it," said D'Mars.

"Make a deed of all the property to Florence in her own right while she lives, and to her children, in fee, if any survive her, and in the event that she leaves no living issue the estate is to revert to me or to my devisees," said Ethel.

"Permit me to congratulate you and to further remark that you are already quite a lawyer," remarked Mr. Solomon.

When Florence learned of Ethel's decision, she was overjoyed, and returned to St. Petersburg the happiest woman in the world.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOCIETY SHOCKED.

The restoration of Ethel Vanstine to her father produced a profound sensation. Her fortune of twenty-five millions in her own right, to which was added her prospective inheritance of five hundred millions from her father put Ethel in the highest niche of social influence. Her further accomplishments as a musician and an artist elevated her still higher. The additional circumstance that she was engaged to D'Mars the billionaire, constituted her the potentate of the inner social circle. Indeed, for one's name to appear on her list was considered a mark of distinction.

Mr. Vanstine now became a society man. He purchased one of the finest residences on Fifth Avenue, to which he added a studio for Ethel and an art gallery that rivalled the finest in Europe. D'Mars purchased an adjoining lot, removed a half million dollar residence and began the erection of a palace that would have no peer in the city.

Horace Colston called regularly on Edith and was a warm friend of Ethel and D'Mars. This was a thorn in the side of society. No one could understand why Edith, so beautiful, charming and accomplished could receive the attentions of a man who daily scored the fashions and frivolities of society, and what was still worse—demanded free and equal opportunities for all.

Horace now put in faster presses and in many ways improved Truth's Torch. The Torch, in fact, began to light up the steps of the brown stone fronts. The big department stores and jewelry houses lifted the boycott. Edith furnished able articles for the Women's Department. She discussed health and declared

that fear and worry superinduced by mercenary fashion were the chief causes of all disease. She told mothers of their power to mold the character of children through pre-natal influences. This department was eagerly read by all women, and a few who heeded began to feel its influences for good. It was no longer a smart thing for fashionable women to boast that they had never seen a copy of *Truth's Torch*.

But the literature of the *Torch* sounded strange to them. They could not understand how Edith, a woman who could afford a new thousand dollar gown and fifty dollar hat every day in the year, could oppose fashion and even denounce it as mercenary and an evil to be condemned.

"What would we do to amuse and entertain ourselves?" said Mrs. Roulet to Mrs. Vaultman, "were it not for fashion and social functions of the higher order?"

"I have solved the whole thing. Edith is nothing more than a school girl. She looks up to Ethel and believes in her. Ethel has never been in society. Her experience has been confined to camp life and a few years in a convent. She in turn, believes in that Sister Celestine of whom she speaks. Celestine is evidently a spiritualist, a dreamer and a theosophist. She lives in an idealistic world, no more like the real world than an oyster is like a rabbit. D'Mars and Ethel are both mediums. They believe that they are under the influence of high celestial spirits. Rockwell and Vanstine are men who ought to have some sense, but they are under the spell of these two women. Rockwell believes that Ethel is an angel. It is hinted that she cured him. He believes that she did it through a superior power."

"I never heard that," said Mrs. Roulet.

"Well, Mrs. Vellum told me that Mr. Vanstine

as much as admitted it to her. You know it was thought some time ago that he and Mrs. Vellum would make a match?"

"That's all over now."

"Certainly, Ethel would not permit it and he is like putty in her hands."

"He has no room in his heart for anyone but Ethel. He is wild over her."

"And well he may. Who would not be proud of so talented a daughter?"

"She is certainly a remarkable woman."

"She is a good woman. All she needs is social training. She has no realization of what society is. We must train her."

"Well, Edith is just as bad."

"Worse. She is under the influence of Colston. He is a dangerous man. He will have them all under his hypnotic influence unless something is done."

"Poor Edith."

"How did Colston capture her?"

"You remember the night that Rev. Metaphor made some breaks and how Colston assailed him?"

"Yes. I thought Metaphor was rather incautious that evening, knowing that Colston was there, and that he would have the privilege of replying."

"Yes. Metaphor is a good man, but at times he is incautious."

"He permits his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment."

"He was right though."

"Of course he was, but it is not always best to do even the right thing at the wrong time."

"Well, Ethel and Edith were there. Colston's ideas were on the same trolley with theirs and they regarded him as a hero."

"And a martyr."

"Yes, that assault on him was an injudicious

thing. Had they let him go on he would have made such a fool of himself, that even Ethel and Edith would have been disgusted."

"I don't know about that. He is cunning and he can present such stupid propositions in a plausible and convincing way to people who do not know him."

"It is very unfortunate that the girls were there that evening."

"I think that after they have gone through one social season they will get their eyes opened and their ideas enlarged and revised."

"Would it not be well to get them into our society of social progress?"

"A capital idea."

"Something must be done in this country to draw the lines, so that we can know, who is who."

"It has reached a point now where you can scarcely tell a shop girl on the avenues from a person of consequence."

"And the young men are to blame. They have got these shop girls spoiled."

"And the elderly men, too, are about as bad as the young men. One can't tell where they are any more."

"Well, what does that matter, as long as they furnish us plenty of money?"

"That's true. I have quit worrying."

"And keep their names out of scandals."

"They are cunning enough for that, if some of them are fools on general principles."

"I had looked for some good results from Lord Caledon's visit. He is so nice and I had such hopes that he would win Edith from Colston. I have hardly the patience to mention that fellow's name."

"Lord Caledon left very suddenly."

"On pressing business, they say."

"Yes, but what more pressing business could he have than to capture Edith?"

"He made but one call on Edith, I understand?"

"And that a very short one."

"The butler told Sam that Ethel broke it up between Edith and him and that they had some high words."

"There is some mystery."

"D'Mars was in the house and they say that he and Lord Caledon almost came to blows."

"What could it be? You know Lord Caledon is the very pink of politeness and propriety."

"They say that Ethel and Edith were almost on the verge of nervous prostration for a whole day over the affair. And Lord Caledon left hastily."

"Gebby tried to quiz Lord Caledon before he left and he would hardly treat Fred civilly. He was mad clear through about something."

"Not much hope for a woman who would turn down such a catch as Lord Caledon for Horace Colston. Why, there is not a girl in the highest social circles that would not jump at him if she had half a chance."

While the society match-makers and censors were scheming to capture Ethel and cure Edith's strange fancy for Horace Colston a highly interesting tableau was in progress at the Rockwell mansion.

Horace Colston, as the reader may be aware, was madly in love with Edith. He regarded her as an angel, far removed from his sphere. It is true, he had met her frequently and found her agreeable, and sympathetic, but what of that? Her circle of acquaintances was wide. Among her warm friends and admirers were a number of bright and most excellent young gentlemen. Some were very wealthy, way up in business attainments. He knew very well that such quali-

fications went far with Mr. Rockwell, who, notwithstanding his conversion, was inclined to estimate men on the basis of their financial achievements.

"What am I," he would say to himself—"a mere writer, a juggler of language. There are scores of writers on the newspapers and magazines who surpass me. Through the kind aid of D'Mars and Ethel, bless her, I am publishing a great newspaper, but I don't own a dollar of it. I made a happy hit that night at the Metaphor lecture. That won the sympathy of these ladies. Had I not been there that night, I might yet be down in Barclay street in that old garret, wrestling with a pay roll and nothing to meet it."

Horace had an inkling of the Lord Caledon episode. That gave him courage, but it might mean nothing for him. He had plenty of opportunity to speak to Edith and declare the passion that was consuming him. But he never saw what he regarded as the opportune moment. While she treated him courteously and considerately, he fancied that she wore an air of reserve toward him. She was not as free and chatty with him as she was with other gentlemen, he imagined. He suspected that she desired to save him the humiliation of a refusal and this maddened him, for he was unable to figure out any scheme of happiness, in which she was not the central figure.

Sometimes he thought he would write her a declaration of his love and lay the whole matter before her. He had prepared such a letter but after analysing it he tore it up. He could not write what he wanted to say. Besides, what excuse could he offer for writing on so important a matter to one whom he could see and converse with any day?

"No," he said, "that would look like cowardice," and whatever other failings he had cowardice was not one of them. If a woman is willing to enter-

tain a proposal she wants it made in person. He knew that much about love anyway.

Edith, on the contrary, with woman's intuition, read Horace like an open book. So did Ethel. They often laughed over his faltering gait in matters of the heart. But Edith gave him no special aid. She knew that his prowess would ultimately be equal to the contest. She had her father's consent to Horace's attentions. Even that she were coquetishly inclined she would not trifle with the affections of such a man as Mr. Colston, whom she knew to be a man of the very highest sense of honor. She knew she had him and she could afford to see him struggle with the hook.

In his perplexity Horace consulted D'Mars. He only laughed and told him that he would better go and talk to Edith herself about it.

"You take this matter entirely too seriously. You must forget yourself and consider her the whole thing. It is no use to study up a set speech to make to her, for you will not use a word of it. You will forget it. Make it short and to the point. Nine proposals out of ten are made in a blundering way. There is not much to be said anyway. You will find more important and delightful affairs to attend to than talking," remarked D'Mars.

Thus encouraged, Horace put himself in special trim that evening when he called on Edith. She saw at a glance something was going to happen, for when a man intends to accomplish something brilliant in the realms of love he never fails to give himself away beforehand.

Whether he should learn his fate early in the evening or await the parting was carefully considered by Horace. He had heard it said that the parting moment is the best, especially if there be doubt of the

outcome. A man can then get away quickly and kick himself for his folly.

"I shall not play coward," said Horace. "I am about to pay Edith the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman. I shall act promptly the first opportune moment. I have the reputation of being somewhat of a crank and Edith will not be surprised."

After the usual commonplace remarks and chat, Horace noticed that Edith was in somewhat of an abstracted mood. Now is the time, thought Horace.

"Edith," he began, for he had been accustomed to that familiar form of address, "I desire to tell you a little fairy story."

"I like fairy stories if they are not too long," replied Edith, with a smile.

Horace thought of D'Mars' injunction "make it short and to the point," and he concluded to observe it.

"Once on a time," he began, "a young man was sojourning in a strange and inhospitable land. He found many evils that he sought to remedy. But the inhabitants did not understand him. They condemned him as a crank. In some respects they were right, for he had too much conceit, and made too little allowance for those who differed with him .

"One night in a dream he found a beautiful angel. The angel was a woman. She was perfect in all that goes to make angels. Her beauty was fascinating. Her merest word was his law. She changed the whole tenor of his life. She absorbed him so completely that he could think of nothing but her. She became the queen of his heart. Yea, he finally realized that he could not live without her sweet smile and encouragement. He realized that he was madly in love with her. He even aspired to her hand and heart. But he was timid. He feared the awakening should she

reject his love. The uncertainty of the situation was consuming him. Now, don't you think he was entitled to sympathy?"

"Perhaps he was. But I do not think he had much courage," replied Edith.

"Suppose she had rejected him?" said Horace in a voice that betrayed him.

"He would then have certainty. Anything is better than suspense," replied Edith.

"You speak wisely," responded Horace, and fixing her in a gaze that could not be mistaken he continued:

"I am the young man and you are the angel. I love you. You only. I owe to you all I enjoy in life. All my hopes of happiness are centered in you. I believe that my eternal future is in your keeping. With one word you can lift me to the seventh heaven, withhold it and I go to perdition. I desire to make you my wife, my partner for all eternity. Do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

Edith was silent, although she anticipated it. She was speechless when the critical moment came. But Horace read his answer in the downcast eyes.

He embraced her passionately as he said, "Speak only the word that will seal my happiness for all time."

"Yes Horace, I love you," she said and the compact was quickly sealed by kisses.

Further words were unnecessary. For several moments heart spoke to heart in language that cannot be uttered. It was over and Horace went home the happiest man on earth.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COAL FAMINE.

During these sensational social events, the question was frequently and persistently asked by the great metropolitan journals what are these billionaire reformers doing for the workingman with whom they profess so much sympathy? Of course this was the old stereotyped play of the politician to the labor galleries.

Horace Colston was rated as a Socialist. He had advocated government ownership and control of the tools of production as well as the natural means of existence. But he had always stood for Christian socialism under which sound morality should be the basis of all progress. Here a chasm opened between him and the materialistic socialists who would eliminate the gospel of Jesus from their campaign. Thus Horace found himself between two extremes, the cold, sordid, materialistic capitalist on one side and materialistic socialist on the other. He considered them both on false grounds, endeavoring to correct error with error, unable to see that in the end error must ever be its own destroyer.

At this time events were transpiring in the industrial world that were forcing a crisis. The country was under the rule of President Blufford, a man who often did things that surprised the trusts but never hurt them. A strike was on in the anthracite coal mines which forced at least 20,000,000 people to freeze or pay an extortionate price for a slender supply of coal. President Gall, of the coal trust, assumed the lofty position, that the coal barons were the chosen trustees of the Almighty, authorized to do as they

pleased with the coal supply stored up in the earth for the use of future generations. He had shut down the mines in order to starve the miners, who had gone out on strike, into submission to his terms.

When the machinery of government had declared itself unable, under the law, to protect the people in their natural and civil rights. President Blufford appointed a commission to adjust the difficulty. After taking evidence five months, the commission decided that the miners' wages should be increased ten cents for each ton of coal mined. The operators then advanced the price of coal fifty cents per ton to the consumers. President Blufford's partisans claimed that this was one of the greatest economic achievements of the age and that it ought to insure Blufford's renomination and election. The people as usual, said nothing, though they wondered why an increase of ten cents per ton on the first cost should require an advance of fifty cents on the selling price.

Emboldened by this success in relieving the consumers, President Blufford now appointed a commission of economic inquiry to investigate the entire industrial and economic system and if anything were found wrong to suggest remedies. This commission met in New York and called upon all who could furnish information or suggest ideas, to appear before it.

Prominent trust promoters, bankers, business men and lawyers, appeared daily. Ancient lore on political economy and ethics was presented and discussed. Organized labor demanded higher wages and as proof of the righteousness of their demands, they pointed to the enormous wealth piled up by men who by labor produced nothing. The captains of industry on the other hand, met this with the claim that were it not for their capital, wage workers would be out of work and still worse off.

After several weeks of this sort of profitless juggling and beating around the bush the commission invited D'Mars and Colston to present their views.

"I have very decided and what you would consider radical views," replied Mr. Colston.

"We will hear you," replied the chairman.

"Under the present competitive system of injustice to the toiler and to the business man, I think that each is doing the very best he considers himself able to do. I can see no remedy while this brutal competitive system, which permits the strong to crush the weak is maintained. I can see nothing but a continuation of this fight in the dark until the masses of our people seek better light. It is idle folly to talk about freedom, liberty, happiness and contentment in any land, where equal opportunity for all is denied by law—where access to the means of existence is not free and equal and equal because free.

"The man who owns and controls the means from which I must live and who has the power to tax me for natural opportunity to toil, owns me. He is my master, to all intents and purposes as fully as though he owned me.

"It is true that I have the privilege of choice between masters and I have the remote hope that some day I may become a master over somebody. But that does not alter the fact that the great masses must ever divide the fruits of their toil with a master. It may be said that there are good masters—that the majority are good. But I believe with Abraham Lincoln that 'God never made any man good enough to own another.' "

"What do you mean by 'natural opportunity' "? inquired Mr. Grabb.

"Natural opportunity is the earth, land, water, light, heat and air, as they came from the hands of

the Creator. He gave the earth to the people free—without price and in perpetuity. Every person born comes into the world with his indefeasable and inalienable title deed in his hand, to a place on the earth, a sufficiency of it to enable him to work and produce a living in the sweat of his face. This right is inalienable, our bill of rights so declares it.

“This right to his foothold on the earth, being inalienable, no ancestor has the right to deprive the new-comer of it, by deed or will. It is the duty of society and government to see to it, that everyone is protected in this right. When we see a person who has no land, not even a spot on which to lay his head or erect a cabin, without paying a nonuser for the use of it, we behold proof of the giant injustice of the age.

“All advance in land values (I am not now speaking of improvements) and in the value of franchises is the result and the product of social growth and should be taken by the people and used for public purposes. Were such a system established no one would be searching for work, hunting for a master, seeking someone with whom he must divide the fruits of his labor for permission to toil.”

Count Beaverpelt, who owned land of the value of \$200,000,000 in New York City and which gives him a net annual income of \$8,000,000, now arose to his feet. This man wore a badge of nobility on his breast over his heart. He had abandoned his native country many years ago to bask in the smiles of kings and princes. He even attempted to assume a foreign air and manner, as he said:

“I am amazed that this commission permits the presentation of such anarchical propositions. The thing needed most in this country is a strong government that will compel the common people—the working classes, if you please—to respect their superiors. Due

respect for the higher classes, the much maligned capitalists, if you please, who furnish the common laboring horde the real means of existence, would lead these lower classes to respect law and order and vested rights—the sacred rights of property. Disrespect for superiors begets disrespect for law and disregard for law engenders the seeds of socialism, the bloom of riot and robbery and the ripe fruit of anarchy. Respect of inferiors for superiors, reverence for the vested rights of property, constitute the true basis of permanent government. Don't yeou kneow."

"There is nothing to be gained by discussion of vague and idealistic evils and remedies. What we seek is something practical. No remedy that would overturn the existing order can be considered by this commission," remarked the chairman.

"I am not an idealist, a socialist, or an anarchist. I merely desire to say to this commission that the problem under consideration will never be settled on the wage and competitive basis. If this commission declines to consider fundamental remedies, I do not care to say more," replied Mr. Colston.

"I desire to corroborate Mr. Colston's statement that he is not a socialist. He confines his equal opportunity remedy to land and religion which he terms morality. We believe that labor should obtain possession and control of, not only land, but all the means of production and distribution, including all the tools of trade. Then all must work or starve, if they are able to work and refuse. As to Colston's fine-spun notions of God and religion and so-called morality, we must leave it out. It is all mere moonshine. We shall never have real freedom until it is abolished," remarked a smooth spoken gentleman in the audience.

"You would have everything owned, controlled

and managed by government?" remarked a member of the commission.

"Precisely. We now have two classes. We would then have one class—the workers."

"Have you any remedies to offer, Mr. D'Mars," inquired the chairman.

"For what?" queried D'Mars.

"To settle the contest between labor and capital," replied the chairman.

"I would suggest that both of these terms be abolished and in their stead we have man. The real man. The man who owns himself and his vote and his labor and his capital. The man who knows that in order to be a real free man all others must be as free as he. When we get the real man and plenty of him, this incident of serfdom will pass away. The world will then be at peace. There will be harmony, for real men who recognize each other's rights and claim nothing for themselves that they are not willing to concede to all others. There will then be nothing over which we may quarrel and slay one another."

"How do you propose ushering in the man?" inquired the chairman.

"He must usher himself in. I may aid and encourage him, but I can't make him. It is given to each to do that for himself. He must seek the Light; hear the Word; follow where truth leads. He must substitute confidence for fear and love for hatred. When he accomplishes this, the prophecy of the Master to his followers will be fulfilled. The Master said you shall remove mountains, heal the sick and handle serpents without danger. The removal of mountains is now done by railway companies, the sick are turned over to quacks, and serpents are handled only by jugglers," replied D'Mars.

"Could you suggest anything that the government

could do to usher in the real man?" inquired a member.

"I could not. Considering all its environments the government is perhaps doing as well as it is able. So is capital. So is labor. I believe in man. I believe in the world of nature. Through the good that I see in all His works I believe in God. Did I believe as some profess to believe that man is prone to evil and that this world was intended to be a world of suffering, I could not believe in a just and all-wise God.

"I believe that there is much good in all men and women. Yea, in the worst, for who dares to judge. I believe that by sending forth messages of love instead of hate, confidence instead of fear, we can disarm our enemies, and we can add to our own good and happiness."

"Your suggestions, Mr. D'Mars, all seem good on idealistic lines, but we are dealing with a real or, as you would term it, a materialistic situation. What would be your final remedy for the competitive wage system?" inquired the chairman.

"I have given you my first remedy, the first step. After something were accomplished on lines of real manhood, in the abolition of the 'I,' the 'self,' the parent and child of misery, fear and greed; I would suggest co-operation, productive and distributive as a substitute for the barbarous and wasteful competitive system. Each would then receive reward in proportion to his contribution of work and not in proportion to his cunning and ability to overreach his neighbor. Moral worth, merit, and talent would receive reward on a basis of actual service to humanity, not on a basis of monopoly. As the real man is developed the ways and means of maintaining the man will materialize."

"What would you suggest for the rich to do at this time?" inquired Count Beaverpelt.

"I can think of nothing better than the advice of

the Master to the rich young man. In addition to that I would suggest that they endeavor to usher in the real man and to begin with themselves."

"And what would you suggest to labor?" inquired the chairman.

"Instead of struggling to maintain the slavish competitive wage system which is now tottering to its tomb, I would advise wageworkers to co-operate. Instead of fighting and abusing capitalists, I would advise workingmen and women to become their own capitalists, employ themselves on the co-operative plan."

"That sort of nonsense makes me weary," remarked a walking delegate.

"I presume so. Your job would be abolished, but your loss would be labor's gain," responded D'Mars.

"You would not favor government ownership of public utilities?" chimed in a gentleman.

"Not until the people controlled the government. Under the wage system, government ownership of public utilities would be more tyrannical and subversive of public rights than it now is."

"Not if the people controlled the government?" remarked the smooth spoken gentleman.

"If," replied D'Mars. "What on earth hinders these people controlling the government now, except the greed and selfishness of self? Don't deceive yourselves, gentlemen. As long as 100 or 500 men can't co-operate and operate a mill or a factory under their own management, but must sell their labor to a capitalist—we shall have capitalists and wage serfs. When labor insists on making the capitalist and then talks of abolishing him, it does an illogical thing and talks nonsense," replied D'Mars.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STARTLING INNOVATION.

The following day D'Mars, Rockwell, Vanstine and Colston held a conference to devise a plan of operation. They had grown weary of the repeated inquiries of the metropolitan press as to how they intended to reform the world. Even the cartoonists and funny squib writers were indulging wit and humor at the expense of the D. R. & V. syndicate.

Ethel and Edith were called into the conference. "We shall now have inspiration," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

Various plans of helping the poor to help themselves were discussed. All plans of distributing money among the poor beyond relieving immediate distress, such as food, shelter and clothing, were abandoned.

"I see little hope for the toilers under the competitive system," remarked Mr. Colston.

"Or the employers either," chimed in Mr. Rockwell. "It is hard to say which is the worst off."

"You see the average wageworker will not look beyond the next pay day," remarked Mr. Colston.

"And the average employer don't see very far beyond the next pay day himself," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"Fear and worry are the evils that dwarf mankind. Right here is the prevailing cause of the so-called race suicide and one of the chief causes of intemperance and crime," remarked D'Mars.

"And the root of greed and money worship," said Mr. Vantsine.

"And that brings us back to where we started,"

remarked Mr. Rockwell. "How shall we remove fear and worry?"

"By removing the cause, by abolishing monopoly of the means of existence," remarked Mr. Colston who still inclined to look to the government and law for relief.

"What is the cause?" inquired Ethel.

No one answered and Ethel continued:

"The world is making its first faltering and blundering steps toward a more elevated plane of civilization and morality. The bonds of intellectual as well as physical slavery are parting. Mind has achieved wonders over matter in recent years and we are only at the threshold of knowledge. Our mission, and we have one, is to rise above such material stumbling blocks as these transient and perishable things of time. We should try to reach the real existing being, the spark of real light and life and release it from its darkened surroundings. When people think right they do right. We should help man to think right. Let man repose confidence in his brother man and love him as the Master commanded and nearly all the evils of which we complain will disappear."

"But how are we to reach the masses? When reached, how are we to impress them? If we don't indorse every cranky fad and 'ism and help along every superficial reform scheme, the promoters will denounce us and say that we are insincere. And they leave their influence on the people," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"We must reach the people through the press and the rostrum," replied Ethel.

"If you knew the press as I know it you would not depend on it," remarked Mr. Colston in a tone of bitterness.

"Why, Mr. Colston, you seem to be prejudiced.

I have always found editors and reporters very nice people. I have talked with some of them on these very lines and they sighed regretfully as they admitted the truth," replied Ethel.

"You have not come in contact with the business end of the press. Why the editor is the merest automaton. Do you know who controls the great metropolitan press?" queried Mr. Colston.

"The editors, I suppose," replied Ethel in surprise.

"Not at all. The advertisers. And they have a right to control it, for they pay the bills."

"I thought the readers pay for the newspapers," remarked Edith.

"The readers do not pay half the cost of their newspaper. That is they do not pay it directly. Of course they pay it all in the end, but they are not aware of it. The advertiser pays the greater part of the cost of the newspaper and then he recoups his outlay off the readers when they purchase his goods and wares."

"I see," remarked Ethel.

"The advertiser is a victim of the competitive system. He is helpless. He realizes the evil, but he dares not oppose it. The people, the primary producers and the final consumers are the chief victims—and they should be, for they alone have the opportunity and the power to abolish the waste by engaging in co-operation. The newspaper itself is a victim of the wasteful competitive wage system and it is powerless. The readers only, have the power to apply the remedy," continued Mr. Colston.

"An inspiration comes to me!" exclaimed Ethel.

"To me too," said Edith laughingly.

"I know what it is," calmly remarked D'Mars.

"What is it?" inquired Ethel.

"A co-operative press, owned and controlled by the people," replied D'Mars.

"Do you know that the same idea occurred to me," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"Me too. The paraclete must be upon us," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"It is an inspiration all right enough. As Horace spoke a strange sensation came over me. My eyes closed and a blazing inscription appeared. It read:

" 'A people's co-operative press. Ten million subscribers. Mental and industrial emancipation.' "

"That settles it," remarked D'Mars, with a glance at his companions.

"Ten millions circulation!" exclaimed Horace, who still had the newspaper instinct. "Won't that be a picnic for the advertising solicitor?"

"How can we put so unwieldy a concern on a business basis?" inquired Mr. Vanstine.

"Easily," replied the famous trust organizer, Mr. Rockwell.

"It will cost us \$500,000,000 to establish such an enterprise," suggested Mr. Vanstine.

"It will require some money to launch such an enterprise, but it will pay its way. Yes. It will be a big money-maker. What say you, Horace?" said Mr. Rockwell.

Horace who had been busy with his pencil replied:

"On such a circulation we can easily maintain enough advertising at a very low rate to earn over \$100,000,000 annually. I can safely say that with the saving of waste that the co-operative feature would afford, it will be a great money maker," replied Horace.

"Don't you think 10,000,000 subscribers could be induced to invest \$5 each in stock? That would raise

\$50,000,000, quite a sufficient sum to put the enterprise squarely on its feet," enquired Mr. Rockwell.

"No, sir. I have had some experience in the matter of inducing workingmen to invest in co-operation. I tell you that nothing will take with the masses unless there is a speculation—a sort of a gamble in it. That explains the case with which the promoters and bunco steerers fleece the country daily. You must have some sort of a speculation in it if you expect to awake popular interest," replied Horace.

"We evidently need the genius of a Col. Sellars," remarked Mr. Vanstine.

"Could not you suggest something yourself, Colston?" queried D'Mars.

"Possibly. Suppose we issue 50,000,000 shares of stock of the par value of one dollar each. Issue one share to each subscriber with a guarantee that it is non-assessible and a provision that it is not to be paid for until the end of the first full running year, and it is not to be paid for then unless it earns one hundred per cent dividend per share. My experience satisfies me that you could place 1,000,000,000 shares of stock on such terms, in about five minutes, providing you could reach the people in that time."

"I believe you have solved the problem. There is nothing like experience," said D'Mars.

"You are right," said Rockwell, "We shall place the capital stock at 50,000,000 shares and issue 10,000,000 on the terms suggested."

"What name shall we give the people's paper," inquired Ethel.

"Truth's Torch," replied D'Mars. "Mr. Colston's paper furnishes us the nucleus and I know of no better name."

"If we publish the paper in New York, will not

the news department be rather antiquated when it reaches the far West and the South?" queried Edith.

"You don't fully comprehend the magnitude and scope of this enterprise my child," remarked Mr. Rockwell. "This newspaper will be published simultaneously, in at least fifty of the leading cities of the country. 'Truth's Torch' will furnish the very latest news every where. By this means we shall be able to take advantage of the local advertising."

"But have you thought of the number of newspapers we will put out of business in these cities and the suffering that will result?" remarked Ethel in deep concern and sympathy.

"I have considered that. We shall first offer them a fair price for their property. We shall give them all an opportunity to sell. If they refuse—of course they must take the consequences. That's the way we always did business. Honesty pays. The success of my business proves that," said Mr. Rockwell.

Business plans were quickly matured. It was decided that 'Truth's Torch' should be a forty-eight page, seven column, two-cent sheet. It would be highly illustrated; artistic in make-up; print all the news; an elaborate society and home department; and choice miscellany.

The plants required one hundred modern printing presses of a capacity of 100,000 forty-eight page papers hourly as printing machines seldom run over two hours daily. Five hundred of the best typesetting machines were required and the product of a dozen paper mills was needed.

The syndicate quietly sent out agents to buy up newspapers. In cities where reasonable terms could not be made, new papers were installed. They already owned most of the stock of the print paper trust and

the press and linotype trusts. Terms, of course, were easily made with these concerns.

A prospectus was prepared and a copy mailed to every family in the United States and Canada and a few to our foreign possessions and also to Europe.

Subscriptions came in cart loads. Within thirty days "Truth's Torch" had 7,000,000 subscribers, and they were still coming.

The construction of machinery was going forward rapidly and offices were being fitted up in the chief cities. There was lively competition among cities for the plants. Some smaller cities offered a large bonus, but no heed was given to such propositions. Notice was sent out that no bonus from cities would be accepted. The following cities were selected for the first co-operative plants:

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, Memphis, New Orleans, Houston, Kansas City, Denver, San Francisco, Minneapolis.

The advertising department was not neglected. Rates were fixed at one-tenth of one cent per agate line for each 1,000 circulation. It was believed that owing to the enormous circulation and the nominal rate for advertising, the full space would be sold daily. No private competitive newspaper could give such rates. Only think of a newspaper having 1,000 circulation running a column of advertising for twenty-eight cents! Yet 210 columns of advertising at this low rate in 10,000,000 circulation would make the gross income \$144,000,000 annually. Such is the saving of waste secured through the marvelous power of co-operation. Applications for advertising came in by the cart load.

To select suitable editorial staffs for the various newspaper plants was no easy matter. While the

general editorial and miscellany, scientific and philosophical matter were prepared in the main office and wired to the branch offices or sent in the form of matrices when available, yet local editors and reporters in touch with the general policy were absolutely necessary in order to preserve harmony and advance the cause of progress. There were plenty of able writers. But something more and higher than art of rhetoric and fervor of language and word painting were necessary. Heart and soul inspiration were needed. In order to secure these higher qualifications and elevated ideals a course of training in the University of Truth and a diploma were necessary.

In order that the education and training of editors and reporters might be facilitated a special course of instruction was given to applicants for positions. Men and women of all ages applied for admission. Most of the applicants had been employed in the editorial departments of various newspapers. It was amusing to see the frantic efforts of some of the older men to learn to tell the truth. Some of the pipe-dream writers were so given up to hyperbole and exaggeration that their case was hopeless. An old gentleman who had edited a popular newspaper for forty years worked hard nearly two months and finally gave it up. He declared with a tear in his eye, "I have edited a political paper too long to learn to tell the truth now."

A very bright lady found herself in the class with the old gentleman just mentioned. She said that she had been managing editor of a society paper and her instructions were to puff everybody and the wealthier the subject the more frequent and elaborate the puffs. But she succeeded in correcting the evil and passed a creditable examination. The advertisement writers were bad subjects for reform, and the best were the

worst for in their goodness consisted their badness. The younger pupils, not having so much false training, and being open to conviction, made the most rapid progress in the University of Truth.

In just sixty days after organization, the first issue was published according to the schedule in forty of the most important cities the same day. A copy of the first issue was sent to every reader in the United States, and also mailed to every reader whose address could be secured in other nations. This was considered the greatest feat of journalism ever executed in any age or nation. "Truth's Torch" was largely reproduced in the language of foreign lands in their metropolitan press and the most profound sensation resulted.

Within four months branch plants were in operation in the fifty cities selected and the daily circulation exceeded 10,000,000 copies. The thirty pages devoted to advertising were full and enough rejected to fill twenty pages more. The business managers pleaded for permission to encroach upon news space but the editorial end controlled, quite an innovation in journalism.

At the close of the people's year a circular letter was mailed to each subscriber informing him that the People's Co-operative Publishing Company had netted over 150 per cent profit after distributing \$47,000,000 among the poor. That one hundred per cent had been paid and that each subscriber was credited with one share stock paid up and upon which the company expected to pay at least one hundred per cent dividend hereafter. The stockholders were further informed that if anyone desired to sell his stock, he could sign the enclosed order, return it and receive one dollar or if he desired to take from one to four more shares he could send the money and receive the stock at par. Stock jobbers and promoters were astonished

at this last proposition, to sell at par, stock that had earned 150 per cent. dividend. All the remaining stock was quickly snapped up by subscribers and millions of others subscribed in order to secure a few shares of stock.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ETHEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Ethel's social and psychic department of Truth's Torch had now attracted considerable attention and discussion. Many women had been greatly benefited by the guides to health set up by Ethel and in their gratitude they desired to help other sufferers. They proposed the organization of a Woman's Health Culture Institute. Ethel and Edith favored the project and promised to assume the role of teachers for a brief period at least. It was to be known as the Women's University of Health and Social Science.

Although the founding of such an educational institution was an undertaking that required much time and careful preparation, it was soon open for business. It was free to all and opened with a class of 250, chiefly society women. The auditorium, which accommodated about 1,200, was also well filled by a rather mixed audience of women exclusively, men being barred. It was a strange freak, thought many society leaders, but none would dare turn down or publicly criticise even a whim proposed by Ethel or Edith. The Society press regarded it as a "charming diversion" that could be made productive of much good.

Ethel opened the University in a somewhat extended address. It was to be conducted on the University plan; lectures by teachers and general discussion afterward in which the class could participate. In substance Ethel said:

"The mission of this University is to aid woman in finding the true object of human existence. This should be the purpose of all institutions of learning,

but many have sadly failed in this mission. They are little more than factories for the polishing of pebbles and the dimming of diamonds. They produce egoists and the higher the college the greater the egoist it produces. The egoist is the product of that sort of individualism that knows only self; self, first, last, and all the time. This self believes only what it can understand and as it understands nothing perfectly it has no positive belief, except in the infallibility of self. Being a mere self, it is selfish. Being an egoist it is proud, arrogant, and domineering. It is possessed of an overweening desire for notoriety, praise, adoration. Having no love or even respect for others it is devoid of the magnetism that attracts love. It therefore seeks greatness in the possession of the common idol of egoistical adoration—money, wealth, and the distinction that wealth confers.

“The higher educational institutions for women are no better than those for men. We have plenty of them. Good ones. And the better the worse, for in their goodness consists their badness. Do they teach women how to be happy? How to make others happy? for in that consists all true happiness. Do they teach women how to abolish worry? How to be well? How to make sunshine about them? How to be beautiful? How to adorn their children with beauty of mind and body? Oh no. They teach women how to bow before that most cruel and heartless of all tyrants, society. How to prostrate themselves before the sacred shrine of mercenary fashion—society and mercenary fashion, whose heartless union produce fear, worry, selfishness, envy, anger, disease, suffering, despair, suicide or premature death.

“It is true that some women find some measure of happiness in church work. They believe that beyond the grave is a land of happiness awaiting them. And

how many really believe even that? I know that some women in whose soul still dimly burns the electric spark of divine light, believe it—but I fear that too many, even of professed Christians, hardly do know what they believe—they think that by attending church they take the chances on it. They are told that this is a world of trial, of tribulation, of suffering; that poor humanity is prone to sin; that the flesh is weak and sinful nature strong; that happiness cannot be expected here below; and that a land of bliss awaits those who believe and suffer.

“The truth is that this world, like all the other heavenly bodies, was made by the Creator to be a world of happiness, a world of joy. Everything essential to human happiness was created in lavish abundance. And man was given dominion over it; not to suffer and eke out a miserable existence, but to be the happiest of all God’s creation. All fear and worry, sin and suffering, disease and death included, are evil—every one of them evils of man’s creation. By his own free will did man create them and by the same free will he can cast them off—not of his own mortal power, remember, but by the cultivation of the divine light which dispels all darkness. And furthermore, there is no happiness beyond the grave for those who do not find it here by making others happy. Happiness is the full fruition of right mind, and the mind that is not right here will not be right beyond. The first step toward happiness is to get the mind right. We can do all this if we know how and try. We must make the effort. It may seem hard sometimes to uproot prejudices, to cast out error, to abolish illusive mind, but it can be done. Everyone who sincerely seeks light, truth, love, is rewarded one thousand fold. To aid women in this work is the mission of this University.

"Here woman can find her highest and noblest mission. She is the chief sufferer from every species of social and industrial evils. The evils are social rather than industrial and for social evils woman holds in her hand the remedy. She is the architect of society. She can mould it and fashion it as she will. She has been a long and patient sufferer. Her redemption is at hand if she desires it. And the encouraging feature of the remedy is that every woman can apply it for herself whether others will aid her or not.

"Woman first needs liberty—emancipation."

"That is what we all need," interrupted a half dozen voices.

"Yes," continued Ethel, "emancipation from the rule, the tyranny of an evil—a veritable devil of woman's own creation."

The pupils looked at one another in amazement, while some were unable to catch their breath for a moment.

"I refer to worry," continued Ethel. "Worry is woman's most deadly enemy. It is the destroyer of health, the slayer of beauty, the assassin of happiness, the despoiler of the home. This assassin comes unheralded; stealthily and surreptitiously this fiend sneaks into the human heart; he instills his subtle poison into the life springs of the mind; he draws curtains of darkness about the electric spark of divine light that illumines the soul; he adorns the mind with spectres of goblins; he then installs his inseparable companion, fear, the nerve-shatterer. With the divine light, the only light that illuminates the joys of life shut off, the harmony of soul and nature, mind and body, is destroyed. Fear lends wings to diseased imagination, and distempered fancy conjures up a thousand spectres. Harmony is destroyed. Disharmony is enthroned. Harmony is health. Disharmony is disease. The

poor victim suffers. The suffering is real; as real as anything mortal can be. The suffering reaches the hysterical border; sometimes passes over. It is the torment of the damned. Why not? The prince of devils is enthroned in the illusive mind. The sufferer craves sympathy and the more sympathy received the more real becomes the suffering.

"A man thus afflicted usually takes to drink. He seeks temporary relief in destruction of the mind. He abuses his family. He indulges his animal passions. He wants to fight. He not unfrequently closes the chapter in murder and suicide.

"Women sometimes pursue the same course, but they more frequently call in the aid of a physician. The doctor usually understands the case well. He asks the stereotyped questions and makes the perfunctory examination. He tells the patient that her nervous system has been overtaxed and that she needs rest, but he does not mention the tyrannical slave driver that has overpowered her nerves. He finds the stomach in rebellion and the liver torpid. The prisoners have broken out and the guards are asleep. Circulation is bad owing to weak heart action. The physician knows that the heart is weary of being crowded to the wall by an overloaded stomach. He advises lighter and more frequent meals, 'provided you are hungry.' The doctor makes her a prescription, warns her to be careful and to call next day or the week following.

" 'How are my lungs and heart, doctor?' inquires the patient.

" 'Normal, in very good condition,' replies the doctor.

" 'You think I have no organic trouble of the lungs or heart?'

" 'Your lungs are sound as a wedge and your heart is unimpaired,' replies the doctor assuringly.

'You are run down and need building up. I would advise a glass of wine or pale ale before meals and just before retiring. After a course of treatment you will be a perfectly well woman.'

"The woman returns home reassured and takes her medicine, which in nine cases out of ten is some trivial concoction of drugs. She believes it will cure her and as a result of this belief she feels better. She confides her success to a friend who shakes her head and replies, 'I passed through all that, but the relief was only temporary. I finally gave that doctor up and tried baths and massage, and do you know, I feel like a new person.'

"The victim thinks this over and discovers that she had not been cured at all. Her troubles come back upon her perhaps worse than before. Her husband calls upon the doctor to ascertain what is really the matter with her. The doctor says she was getting on nicely, but did not complete the course. Had she continued until he had her rebuilt she would have been all right.

"She declares to her husband that she does not believe Dr. ——— understands her case. Mrs. ——— told her of an osteopathist physician who cured her. The symptoms were the same. She would try him. Her husband smiles a weary, far-away smile and says, 'All right, my dear.'

"She calls on the Osteopathist and informs him of her sufferings and efforts to be cured. He makes a searching examination in order to make sure that there has been no oversight in her anatomical construction. He puts to her a list of new questions. She sees at once that he knows something. He informs her that her case is a very common one among people holding her position in social life. Her gustatory, digestive and assimilative system is all right. She needs no

medicine. Her circulation is weak owing to disorganization of the nervous system.

" 'I find that the posterior tibial and the intercostal nerves and the bronchial plexus are estranged from the ulmor and the sophemons, thus intensifying the reflex action of the sciatic plexis on the cerebellum, thus inflaming the nerves of approbateness, imitation and alimentiveness. Nothing but an iron constitution and phenomenal will power enables you to look as well as you do and keep up under such an affliction,' says the physician.

" 'Is there any cure for such a terrible disease?' asks the sufferer, as she fixes a searching look of mingled hope and despair upon his benevolent face.

" 'Certainly. Curing such afflictions is our specialty. Your excellent constitution will surely respond to skillful treatment.'

" 'Is your system of treatment very trying on the nerves?' asks the sufferer.

" 'Not at all, madam. On the contrary it is soothing. All the old harsh treatments have been abolished by our science.'

" 'How long would it require and what is your course of treatment?'

" 'Some cases require longer time than others. Much depends upon the aid the patient can always extend to the physician. You will experience relief from the first treatment. I should say three or four months would suffice in your case. I would expect you to come here every other day at first.'

"She takes the treatment. The doctor introduces the estranged nerves to one another and by skillful manipulation works them into that harmony destroyed by the worry fiend. The surface kneading and manipulation works the stagnant blood out of the capillary veins, a remedy she could have applied in her

own bath room with a crash towel or flesh brush. She feels better for a time but the primary cause is still at work and a relapse follows. The physicians can do nothing more for her. She has lost faith in them. They advise change of scene, foreign travel.

"She abandons her home for cooped-up rooms in hotels. The change of scene distracts her mind from the home worry and she returns improved in health. But the old malady returns. There seems to be no rest, no joy, no happiness for her this side of the grave."

At this juncture, the class and the audience evinced the most enthusiastic approval.

"You must have been a great sufferer?" said a motherly old lady to Ethel.

"I never was sick an hour in my life. From personal experience I know naught of physical ailments."

"Then you must be well informed in the pathology of disease or you could not discuss the sufferings of the majority of us so accurately," remarked one of the ladies.

"I think that I understand most diseases and their causes and one of the objects of this school is to teach women how to prevent as well as cure physical as well as mental ills.

"But there is vastly more in this existence than curing the body. There is the art of preserving youth. The art of remaining young and vigorous, mentally and physically. The art of preventing gray hairs. The art of keeping wrinkles away from our faces. The art of real happiness. There is the art, not only of living happy but dying happy. We shall discover that when we learn the truth that there is no death for those who would live. When we learn that that frightful nightmare called death is only a transit from a lower to a higher state of happiness, death shall lose its sting and Satan's victory shall be no more. All these

things and more shall be taught in this school. And you shall not be asked to take them on the word of promise. You shall return home, your arms filled with the fruits of promise fulfilled."

Ethel's opening address was applauded to the echo. Many ladies expressed regret that they had not had the advantages of such a school thirty or forty years ago.

"Never mind the years," said Ethel. "Thirty or forty, or one hundred or one thousand years are only a moment in eternity."

"Yes," said the lady. "When we get there, but you see we are here now."

Ethel smiled as she replied, "Yes, we are here. But where is here? We are passing through a section of an eternal existence measured by what we call time. Measured by this imaginary thing time, we would be very old now."

"Do you believe that we had an existence prior to this life?" inquired one of the ladies.

"I believe that the electric spark of divine light, the vital principle of life called the soul, is immortal—eternal—and being eternal it will have no end and could have no beginning, in the mortal sense of a beginning. But we may not yet go into the metaphysical. This school opens with the practical material things aroused about us. We begin with the abolition of worry, the fruitful source of nearly all our woes, the chief impediment to happiness."

An animated discussion followed this address. Some thought that Ethel was too severe on our institutions of learning. Others agreed with Ethel that no institution that did not tend to the promotion of love and brotherhood and the uplifting of all humanity could properly be termed an educational institution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FEAR AND WORRY.

The second session of Ethel's school opened under most favorable auspices. There were present in the class about 150 of the most prominent ladies of the highest circles of the "400." A more self-satisfied galaxy of wealth and social culture could not be imagined.

Ethel wrote the following lesson on the black-board:

"Worry, the chief source of women's woes shall be supplanted by love, peace, health and happiness."

The auditorium was well filled and expectation was on tiptoe, for all desired to abolish worry.

"What must we give up in order to abolish worry?" inquired a cautious pupil.

"Selfishness, the root of all the evils that curse humanity," replied Ethel.

"You can name nothing that I would not surrender for love, peace, health and happiness," said a lady who bore the traces of intense suffering.

"I accept your proposition and I believe that I express the sentiment of the entire class," said a lady of evident culture and commanding presence.

"How is this remedy to be applied? How is a sufferer to begin?" inquired a lady.

"The first step in the abolition of worry and fear, is to ascertain the cause. This is sometimes difficult in particular cases, but with careful conscientious effort, by cultivating the real light within and confidently asking for more, the cause can be found.

"Taking the causes of worry in the natural order, we first find the fear of want—fear of poverty. This

is the hell that most concerns the masses. It is not confined to the poor alone. Every rank and grade of society is haunted by this horrible nightmare. The multi-millionaire is haunted by this spectre as well as the pauper. He works as hard to get his tenth million as he did to get the first. It is the muscle that clenches the miser's fist and contracts the usurer's heart. Selfishness and greed are its fruits and wealth its idol. Did you ever notice the shrunk face of the usurer, how the color of his face becomes a cross between the precious metals at a ratio of sixteen to one?

"Then there is another and still more debasing phase of selfishness and greed. That is the selfishness and greed that seeks wealth for the gratification of ambition and pride. Those who indulge this social vice of pride absolutely ignore the command: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' And they pay the penalty—here and hereafter. What they suffer in their present existence may only be a taste of what is to come—be that as it may, it is an awful price to pay for the transitory and delusive joy of a few social victories that crumble to ashes like the dead sea apples. They have their worries—often the worry of dark despair. They not only pay the penalty of their own folly, but for the worry they cause others as well. They are not only slaves of social tyranny, shut off from the light of happiness, but doomed to forego the joy of love."

Each of Ethel's thrusts at selfishness and greed, pride and ambition, envy and hatred went home to these representatives of mere wealth with nerve shattering force. They not only worried over the truths she uttered, some of them showed signs of anger.

"As I have already stated," said Ethel, "To abolish evils that have already become idols, requires some sacrifice, but the joy and happiness gained in return far more than compensate. And after all it is no sac-

rifice. It is simply abolishing woman's chief cause of worry.

"The chief cause of woman's worry and all the evils that follow in its train is the tyranny of that ruthless despot, that prince of fiends, 'Mercenary Fashion.' "

A lady arose and Ethel looked for the expected storm.

"I thank you for those words," she said. "I rejoice that one of our set has the courage to assail our common enemy, appropriately named 'Mercenary Fashion.' "

"I have long been a sufferer from the tyranny of this invading monster. I have beheld the carnage, heard the despairing wails of the helpless victims, noted the wreck and ruin that mark its path, shuddered at the sight of the bleaching bones of its victims in the highways and in the byways. I have long known that 'Mercenary Fashion' is the chief source of woman's worry and of man's worry too. But until now, I did not know that worry is the destroyer of mental and physical health and beauty and these gone there can be no happiness. And to think that during all this time the reformers, the so-called emancipators of women, the high-toned college, the society press, the forum and the pulpit have failed to denounce this evil—nay, they dare not even rebuke the insane pranks of this blind, heartless, soulless, tyrant—'Mercenary Fashion.' You can count on me to do my full part in this crusade."

"There will be no crusade," replied Ethel. "No warfare, no criticism even of those who differ with us. We would not substitute one species of tyranny for another. What woman needs, and man too, is emancipation from mental slavery, sin and suffering. The emancipation which we seek not only makes us strong



"I HAVE EDITED A POLITICAL PAPER TOO LONG TO TELL THE TRUTH NOW,"—Page 236.

but it disarms the enemy. This emancipation is not only a work of love for others but a promoter of our own happiness. Every moment we devote to this work is a moment of joy, a season of good impressions, even in sickness the emancipated mind is grateful for the limitations of the suffering, and in death it opens the windows of the soul to the early dawn of a higher and happier existence. Indeed an emancipation can be reached that relieves the body of all suffering and disarms death of all its terrors, rendering it only a happy awaking from a troubled dream.

"Now, my friends, I know you all suffer. And your sufferings reach others and make them suffer. By emancipating yourselves you emancipate others. Thus your efforts are twice blest. What say you?"

"I can't see why we must abolish fashion. Without fashion and style what would a woman be? What would occupy her time?" replied a fashionably gowned lady.

"Emancipation from the tyranny of mercenary fashion, from the fear of that strange spell 'what will they say?'; from a selfish and malicious desire to make unhappiness for those who cannot afford to keep up our pace, does not require us to go to the other extreme and abandon comfortable and even elegant apparel and beautiful and artistically furnished homes. It is that indulgence of pride and vanity that drives even the mercenaries of fashion to despair in efforts to design something new, regardless of taste or comfort or decency, that we condemn," replied Ethel.

"But," said the fashionable woman, "a fashion that lacks merit will not last long."

"Very true," said Ethel. "And the shorter its life the better for the mercenary who makes money out of catering to pride and vanity. But however short the fashion, the tyranny and folly that induces people

to adopt it, lasts and seems to go on forever with worry and wreck and ruin following in its wake."

"But no one is compelled to adopt any fashion if she can't afford it," replied the woman who proved to be the owner of a fashion emporium.

"When you say 'No one is compelled' you overlook the real evil under discussion, the tyranny, the worry, the compulsory power of illusive mind. Not compelled, indeed! Thousands who are financially unable to afford this folly imagine that they must do it in order to keep in the swim. And they do it at the expense of home, family, peace and happiness—and some women bow to this tyrant at a still greater sacrifice, the price of honor and virtue. You speak of those who can't afford it. Who can afford it? Who can afford to send abroad the devils of envy in the hearts of thousands in order to amuse the devil of pride and vanity in their own hearts? The tyrannical scandal of mercenary fashion starts with the demi-monde in Paris; it is eagerly grasped by our people of wealth; it comes down through them to the middle classes and even the poor; like a heritage from Satan—a blast from perdition. This is indeed scandal the great Master said, 'better that a mill-stone be hung about your neck and that you be cast into the depth of the sea, than that you give scandal even to one of these little ones.' I fear that we are all 'little ones' in the sense of weakness in the face of temptation, if not in the higher sense of youth and innocence."

This argument was received with vociferous applause by the vast audience that filled even the standing room, but the applause from the class, while quite liberal, was guarded.

Ethel knew that the applause from the audience was rather intended as a "roast" for the wealthy ladies of the class than as recognition of a great truth. She

knew it was prompted more by envy than love. So she turned to the audience and said:

"You applaud, but how many of you would do much better than the wealthy were you in their place? My experience has taught me that those who suddenly rise from poverty to wealth are the worst oppressors of the poor and the silliest victims of mercenary fashion."

"That proves the evil influence of wealth," remarked a woman in the audience.

"It does," replied Ethel, "and it tends to prove more. It tends to prove that many of the poor are more anxious to get into the swim with the rich, than they are to abolish the injustice that causes poverty." It was now the turn of the class to applaud and they embraced the opportunity with a will.

"I desire," said Ethel, "to call your attention to a few of the real evils as well as the ridiculous phases of the fear and worry that grows out of this idolatry of mercenary fashion.

"During our last visit to Paris, Edith and I drifted into a vast Bazaar devoted entirely to the sale of curios. It was well patronized, chiefly by foreigners, most of whom were Americans. We inspected it very fully. Amid the thousands of trinkets exposed for sale, we were unable to find much that was useful or in any way conducive to human comfort, art, or even tasty as an adornment. Scarcely anything was duplicated, and of course the prices were high. I noticed that the purchasers were very anxious about the guarantee that no one else could get a duplicate. Even the clerks could scarcely conceal their contempt for the pride and stupid efforts of the purchasers at haughty exclusiveness.

"One day an American lady, noted as an entertainer, and her husband arrived at my hotel. I men-

tion his wife first because she was pretty nearly the whole thing. When not busy obeying her orders, her husband sat on the veranda reading the markets or inspecting and answering cablegrams from Wall Street. This woman had forty trunks and five servants. She was on the verge of nervous prostration.

"She was in a dilemma whether to first call upon a noted nerve specialist or visit a fashionable emporium and order a few new gowns. Two days later an extend interview with her on social reforms appeared in the leading society paper of Paris.

"One of the most injurious influences of mercenary fashion is its tendency to debasement of the body as well as of the mind. We have all noticed the overweening desire of the fashion designer to exhibit instead of conceal the anatomy and develop an attractive form. This may be useful where female charms are for sale, but it has no place in the wardrobe or the heart of a modest woman. Men, in this sensuous age, need no such hints or allurements. Only imagine Raphael going to such a place as Worth's in quest of inspiration when he designed his famous Madonna!"

"But a woman must have some shape. Imagine us all going about without corsets," remarked a lady.

"There is something infinitely more serviceable and artistic than corsets, and cosmetics and drugs, to give shape, beauty and health to women. I shall speak of that in a later lesson. Corsets, tight shoes, cosmetics and drugs are all inventions of the fiend of mercenary fashion for women's torture," replied Ethel.

"If you would abolish medicine and doctors altogether I may as well give up. Without my physician I do not believe I would live a month," said a woman whose face bespoke much worry and intense suffering.

"What is your malady, madam?" inquired Ethel.

"It is a strange complication of diseases," replied the lady. "My nerves are continually on the verge of collapse. I am subject to sciatic and neuralgic pains which shift about, something like muscular rheumatism. Then I suffer from stomach trouble, my diet chart has to be changed frequently. I have cold feet and cold chills at times run down my spine. I suffered intensely until I found my present physician about five years ago. The others all gave me up. Were it not for him I would be dead," said the lady.

"Why don't he cure you?" inquired Ethel.

"Had he got the case in time, he says he could have cured me, but it had made such headway when he took it that it required the utmost skill to save my life. But he has benefited me. The nature of my case is such that the medicine that will relieve cure one disease, intensifies another. He has discovered some new medicines that have greatly relieved me, at least in the sense that I grow no worse. He is working now on a toxine of a peculiar nature. He expects by means of this toxine to destroy the malignant germs and strengthen the friendly germs. He is going to try it first on my poodle. Poor little 'Tip' suffers pretty much as I suffer. He is very sensitive. He suffers from dyspepsia and when the neuralgic pains rack his poor little nerves, his screams are piteous, and to think that I can do nothing for him," said the sufferer with a deep sigh.

"Did you ever send 'Tip' to a canine physician for treatment?" inquired a lady.

"Oh yes," replied the poor woman, "and strange to say, he entirely recovered, but when I bring him home his malady returns. Poor little 'Tip.'"

"Where does he sleep," inquired a lady.

"He has his own room and bed. A servant sleeps in a small room that adjoins his and looks after his

little wants. But he makes no trouble, he is very thoughtful."

"Why don't you consult the doctor who is so successful in curing Tip?" inquired Ethel.

"Would you consider it good form and proper for me to consult an animal doctor?"

"Anything is proper that promises the restoration of health."

"I should say so. Some of our most famous pathologists started as animal doctors. Our chief army surgeon during the Cuban war was originally a horse doctor," remarked Mrs. Cygnet, an acknowledged leader of the inner social circle.

"To confess the truth," said the sufferer, "I did ask Tip's doctor one day how he effected such wonderful cures on animals. He said he had a secret treatment for canine sufferers, which he had discovered at great expense of time and study. He would gladly give me his secret if it would be of any use to me, but the treatment could not be applied to human beings."

"But Tip's malady returns. This doctor does not really cure him," said Ethel.

"I asked him about that, too," said the sufferer. "He told me that Tip is very delicately organized and consequently very sensitive and sympathetic. He said that Tip's malady is largely due to his intense sympathy for me. Poor fellow, he is about the only real sympathizer I have."

"Are your children afflicted with your malady?" inquired Ethel.

"Our family consists of only myself and husband. I have worry enough without children. Two or three children about the house, in my condition, would drive me crazy, so under the doctor's advice I concluded not to bother with children."

Ethel, who entertained peculiar ideas on this subject, was horrified, but she did not consider it policy to branch off. She said: "Well, you say Tip is the only real sympathizer you have. Your husband sympathizes with you, does he not?"

"O, yes. He sympathizes as men usually do. I have nothing to say against him. He is a good, kind, affectionate husband and a good provider. He makes a great deal of money and is lavish in supplying all my wants. But he is a great, strong, robust man. Never was sick, never suffered. When I try to tell him how I suffer, he lights a fresh cigar and the story of my sufferings goes up in smoke. He suggests that I visit some health resort, or something of that sort, but he is very busy and can't accompany me."

"Why don't you take him at his word and go?" said one of the ladies.

"I have made tours of our home resorts and during the excitement of the trips and the novelty of my new surroundings, I would feel better, but after that wore off and I got to thinking, all my pains and aches and worry would come back to me. I do believe that he is right, that an extended European tour would benefit me, but it is not wise for a woman who has a good husband like mine, to leave him too long alone, amid the allurements of a great wicked city like this," replied the sufferer.

"If he is that sort of a man, you might as well go. You can't watch him. My husband played me for a while, but I caught him and got a divorce and plenty of alimony. I think a woman is better off without a husband anyway, if she has separate means of her own," remarked an athletic appearing young woman, with red hair, almony shaped eyes, aquiline nose and the curves of ambition well developed between her high cheek bones and firmly set mouth.

Ethel saw the ominous portend of an approaching storm and adroitly parried it off by resuming the thread of the lesson. "My dear woman," she began, "I understand your trouble and I deeply sympathize with you. Your sufferings, to you are real, as real as anything is that is merely mortal. Your case is a hard one. But it can be cured if you will only co-operate in the cure. There are thousands of cases like it; only differing in degree of suffering. I regard your presence here and your candid statement as favorable omens, I believe that your cure is assured."

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Nearly two years had now elapsed since the clouds that shadowed D'Mars and Ethel had cleared away. It had been to them a season of uninterrupted joy. Edith and Horace Colston were engaged. Horace had made a wonderful success of *Truth's Torch*. He had become much more conservative in his editorials and speeches. He no longer railed against wealthy men merely because they possessed wealth. He recognized that with advancing civilization brain dominated matter; the powers of nature must be harnessed up to lighten the exhaustiveness of toil. This combination of the forces of nature to supply human needs and comforts required vast capital. The toilers by co-operation, could, if they would, save and furnish the necessary capital. But they had not done so. If they owned the tools of production and employed themselves they could shorten their hours of labor and enjoy the benefits of labor-saving machinery. But they do not and therefore we have the capitalist and the employee and the wage system.

Seeing that the capitalist is the necessary result of wage workers refusing to use the brains of business tact as well as their hands, Horace became more of a co-operative educator than a labor agitator. Through reading *Truth's Torch* many wealthy men began to see the advantages of business intelligence among wage workers, and in order to further it they inaugurated profit sharing and finally co-operation among their employees.

Ethel and Edith were the central figures of a splendid group of intellectual women of means and

leisure who saw that woman had a higher mission in life than posing as a standing advertisement for mercenary fashion and a mark for quacks. Their logical and eloquent pleas for the new thought and the higher and happier life, bore fruit one hundred fold in every rank and grade of society.

During this year of unalloyed enjoyment, D'Mars and Ethel had given much attention to psychology. They had been experimenting with the higher manifestations of mental phenomena. They had long known the possibility of abstracting the mind so completely from matter or material things, that what might be termed a higher state of consciousness could be reached. How to control these mental conditions by will power was what they sought to discover.

They had already sufficient power to go to sleep at any moment and meet in dreams. By cultivation of this faculty they were soon able to converse intelligently and make excursions to various places in these dreams.

These excursions began by a sensation of flying, or rather passing through the air near the ground by a succession of long steps which gradually gave way to moving continuously. Many readers have no doubt dreamt that they were flying.

They soon became able to visit distant cities, fairs, art galleries and even foreign countries. In these excursions they frequently met others who had been making similar experiments. What surprised them most was the rapidity of their flight in these visits. On one occasion they had visited three distant cities in different foreign lands, spent some time in each place, took a sail on a lake in Canada and a bath at the famous resort of Aggahamann in the Golden Horn, and after awaking discovered that they had been asleep only thirty minutes.

Encouraged by their success in terrestrial mind touring they conceived the daring project of attempting a trip beyond this planet. Ethel had an inspiration which assured her that her mother was in Venus. She loved her mother tenderly and longed to meet her. Many an evening she watched the beautiful evening star and wondered if her sainted mother was thinking of her. Since she had found her father, the desire to find her mother also grew upon her.

Ethel informed D'Mars of her desire. She expected him to laugh at her silly notion, and she was correct in her surmises. But when he saw that she could not be dissuaded, he became alarmed.

"Suppose you should not return, what would become to me?" he inquired.

"Why not accompany me?" suggested Ethel.

"I certainly should," remarked D'Mars as he sealed the declaration with a kiss.

"But," he added, "suppose neither of us should return?"

"I fear we all attach too much importance to the location of our material bodies.

"It probably matters little in eternity where we are during a momentary physical existence. I think that if we make up our mind to return we shall return," said Ethel.

It was to be a double wedding and the momentous day was approaching. Ethel and Edith desired a quiet wedding, but their friends would not consent. They insisted that it should be a notable social event. Nothing short of a grand ball would be considered. Messrs. Vanstine and Rockwell were as happy as the brides and the grooms. They were living over again the days of youth. How little all knew the blow that was soon to fall.

About a month prior to the wedding day D'Mars and Ethel were making one of their nocturnal excur-

sions. They had visited Australia in a dream, and viewed the scenes of their early hopes and fears. On their return they stopped in San Francisco, where they met the old hermit of Mt. St. Elias. Ethel needed no introduction. She recognized him at once as the gardener who introduced her to D'Mars in the garden. A flood of retrospective thought came over her. She remembered having met him in the gray dawn of tradition. This, of course, was only the power of his mind to awaken her recollection.

They informed the hermit of their marvelous success and happiness.

"Yes," said the hermit, "You have a mission to perform. We all have. There is unbounded happiness in store for you, if you persevere. But your gold. Beware of temptation. Use it wisely."

D'Mars informed the hermit of Ethel's desire to visit Venus.

"By all means go. It is just as easy to make the trip to Venus as to Australia. Mortals fix their own limitations. They fear that they cannot do things; and they can't because of the fear. Under the direction of the higher Intelligence the mind is a wonderful power."

D'Mars and Ethel considered this project and the words of the hermit the following day, and finally decided to attempt the trip to Venus. They never mentioned their intended journey to their friends, a circumstance that turned out to be a serious mistake.

After comparing their watches they decided to go to sleep and start on their journey at 12 o'clock precisely. Their parting that evening was unusually tender. What if one should make the trip and the other remain. Again Venus is a large world. They might be separated and not meet again for centuries. Ethel laughed at these faith-destroying thoughts.

"It is nothing more than what we term dying, and we must sometime pass over," she said reassuringly to her lover as she threw her arms about his neck and rested her head on his heaving bosom. He kissed the upturned face again and again in that earthly parting, which might be for years—ages—yes, centuries. Who could tell what dream would come in such a sleep as they had prepared for.

Ethel stood on the veranda and watched D'Mars' departure as he walked down the lawn. He waved her a kiss as he entered his carriage and was driven quickly to his own apartments. Ethel returned to her room. It was 11 o'clock. In one hour they were to meet in Mecca, millions of miles away. Long and earnestly she prayed to Him, who could guide her on such an unknown journey. Five minutes prior to the supreme moment she retired and was prepared to drop asleep with the last stroke of the midnight bell.

D'Mars, too, carried out his part of the program. With the last stroke of the signal he was sound asleep. That was the last of earth. They were totally unprepared for the change that came to them.

It seemed to them that they were instantly transported to some tropical clime or on another plane of existence, in some other state of consciousness. Yet their new state did not differ materially from that which they experienced in their dream tours on earth. They noticed that mortal life now seemed mythical, away back in some distant past. They had no distinct recollection of earthly life. It seemed far away, dreamy and unreal.

They found themselves in a strange seaport, surrounded by a vast concourse of travelers, and broiled by intense heat.

To the right and to the left, as far as one could see, were docks and vessels in the slips. The multi-

tude of travelers was a study. People of every nation and of every rank and grade of society were there, all in a rush and a scramble to get away.

The king in his robes of royalty and the subject, the prince and the peasant, the millionaire and the pauper, the richly gowned society woman and the domestic, all mingled indiscriminately. Many seemed careworn and haggard. Others appeared happy.

The boats bound for Mecca were on the right, and on the left were the boats for Centropolis. A plain walk through a lawn in which bloomed beautiful flowers led to the Mecca boats. They were large, substantial boats and not particularly attractive. There were plenty of solicitors for the Mecca boats, but they offered few attractive inducements. Love, happiness and immortality were all they offered.

A magnificent thoroughfare led to the Centropolis boats. It was lined on either side with handsome structures and attractive signs. Every second door opened to a saloon or pool-room. Candy and ice cream, soda water and lemonade stands intermingled with the brokers' and ticket scalpers' offices.

Signs on rear doors indicated the "Ladies' Entrance", and further to the rear were signs of immense mugs of beer, "Two for a nickel." It is needless to say that a constant stream of the rougher and more dissipated classes poured in and out of these lower sample rooms. The more pretentious bar-rooms were thronged by the "better classes." Men of all ages and dressed in the top notch of fashion thronged these palaces of pleasure. A higher-toned class, who wore silk hats and carried gold-headed canes, walked leisurely to the Centropolis boats, giving these attractions a sneering glance as they passed.

The aristocrats walked with measured and consequential tread, not deigning to notice anybody.

They knew where they were going. They had through tickets and baggage transfers. They were nearly all headed for the main thoroughfare to the docks where lay the great gilded ocean steamers for Centropolis.

A prominent promoter occupied a central stand near the entrance to the palatial steamers. He told the crowd of the splendid opportunities for business at Centropolis, a city of 25,000,000 population. Plenty of work and good wages for 2,000,000 or more workmen. The fashionable crowd were all heading that way, followed by workmen, most of whom thought of nothing but a job and wages.

"Your country up there amounts to nothing," remarked a Centropolis promoter to a solicitor for Venus, who was talking with D'Mars and Ethel.

"You have plenty of people up there, but no enterprise. There is not one millionaire in Mecca, while we have thousands of them in Centropolis, and many billionaires. We have all sorts of amusements. You can see a prize-fight every day, no fakes, the real thing. Every taste can be gratified. Centropolis is the place for people who want to see real life, and make money."

"But you must admit that our educational system is far ahead of Pluto. We excel you in music, art and poetry. In science you are far behind us. It is true you have vast wealth and many multi-millionaires, but Centropolis is a mountain of wealth, surrounded by an ocean of destitution. While no one is very wealthy in Venus, no one is poor. Our people are happy and they are preparing for the still happier land beyond in the hereafter. Besides your people down there, that are not murdered, die under three score years, while the people of Venus live from 200 to 300 years," replied the Mecca solicitor.

"Your hereafter makes us weary," replied the Centropolis promoter. "There is no hereafter. As

for living 200 or 300 years, I would rather live 20 or 30 years and have a good time. Don't you see that all the better classes take our boats."

As he spoke, two women, dressed in the top notch of fashion, passed. They were speaking French, evidently from Paris. They were gazing about at the crowd and moving on toward the Centropolis boat.

Two young men stood near D'Mars and Ethel. They were well dressed, one whose face bore evidences of dissipation, remarked to his companion, a very respectable appearing young man, "Did you catch on to that?"

"No." replied his companion.

"Why, that one with the white plume caught my eye;" let us follow them aboard.

His companion hesitated. saying he had not yet made up his mind.

"Come on. Everybody is going to Centropolis," remarked his companion, as he grabbed his arm and started.

"I have seen enough, let us go aboard the Venus boat," said Ethel.

"Certainly," replied D'Mars. "I have been to Centropolis and had enough of it."

Two hours later D'Mars and Ethel paced the deck. The boat had started. The seaport was rapidly lost in the hazy distance. It was an ideal afternoon. The sun was approaching the horizon. The azure sky imparted its tint to the ocean. While they had but vague recollection of the past, their love was now stronger than ever. Loverlike, they were oblivious to all surroundings. They had set out for Mecca. Soon they would reach their destination.

"If there were only a minister aboard, our happiness could be completed, sealed now and here," remarked D'Mars as he glanced about.

At that moment a portly gentleman approached them. He wore clerical robes. "I notice that you are lovers and desire the services of a clergyman," he remarked.

"We need such service. Are you a clergyman?" asked D'Mars, with a glance at Ethel, who seemed overcome by excitement.

"I am," replied the clergyman. "I am Father Dromgoole, of New York, in the world known here as GrCaball."

"New York?" replied D'Mars, with a questioning glance at Ethel. "Seems to me that I have heard the name. It comes to me like the echo of a broken dream."

"I, too, have some recollection of New York, but I never heard of Graball," remarked Ethel.

"New York is on the earth. You came from the earth. But the earth is known here as Graball, because of the disposition of earthly people to grab everything they see. Their greed affords us a great deal of amusement in Venus, but they gradually outgrow it," replied the clergyman.

"The earth?" repeated D'Mars.

"Yes. They call it the world in Graball," replied the clergyman.

"The world. The earth," repeated Ethel. "I have heard those names before. But where? It seems like a dream.

"They come to me, too. But it is all vague and indistinct. Do you mean to say that we lived in a previous world and that we died and have been re-incarnated?" asked D'Mars.

"Never mind. You are not sufficiently advanced yet to discuss those problems. I know exactly how you feel. I have gone through it. All must. We are approaching the 'River of Life.' You will be

sailing in it tomorrow. After you have bathed in its refreshing and life-giving waters, much of your past will come back to you. The important thing now is that you be married."

"But we have no license," replied D'Mars with evident anxiety. "What is the law here?"

"I now know that you are from Graball. Visitors from the most lawless worlds are always very technical over legal formalities. I hold a license to officiate, issued by the authorities at Mecca, the destination of this boat, and you need not fear that any New York officials will ever come to Mecca, to inquire after your license," said the reverend gentleman, with a smile.

D'Mars and Ethel decided to wed at once and the clergyman went down to the cabin to make arrangements for the ceremony.

He soon returned and the happy couple followed him into the grand cabin. Hundreds of passengers were present and the band played the wedding march as they entered.

It was a solemn moment that, when the lovers stood before the sainted clergyman to take the sacred vows that made them one for all eternity.

Father Dromgoole prefaced the ceremony with a few words of instruction. He said among other things:

"My children, you are fortunate. You have been estranged since the angels rebelled. Since that time you have wandered in darkness. You have sinned and suffered. Ethel has remained on the dark planet during countless ages, trying to save you. Salvation was within your grasp, scores of times, but you turned back upon the good and again wandered in darkness. You are now children, so to speak, embarking upon real life. This vessel is about to enter the bay of love, into which flows the waters of the river of life. To-

morrow we shall be ascending the river. You shall bathe in its sparkling waters which renew the vigor of youth, to those whose minds are right. Should you remain here you can never be too thankful that you have escaped so early in years from that awful illusion, that frightful dream called mortal life in Graball."

He then joined their hands and pronounced the words that united them forevermore.

"Let this joining of hands symbolize the meeting of minds, the union of hearts, the harmony of souls, Let the flame of Love burn and the light of Truth shine until they reach all the dark places of the universe. In this you shall find the heaven you seek, and you can enlarge it, and beautify it, and intensify it until you are drawn up to the higher and more advanced worlds where joy is eternal."

After the ceremony D'Mars and Ethel were introduced to the master and officers of the boat, and they soon formed the acquaintance of many passengers. Ethel visited with the ladies and D'Mars, in company of the captain, looked through the vessel. It was one of the finest and largest on the ocean, being 850 feet long, 80 feet beam and having a capacity for 3,500 passengers, and speed of 60 miles per hour. It was comfortably filled, more than one-half the passengers being children. The children's department was a wonder of neatness and utility. Every child's wants were cared for, and the sanitary arrangements were perfect.

"How do you get along in case of epidemic, or even severe sickness?"

"We have no epidemic and rarely any sickness after the children are bathed in the river of life. They are worried for a while at first by the fears, the mortal mind inherited from parents, but they soon get over

that. 'This is a country where health and not disease is catching.'

Next morning D'Mars and Ethel were out on deck to get their first sight of the shores of the river of life. The boat was about 200 miles up the river, which at that place was over five miles across. The sun was rising and the disappearing mists revealed lowlands overgrown with tall seagrass. Millions of wild geese and ducks sailed in the air. Numerous hunters in boats were seen near the river banks and way off in the bayous.

Soon they sighted the rapids which appeared like a tempest-tossed ocean. The boat entered the locks and was quickly elevated 50 feet. The river narrowed to about four miles wide, and lofty highlands appeared in the distance. The boat stopped at what seemed to be a watering place. The passengers all disembarked in the most perfect order and filed into bath houses that would accommodate 20,000 people. All came out much refreshed and appearing many years younger. One old lady who was stooped with age and rheumatism, came out of the bath house fresh as a young lady of seventeen years of age.

After bathing in the waters of life D'Mars and Ethel regained their memory. They remembered their experiences in Graball, but such was the soothing effects of the water of life that they suffered no worry. They realized the nothingness of Graball, and their only regret was that all their friends had not accompanied them

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MEETING BEYOND.

The city of Mecca is situated on the east bank of the river at the mouth and on either side of the River Hebron, a body of water nearly one mile wide. The city stands upon a semi-circular bay, the ground being from 75 to 150 feet above the water, with still greater elevation as it extends back to the hills. It contains 12,000,000 inhabitants, and every street and alley is paved and swept daily, while the business streets are picked up hourly and swept and flooded every night.

Ethel and D'Mars quickly located Mrs. Vanstine. She held a leading position in the Conservatory of Art and Music. Her residence was on the Grand boulevard, about four miles from the river. She would be home at 4 o'clock P. M. It was now three. In one hour Ethel could meet her mother of whom she had only the slightest remembrance. She was so impatient that she could scarcely take her eyes off the great clock at the opposite end of the hall. Further investigations found that Mrs. Rockwell was cashier for the Central Oil Works. She also resided on Grand boulevard, near Mrs. Vanstine.

D'Mars sought through the directory for the names of prominent business men, whom he had known in Graball and who had passed over some years ago, but they had evidently not yet arrived. He located many acquaintances, however, and remarked to Ethel that, "We will soon find ourselves at home in Mecca."

The clock struck four and Ethel awaked D'Mars

from his interest in the directory by remarking, "Let us go now and not keep Mama waiting."

"Is she expecting us?" queried D'Mars.

"She is," said Ethel. "I was with her last night in a dream and told her we were coming to-day."

"Why didn't you get the number and save us all this work locating her," queried D'Mars.

"Never mind," said Ethel, "you are always asking questions that nobody can answer. Let us go now, quick." A half hour later they reached Mrs. Vanstine's residence.

Mrs. Vanstine opened the door. For a moment both she and Ethel were so overcome that neither could speak. They knew one another. Each was the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Vanstine who, according to Graball, time ought to be 55 years, looked like a well-preserved woman of twenty, while Ethel appeared no older than a school girl of 15, and D'Mars appeared as a youth of 17 or 18 years.

"My long, lost child," said Mrs. Vanstine, as she clasped Ethel in her arms and almost carried her into the spacious parlor. So happy were mother and daughter that they cried and laughed alternately. Ethel introduced D'Mars and he too was fondly embraced by his handsome mother-in-law.

"And how is our dear husband and father?" said Mrs. Vanstine.

Ethel shed tears as she replied that he was well, but very sad and lonely.

"And where have you been, Ethel, since the nurse took you out on that fatal boat ride in Graball?" inquired her mother.

Ethel and D'Mars together related the story of her camp life in Australia and rescue.

"Can you play and sing?" inquired Mrs. Vanstine.

Ethel said she could play and sing in Graball.

Her mother led her to the grand piano and the moment Ethel ran her fingers over the keys her mother smilingly remarked, "You can play and I am so anxious to hear you sing; I know you can sing. Music has been an inheritance in our family."

Ethel felt the inspiration and sang one of her most delightful songs, playing the accompaniment without dropping a note.

"Why you are able to teach in the Conservatory," exclaimed her mother, and they embraced and kissed again and again.

"I will show you to your rooms. I had them all prepared," said Mrs. Vanstine, as she led the way to a broad, easy stairway.

"How did you know we were coming?" inquired Ethel.

"I saw you both in a vision last night on the boat, and I talked with you, Ethel, and you told me you would come to me direct when the boat landed. So you see I am not surprised," replied Mrs. Vanstine. She showed D'Mars to their room and then accompanied Ethel to hers, where mother and daughter indulged in one of those long mysterious chats which afford women so much consolation.

While the children were making their toilets, Mrs. Vanstine 'phoned Mrs. Rockwell to drop in on her way to dinner, as she had a surprise for her.

They were all in the reception hall when Mrs. Rockwell arrived. She was overjoyed to meet Edith's nearest and dearest friend. She inquired particularly after Mr. Rockwell, and was highly pleased to learn that all efforts of the society set to induce him to wed again had failed. Since his conversion he would not think of such folly. She inquired specially concerning the engagement of Edith and Horace and was

deeply interested in the scene at the cottage of the old hermit Gervino.

"It is now time for dinner," said Mrs. Vanstine, as the clock pointed 6 P. M.

Ethel and D'Mars felt some curiosity on that score as they saw no servants or any sort of preparation for the evening meal, but they awaited developments.

Mrs. Vanstine led the way. They walked along the boulevard two squares and turned one square to the left. There they found an extensive and artistic building surrounded by beautiful grounds and walks amid flowers and shrubbery. They entered a spacious reception room provided with hat-racks and hooks and shelves. The tile floors were neat and clean, the walls elegantly decorated far beyond the standard of the finest Graball hotels.

The main dining hall was of a rectangular octagon, shape about 200 by 400 feet. A flood of amber light poured down through stained glass. At the right was the service department, and on the left were open casements that looked out upon a beautiful conservatory. There were a number of smaller dining rooms for parties, families and children. Rare pannel paintings decorated the walls. The tables varied in size and each was provided with vases of fragrant flowers.

The dinner was served *table de hote*, and was a most delicious repast. In response to inquiries Mrs. Vanstine explained that it was a family restaurant conducted on the co-operative plan, for convenience as well as economy. All that the market affords is served. The cooking is done under the supervision of graduates from the culinary academy. The food is purchased and delivered in large quantities, and a saving effected.

What impressed D'Mars and Ethel more than anything else was the fresh, cheerful and youthful appearance of the people, and the culture and the good behavior of the children. There were hundreds in the dining room. All ages and conditions were there. All were neatly dressed. No loud or boisterous talk. No fault-finding. No horse-laugh. Yet all were happy and smiling. No knives or spoons or side dishes were dropped by the waiters, who all seemed to be mere children. No babies cried or pouted. All seemed to be happy and at peace with themselves and the balance of mankind.

"Are there no old people here?" inquired D'Mars.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Rockwell. "There at that third table is an old couple and their children and great-grand children. That man at the head of the table is 175 years old, and at his right is his wife, the same age. At his left is his son, about 150 years of age, and his wife sitting next to him is not much younger. The others grade down in years to that little curly-headed boy, who is about five years. That girl who waits on this table is a great grand-child of the old man. She seems to be about twelve years old, but she is really nineteen."

"How do you account for such longevity?" inquired D'Mars.

"Absence of worry and the strict observance of the laws of nature, as far as we understand them," said Mrs. Vanstine.

"But even the children are under such complete control," observed Ethel.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Vanstine. "The child mind is under the control of the parents' mind. That control begins one hundred years before they are born. The child inherits the parents' mind, especially the mother's. All gifts and talents, even personal appear-

ance, beauty or otherwise, can be conferred by mothers on children in Graball as well as here.

"We have considerable trouble at first with the children from Graball. They come here impressed with all sorts of fears; they are afraid to go into a dark room or to be alone. They exhibit selfishness and ever try to tease and worry their playmates, and they imagine all sorts of sickness. But they outgrow this evil inheritance from parents.

"The influence of the minds of our children over the new arrivals is wonderful. Boys who come here with a disposition to throw stones at rabbits and birds, and to displace things and cause trouble, quickly outgrow this original sin and become quite civilized."

A very pleasant evening was spent at Mrs. Vanstine's cottage, during which she and Mrs. Rockwell initiated the new comers into many of the ways and customs of Eden. Mrs. Vanstine 'phoned to Professor Colston and wife of the arrival of her daughter and son-in-law, who knew his son Horace in Graball. They came over and were delighted to meet D'Mars and Ethel and hear directly from Horace and other old friends in Graball.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRIP TO MERCURY.

Next day the party went out sightseeing. After a ride of thirty or forty miles through magnificent boulevards and parks, lined on all sides with palatial homes, they reached an eminence from which they could view the entire city, which extended some thirty miles up and down each side of the river of life, and was entirely free from smoke; all power and heat being supplied by electricity. Scores of magnificent parks, varying from one square to hundreds and even thousands of acres gave the city a restful and rural appearance.

"Where is the business center?" inquired D'Mars, for he noted the absence of sky scrapers and the congestion of traffic expected in a city of twelve millions population.

"There are at least a dozen business centers," replied Mr. Colston. "Do you see those large structures, that remind one of the World's Fair buildings in Graball? They are the people's co-operative stores. Some of them occupy ten or fifteen acres of ground. All Mecca is supplied from those stores."

"This is what they told us in Graball could not be done," remarked Ethel.

"You observe those immense structures along the river and extending back a mile or two, in some places," remarked Mr. Colston. "Those are shops, factories, warehouses and railway depots. They, as well as all the railways, lighting and heating, telegraph and telephone plants, are owned by the people on the co-operative plan. All the employees are stockholders and are their own employers and capitalists."

"This, too, they claim in Graball should not be

done, as it would become a dangerous political machine," remarked D'Mars.

"Yes," replied Mr. Colston, "The trouble with the favored classes who manufacture public opinion in Graball, is that they always imagine that the new social and industrial structure will rest upon the old competitive, greedy and selfish foundation and that the same old monopolists of natural opportunity and exploiters of labor will be in control."

"But is it not a fact that you often see a lively scramble for control, in the selection of officers for the management of such vast enterprises?" inquired D'Mars.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Colston. "Changes are seldom made in management except when managers resign to go higher. There is no electioneering. No man ever thinks of promising or giving a position to another in return for support. Those positions go by general consent to men of known capability and especially to those who have distinguished themselves in the service of the people. Another thing too might be mentioned. Five out of every six of those who work in the shops are quite as capable of managing the business as is the manager in charge. Truth, love and unselfishness are the chief business qualifications desired, and in these one man is quite as proficient as another. It is the manipulation of selfish, monopolistic, competitive schemes, by the few to plunder the many, that requires the highly skilled management needed in Graball."

"Notwithstanding all that," said D'Mars, "I should think there would be a lively scramble for good jobs."

"Good jobs are too plentiful. A million men could find good jobs tomorrow in Mecca. And outside of Mecca, 5,000,000 men could find profitable employment any day," replied Mr. Colston.

On their return they passed through one of the chief residence localities. It was in the vicinity of the factory district. There resided chiefly, the operatives of the great manufacturing establishments. The streets were wide and as well kept as the finest avenues. The dwellings were large and roomy, and the lawns beautifully laid out with shrubs and flowers. The family restaurant plan was a prominent feature of all these localities.

"Do all these factory operatives own their homes?" inquired D'Mars.

"Invariably," replied Mr. Colston. "To not own a home is considered a disgrace in Eden, inasmuch as homes are so inexpensive and any young man can save enough to build a home long before he reaches his twenty-first year."

One was forcibly impressed with the picturesque beauty of the homes. They were chiefly seven to eight or nine room structures and scarcely two of the same style of architecture. And the inside decorations were quite as varied as the exterior. D'Mars expressed surprise at the beauty and variety of the architecture.

"You have practically seen nothing yet," said Mr. Colston. "Wait until you go through our public buildings and co-operative stores and art galleries. The thriftiest men and women in Mecca, are the artists, architects and inventors."

They now arrived at one of the immense co-operative stores, and concluded to stop for dinner. Ethel was anxious to see these mammoth concerns. She was familiar with the largest department stores in New York and Paris, but was bewildered when she saw so perfect a plan for distribution.

The site for this establishment embraced twenty acres of ground. The main building was four hundred by six hundred feet and six stories high. It was

surrounded by beautiful shade trees, flowers and rustic seats. There were twelve basement entrances and exits for delivery and carriages. The system of putting up and delivering parcels was so complete that each parcel promptly reached the proper delivery within a few minutes after purchase and generally reached its destination before the purchaser arrived home.

The manager gave Mr. D'Mars much valuable information, but space will permit only the briefest condensation. He said:

"The 12,000,000 people of Mecca, are supplied from twenty-four of these stores.

"They are all owned by the consumers, each holding from twenty to sixty shares of the value of one dollar each. That places an average of \$200 in each family, and gives us \$480,000,000 capital.

"Our profit averages \$50 on each family, \$120,000,000.

"Of this we distribute \$40,000,000 as dividends on stock, \$60,000,000 to purchasers prorated on their purchases and \$20,000,000 we put in the surplus fund for betterments. When this fund exceeds \$50,000,000 we distribute the surplus among purchasers prorated on their purchases.

"The manufacturing establishments are also all conducted on the co-operative plan. The employees own them on an equitable share basis and take all the profits. A certain salary is fixed for employees, based upon their ability. They draw that monthly. It covers all necessary living expenses. At the end of each year the net profits are divided as dividends on their shares capital. These profit dividends are sometimes large. I know factories where employees average \$750 a year dividends."

The party visited one of the leading theaters

that evening. It was a magnificent structure, having capacity for 10,000 people. Ethel was astonished to see such a cultured and artistically dressed assemblage. The striking feature was that all were well dressed and no one over-dressed. The ladies and gentlemen in the galleries were as elaborately dressed as those in the private boxes. The apparel was rich and substantial without any attempt at gaudy display or anatomical demonstration.

"This seems to be an average audience ; which does it represent, the higher, lower or middle classes?" inquired D'Mars.

"There is only one class here," replied Mr. Colston. "The great majority of these people are from the shops and factories. Their average annual income varies from \$25 to \$40 per week. There are also here people distinguished in the arts and sciences, great inventors and superintendents. I see men here with their families who have an annual income of from \$100 to \$500 per week. They are scattered about in the audience, but you would never be able to recognize their affluence through the gowns, hats and jewels worn by their wives and daughters. It is considered not only bad taste, but vulgarity here for the rich to dress or entertain more lavishly than the poorest can afford."

D'Mars and Prof. Colston called at the chief office of the Board of Education and met Supt. Overton who briefly outlined the governmental and educational system.

"Our educational system is the basis of all our success, our harmony and our happiness," said Supt. Overton.

"Our schools and colleges are all free, and everyone you meet here is educated and qualified to fill almost any position requiring scientific knowledge.

"We first teach morality and base our code of morals in the gospel which the Messiah taught long ago in Graball, and in all the other fallen worlds. The moral character of the boy or girl is built up day by day as the mind and the physical nature are developed. The children are first taught that mind controls matter; that there can be no sin or suffering or disease unless the will consents to it. They are taught that fear and worry and selfishness and envy and a desire to annoy and disturb others must never be permitted to enter the mind. Instead of these degrading vices, truth, love, harmony, and kindness must be cultivated. In fine they are taught that all happiness consists in making others happy, and that all suffering is caused by making others suffer.

"With this basis to start on education is easy. We have one language in Venus. Everybody speaks it. Children learn it at home. We do not spend the valuable time of youth studying a batch of useless languages, as in the fallen worlds. We also cultivate art, music, rhetoric, and the like. We then teach the co-operative, industrial and governmental system. It is all one. People who are not sufficiently intelligent and honest to co-operate in these every day affairs are unable to conduct an honest, intelligent government in the interest of all. Later on, we take up applied science. Mathematics, sociology, mental philosophy and the like. In the manual training department the students have an opportunity to decide the calling for which they are adapted."

"You no doubt find many who want to enter the learned professions," suggested D'Mars.

"We do," replied Prof. Overton with a smile, "and they are all accommodated. Every occupation in Venus is a learned profession. What you term the learned professions in Graball are unknown here. We

need no lawyers. Everyone is his own lawyer. We have no doctors. No need of them. We have no wrangling denominational church institutions, but we have plenty of houses of worship where devout men and women instruct and edify the people. These are supported by voluntary contribution. You would never hear money for the support of the church mentioned in our temples of devotion. We have no politicians or party machines to boss and corrupt us.

"We have no policemen, no detectives, no criminal courts, no penal institutions, no infirmaries, no criminals. When the great public mind is right, all is right. Nobody uses narcotics, tobacco, coffee, or opium. You would not find a saloon where intoxicants are sold over a bar in all Eden. We have no prohibitory law either. Men have come up here from Centropolis and opened saloons, but they soon left. They had no customers. The mind don't seek stimulants and what the mind don't seek the body don't crave or need."

Late that night D'Mars and Ethel sat by the open window and recounted their wonderful experience since they left Graball. The planet Mercury was in full view. It appeared larger and brighter from Venus, than from Graball, probably owing to the transparency of the atmosphere and the keener vision of more perfect eyes.

"I wish we were in Mercury," remarked D'Mars. "I too," said Ethel. Immediately they experienced a slight shock and a sensation of moving through the ether. They were on their way to another world and not in the least alarmed. Ethel had not even said a parting word to her mother; yet, with the strange perversity of dreams, she had no misgivings. To thus pass on seemed the natural thing to do. Mercury grew larger to their vision. The atmosphere be-

came warmer. Soon the mountains and oceans, rivers and valleys appeared. The scene changed. They were in some sort of a great air ship with many passengers—men and women, who were exceedingly beautiful; even their clothing was finer and more artistically fitted than the apparel worn in Venus.

Glancing in one of the elegant plate glass mirrors they noticed that they too had become assimilated with the other tourists in personal appearance and in dress. What to the ordinary mortal would be a strange and startling experience, was now to them perfectly natural. They had placed their reliance in the higher power, and ceased to worry.

Conversation was general among the passengers. None assumed an air of superiority or exclusiveness. Introductions seemed to be unnecessary.

"Where is our destination?" inquired D'Mars of a pleasant appearing gentleman who sat near.

"Pindarus," replied the gentleman and with a polite and pleasing look he remarked: "You are new arrivals in Mercury, I presume?"

"We are, just left Venus a short time ago," answered D'Mars.

"Yes, new arrivals all go to Pindarus by way of these air ships. They usually sail around Mercury a few times before alighting. Thus they become acclimated to what many regard intense heat."

"Then Mercury is much warmer than Venus," remarked Ethel.

"About as many degrees warmer as Venus is above Graball in temperature," replied the gentleman.

"How long since you left Graball?" inquired the gentleman.

"Only a day or two," replied D'Mars.

"You are making very rapid progress."

"Were you ever in Graball?" inquired D'Mars.

"Oh, yes. It was a long time ago; about 800 years.

"Been here ever since?"

"O, no. I came here as you did. After some years of study in the University of Pindarus, I traveled extensively through the lower borderlands

The afternoon was delightful. The ship passed through a cloudless atmosphere. It seemed to stand in one spot while the magnificent panorama of nature rapidly unfolded and revealed new beauties and attractions. With the aid of field glasses, our visitors were able to see a wide area of land. So dense was the population that it seemed to be one vast expanse of cities and villages.

"What is the population of Mercury?" inquired D'Mars.

"About 8,000,000.000," replied a tourist.

"Eight billions!" repeated D'Mars. "Four times the population of Graball, and Mercury is a smaller world. How do they all manage to live?"

"They live and have abundance to spare. The natural means of existence would sustain double the present population."

"The soil must be extremely productive," remarked D'Mars.

"Not more so than the soil of Graball. It would easily support ten times its present population."

"And some economists claim that there are too many people in Graball now," remarked Ethel.

"There are too many of the kind. When we consider the selfishness, waste, and general evil that dominates Graball, we wonder that they get on as well as they do," remarked one of the passengers.

Pindarus was now announced. Everybody looked out. The great university and observatory loomed up in the distance. The speed of the car was reduced to

about fifty miles per hour as it entered the corporation. Over the center of the city, anchored about one-half mile high was the signal station and office of the director of transportation. Cars were coming in from all directions. Various lights were exposed to give notice that the way was clear or otherwise. Without the slightest jar the ponderous car perched upon the roof braces of the "Alpha," a superb sixty story hotel, said to be one of the largest in Murcury except the Pluvius at one of the chief summer resorts.

D'Mars and Ethel were assigned an elegant room, but before accepting it, D'Mars frankly informed the clerk that he was a stranger in Pindarus and "dead broke."

"You need no money here," said the clerk. Everything was made free here seventy-five thousand years ago. You have not traveled much in the immortal world have you?" he added.

"Our first trip," remarked D'Mars. "Just arrived this morning."

"All the immortal worlds are conducted on the co-operative plan. We do business here for amusement. People grow so weary of traveling, hunting, fishing, and sight-seeing that they are delighted to get a chance to work awhile now and then for a change. Down in the factory district there are so many applications for positions that men are permitted to work only for a few hours per day and only three days in the week."

"How much wages do they draw?" inquired D'Mars.

"None," replied the clerk with a smile. "They have no use for money. You can go to the finest stores in the city and buy anything you desire and have it delivered free of cost."

"Confound it," said D'Mars. "If I had only

known that I would have ordered luncheon on the ship as we came over."

The clerk laughed heartily as he remarked, "visitors from Craball, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and all other fallen worlds make such mistakes frequently when they first come here. After they learn our customs, they frequently take things they don't need. When we see a traveler carrying a satchel, we say, 'He is from Graball; just a sort of standing joke among the boys, you know.'"

When D'Mars informed Ethel of this custom she was delighted, and remarked, "Did you notice the style of the ladies in the car? I shall get something becoming tomorrow and you too might get a stylish suit. Did you observe the suits those gentlemen wore? I noticed the goods particularly, never saw anything so rich and the cut was perfectly swell."

At this juncture the phone rang. It was the hotel clerk. He informed D'Mars that he had taken the liberty of sending up a bottle of nectar; that it was usually drank by the guests just before dinner as an appetizer. "You will see the directions and buttons in the vestibule. Don't hesitate to order anything you desire."

"What would the 'smart set' say to this program," remarked D'Mars.

"Why, were we to tell them of it, they would say we had been dreaming."

Looking about the room they quickly found the call plate provided with a number of gold buttons and directions. These were the calls for refreshments, newspapers, baths, dressing gowns, slippers, anything desired.

"Isn't that nice," said Ethel. "I never thought of it, that we have no dressing gowns. Wonder where the bath room is? I will touch the button."

Almost instantly a porter appeared at the door. He was a fine appearing young man dressed in livery of gray and dark.

"This way," he said, as he led to an elevator. "There is the ladies' bath," he said, as he passed Ethel into a magnificent reception room and conducted D'Mars to another reception room further on.

"I never saw anything like it," said Ethel when they returned to their rooms.

"I either," said D'Mars.

"They have seven different sorts of bath and every one has a whole room to herself."

"The same on our side."

"And then the attendants. They do everything so nicely. What kind of a bath did you take?"

"It was something like a Turkish bath to begin with and I finished up with a plunge in rosewater, after which I took the ambrosial spray, and the electric desert," replied D'Mars.

"I took the same with the addition of the ename-line nectar. It makes one feel like a newly created being. To think of it that poor Edith is away in Grabball. How she would have enjoyed this trip," remarked Ethel.

It was now the dinner hour and D'Mars touched the button. The same porter came and conducted them to one of the seven immense and gorgeous dining rooms on the highest floor. Space will not permit a detail description of either the decorations, furniture, service or the food. The mosaic floors and artistic panel paintings; the stained glass windows, and the arched and gilded ceilings from which flowed an effulgence of soft and varied lights; the highly embroidered table linen and solid gold, silver and painted china ware; the wealth of rare flowers and plants whose fresh and succulent frondage suggested indigen-

iety; all bespoke a land of the highest civilization and enlightenment. The food was served table d'hote and every morsal was an appetizer, but it was noticed that all ate and drank sparingly.

Some merely tasted of the delicacies which were served in abundance. Strains of the most delicious and enrapturing music floated on the evening breezes in through the open casements. Everyone before eating asked a blessing and after the meal returned thanks. All seemed reverently impressed with the thought that they owed everything to the One omnipotent Source of all Good. There was none of the arrogance and assumption, the posing and facial expression, hauteur or curve of the lip or any of the other insignia of pride and ignorance so common about the swell hotels of Graball, Centropolis or Multo.

Next day D'Mars and Ethel visited one of the mammoth outfitting emporiums and arrayed themselves in the latest and finest traveling suits. The salesman urged them to take a second suit, remarking that the costumes of Pindarus were admired throughout the universe.

"How long have you worked here?" enquired Ethel of a comely saleslady who had taken special pains to fit her in a very becoming hat and neck scarf.

"About one year," replied the young lady. "I left Graball twenty-seven years ago. Stopped fifteen years in Venus and I have been in the immortal worlds twelve years."

"What have you been doing since you came her?"

"I first studied in the university one year. Then I traveled ten years. You see one can't do much here until she learns something."

"Where did you reside in Graball?"

"I was a carpet weaver at Lowell. My husband

also worked in the carpet factory. He and our two boys and three girls still live there."

"What was your age when you left Lowell?"

"I was thirty-four and weary of life. Of course, I felt awful when I had to part with my children and husband. It makes me sad even here to think of that existence. My husband worked hard and I worked when I could in the factory. We were trying to earn money to pay for a little home, but the panic came; the factory shut down; we couldn't meet payments and it was sold out by the court. I had to go out washing and I caught cold one day scrubbing the steps and washing the windows of Judge Knox's mansion. His wife was a good woman. She sent many delicacies to me and the children when I was sick with consumption. She was so kind"

"Have you seen her since?"

"Yes. She has been here about twenty-five years. She traveled and studied most of the time and is now taking rest and recreation."

"What is she doing?"

"She is a bath room attendant over at the Alpha, where you stop. She was so glad to secure the position even for a short time."

"Where is her husband, the judge?"

"He has not arrived yet, although he left Graball thirty-one years ago. You see he was a banker and a corporation lawyer and she is afraid that he has gone to Centropolis, but some day he will arrive here she thinks."

"You must feel sad to think that your children still struggle in Graball," said Ethel. sympathetically.

"I don't feel so badly as I did before I heard the latest from Graball."

"What is the latest?"

"It is said that Graball has been making remark-

able progress lately, and that within two hundred years, it will be promoted to the place held by Venus while Venus will be admitted to the co-operative union of the immortal worlds."

"It is the old story," remarked D'Mars to Ethel as they returned to the hotel. "Go away from home to hear the news."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SECRETS OF ASTROLOGY.

D'Mars and Ethel now set out for the university. It stands upon an elevation 1,000 feet above the city proper, although the magnificent residences extend up the grand boulevards to the university grounds, a distance of twenty-four miles. The grounds contain eight thousand acres and constitute one of the most picturesque parks in the universe, outside the borderlands. At the center of these grounds is the university whose corner stone was laid more than two hundred and fifty thousand years ago. It covers about four hundred acres of land and is built of material so nearly indestructible that the wear of so many centuries scarcely shows on it. The observatory is an octagonal shaped tower at the center, nearly four thousand feet high. The famous telescope is seven hundred feet long and fifty feet in diameter. It required fifty years' labor to grind and perfect one of its lenses. So perfect are all the mechanical adjustments that this ponderous body of aluminum, copper, steel and glass is worked as easily as the pilot steers an ordinary yacht. Through this telescope can be seen millions of suns and solar systems and thousands of worlds; the worlds of our solar system being so magnified that the people can be seen walking in the streets.

D'Mars sent his card to President Uriah who received him and Ethel at once in his private office.

"We have noted your work in Graball and were expecting this visit," said Uriah as he extended his hands to each of the visitors.

"We have been doing the best we thought we could with the light we had," replied D'Mars.

"That was a great hit you made with the Woman's university ; it advanced the work in Graball more than a century," said Uriah to Ethel. "We have been trying to find some one to engage in similar work in some of the other fallen worlds."

"The greatest trouble in Graball, is to get the masses of workers to think and act in harmony and I don't see much hope until we can bring order out of the confusion of languages," said D'Mars.

"You are right. Confusion of language is Satan's long suite. And the strange thing is that Educated Christians can't see it. Instead of abolishing this confusion, we see even ministers of the gospel and teachers of theology endeavoring to maintain the chaos by teaching this gabble and calling it education. You will find only one language throughout all the immortal worlds.

"Have they the same diversity of language in all the mortal worlds," enquired Ethel.

"O, yes," said Uriah, "some are worse than Graball. In Jupiter they have 175 governments, 164 languages and 1,600 dialects, and not one person out of fifty can speak any of the languages correctly. that is if such a term as correct can be applied to such gibberish. Occasionally a Jupiterite is found who has mastered forty to fifty of these languages and people travel miles and pay money to see him. In Mars, some efforts are being made to unify all languages. I believe they have about forty-seven there, but the kings, nobles and college professors oppose the movement. The former fear the unity of the people and the latter fear the loss of their occupation. But you will learn all this in the lectures. I suppose you are anxious to take a look through the telescope. I will go up with you myself."

Uriah led the way to an elevator, there were fifty of them, and in four minutes they were on the top of

the observatory, nearly 4,000 feet above the ground. They could now comprehend the enormity of the instrument which from the ground, only appeared like a large siege gun.

Uriah first gave them a view of the general universe. until they became accustomed to the instrument. He then focused it upon Graball. "The time is opportune," he said. The United States are in full view. Now I will let you find New York and other cities."

Ethel first discovered New York. They not only saw the people moving in the streets but they could read the signs on the stores.

Uriah gave them a brief history of modern Graball. "About 120,000 years ago," he said, "Graball was much farther advanced in the material arts and sciences than at present, but knew much less of the spiritual. At that time, the land now known as North America was a populous country. It was noted for its wealth and its accumulation of gold and silver. At the northeast it extended into the Atlantic ocean, several hundred miles farther than at present and what is now known as the extreme southern states was open ocean. Up there about Newfoundland and Novia Scotia was a mountainous country. A large river had its source in those mountains flowing southwesterly. Its course was that of the Apalachian range, which was then a beautiful fertile valley.

"This was a great river, navigable as far north as Quebec. It was the main artery of commerce for Eastern Atlantis. Along this river were large commercial cities and wonderful manufacturing interests.

A great lake lay west of the Eastern Atlantis and on its western coast were many populous cities, on whose sites you now see mountains. About the center of that lake now flows a great river. The gold and silver at present found in Graball is chiefly the accum-

ulations held in the vaults of one hundred and twenty thousand years ago. This eastern river carried much gold from the mines in the northern mountains, which accounts for the wash gravel and placer mines found on high elevations of the Apalachian system.

As Atlantis grew rich, the people who all worshipped idols became more and more dissolute and wicked, just as in Pluto. The evil and discord of the people destroyed it and about ninety-eight thousand years ago, it sunk, and for fifty thousand years the ocean waves rolled over it. At the same time the land of Pluto emerged from the ocean. only for its people to pursue the same course of folly. You saw the end of Pluto and its famous capital Multo about forty-five thousand years ago and simultaneous with its submersion the present land of North America emerged from the ocean amid tremendous volcanic eruptions. You will notice that the most intense disturbance took place where the large cities stood. The cause of this was the predominance of evil in those localities. This also accounts for the presence of the richest gold mines in the mountains where disturbance was most vigorous."

"It is strange that the Graball geologists never discovered these great truths."

"Not at all," remarked Uriah. "All truth comes by revelation. The mortal mind is incapable of discovering anything. It is unable to distinguish truth from error. Only imagine a bit of clay studying another bit of clay or a stick or stone studying and dogmatizing over another stick or stone and you will have mortal science in a nutshell."

"How little our Graball scientists and geologists know," said D'Mars.

"Practically nothing," remarked Uriah as he turned the mammoth lens upon Cosmos, another of

the worlds that engaged in the rebellion. but not in this solar system.

"Cosmos was connected up in the co-operative union of the immortal worlds about thirty-seven thousand years ago and it is making excellent progress," continued Uriah.

"It seems much larger than Graball," remarked Ethel.

"O, yes," said Uriah, "it contains double the area of Graball, and has about 12,000,000,000 population. I mention this world just to show you how different was the Redeemer's reception in various worlds.

"When He went to Cosmos, that world had seven emperors, twenty-eight kings and forty-five governments, many of which were republics. They had eighty-eight languages and sixty-seven divinities. Yet more than half the people believed in the true God and were expecting the Redeemer to open connection between Cosmos and the immortal worlds. Eighty per cent. of the wealth was owned by ten per cent. of the people. Cosmos had about 4,000,000,000 population, every government was on a war footing, all business was controlled by trusts, and the masses of toilers were in a state of poverty and wretchedness.

"The Redeemer began His mission in Cosmos, as in all other worlds, among the poor and the lowly, their minds evidently being in a more receptive condition for the aid denied them by the world, than were the well to do who felt no need of divine help. The morality, harmony and happiness of His followers and their exemption from worry and disease exerted a powerful influence upon greedy and unhappy worldlings. As a result, the wicked conformed their lives to the new gospel, instead of the gospel adapting itself to their views. Gradually it became disreputable for anyone to live in idleness off the toil of another.

Moral worth and not wealth became the social standard. Progress was rapid and within three hundred and fifty years after the advent of the Redeemer, Cosmos was reunited with the immortal worlds."

"Wonderful. How did these poor suffering people start. What did they first do?"

"Your question is prompted by wisdom, Ethel. Everything depends upon starting right. Those who start on the right road always find sufficient light to keep in the track.

"These poor people of Cosmos followed the plain simples directions laid down by the Redeemer. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." They not only professed this love for their neighbor on Sunday with their lips, but they put it into practice every day. They soon discovered that the best way to help self was to help one another. None of these Christians could sit down and enjoy a luxurious dinner, knowing that a brother or sister was hungry. They knew that the happiness of each depended upon the happiness of all. To make all happy was the greatest concern of each.

"And all this was accomplished by the co-operators adhering strictly to the gospel text of love," remarked Ethel.

"Precisely so," said Uriah.

"I will show you Charon, one of the wickedest of the rebellious worlds," said Uriah as he focused the telescope upon a world about as large as Graball, though dark and stormy.

"That world," he said, "is naturally one of the finest in the universe. Time after time prophets have been sent to warn its people of their evil ways but to little purpose. At times a few would listen, but so general and intense is the influence of evil mind that one would oppose the truth just because another believed it, and the believer would oppose it because

some enemy believed it. They are ruled by tyrants and while all hate the tyrants, some pretend to love them because others openly hate them. In response to the power of this evil mind the elements have become chaotic. In summer the demand for drouth is general, because each is willing to suffer in order to compel his neighbor to suffer and of course they have the drouth and famine. Earthquakes, volcanoes, cyclones, tornadoes and flood are general in response to the same evil. Magicians, men who are able to utilize evil mind abound and crops and animals and people are hoodooed and made useless. These magicians are paid tribute for withholding their maledictions from some and also paid for inflicting them upon others."

"Is astrology taught in the University?" inquired Ethel, with a woman's curiosity to know the future.

"That is what they term reading the stars in Graball. Yes. We teach the science of astrology."

"Could you tell me briefly how the close proximity or the distance of a planet at the time of birth affects the natural tendencies of a person in Graball?"

"In order to fully comprehend that you must first understand the laws of thought, the power of mind over matter, and how thought traverses the entire field of the Universe. The full understanding of this science presupposes certain primary knowledge which you must acquire in the University. I may repeat, by the way, what I have already stated, the divine thought or mind is the only real substance in the universe. Every reasoning being comes into Graball invested with a spark of this divine mind known there as the soul. He can, if he choose, cultivate this spark until it leads him to the higher worlds. This thought has absolute power over all matter, mortal mind or thought included.

"Next in power over matter is mortal mind.



“Worry is a thief and anger an assassin,” replied Ethel.—Page 242.

Mortal mind can reach a degree of power that enables it to perform wonderful feats over material things. It is known as magic, necromancy, table tapping, etc. It is incapable, however, of accomplishing any good or useful purpose. It is the power of evil, known as diabolism. But in the presence of the divine mind acting against it through some agency, this evil mind is powerless.

"Now for astrology. These planets are all inhabited worlds, as you know. In some of them the evil mind is very powerful. When one of these planets is near Graball its mind influences all who are born at that particular time. They are influenced by the predominating mind of the nearest planet or world. How thought travels from world to world you have not yet the knowledge to understand.

I may at this time say to you that mortal mind is incapable of comprehending thought or the reality of substance. Every thought goes forth as a message until it finds a kindred thought. It returns with threads of kindred thought. Man cannot always hear the individual voice but he can and does grasp the threads of thought that come to him. He tries to disentangle the skein which resembles thousands, yea, millions of fine wires twisted in his brain. No evil message was ever sent out that did not return to the sender laden with malignity to curse him. If man only knew the evil that one baleful message carries back to him he would shun evil thought as he would a viper. Good thoughts return with good inspirations. Evil thoughts carry back evil inspirations."

"How wonderful is real knowledge!" remarked Ethel. "If children were only taught these great truths; to think that the people of one world are able to influence those of another. What planets affect Graball the most?"

"Mars and Venus. The inhabitants of Mars are a warlike people. Very stubborn. Nearly all quarrelsome persons in Graball are born under the influence of Mars. Those born under the influence of Venus and Mercury are more gentle and loving."

"What is the best method of counteracting the evil influence of Mars?" queried D'Mars.

"Cultivating peace, opposing violence and war."

"Is killing people in war actually murder?" enquired Ethel.

"Most assuredly. All taking of human life is murder."

"Except legal executions," remarked D'Mars.

"There are no legal executions. No human law can legalize a violation of the divine law. Nothing is ever gained by legal executions. The person executed, burns with vengeance against society. The children of those who took his life inherit homicidal tendencies. A destructive war gives a backset of a century to the nations engaged in it. You must have noticed the homicidal waves that spread over Graball after the war for the liberation of the negro slaves."

"We noticed it but Graball scientists never attributed it to that cause," replied D'Mars.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INHABITANTS OF THE SUN.

Uriah now gave the visitors a brief view of the universe as far as the telescope would extend.

"Just look," said Ethel, "I never imagined that there were so many stars, there must be billions of them."

"Billions," repeated Uriah. "They are countless."

"Countless," repeated D'Mars, with emphasis. "I should think some of the higher or more advanced angels could count them."

Uriah smiled as he replied, "My child you do not know that time, numbers and distance are mortal limitations; they have no place in eternity."

"I see," said Ethel, "time, distance, location and number, presuppose limit or end. Eternity is limitless, endless."

"You are approaching the idea, Ethel, but you speak of 'so many stars.' They are not stars. All those more distant lights are luminous bodies such as the source of light and heat for this solar system—known in Graball as the sun.

"We infer from analogy in Graball that the fixed stars are suns, centers of systems of worlds such as our planetary system," remarked D'Mars.

"Now you have the proof. Take for instance that brilliant orb now in the center of the lens. See its thirty-five worlds revolving and making their circuits about it. That is known in Graball as the "Dog Star." The name came to some prophet by revelation, for it is correct," remarked Uriah.

"Why call it the 'Dog?'" enquired D'Mars.

"That luminary is the center of the finest hunt-

ing grounds in the universe. All its worlds are noted for game and superior hunting dogs. The game is shy and hard to set. They have dogs in some of those worlds that can scent a quail fifty miles to windward. Then their fox hounds are generally out of sight."

"Especially when the hunters can't keep up," suggested D'Mars.

"The hunters can keep up with the hounds without much exertion."

"They no doubt have fine horses," suggested D'Mars.

"On foot a man can outrun any horse. I have run five miles a minute myself and some of the hunters can discount me."

"A man outrun a horse!" exclaimed Ethel in surprise.

"Certainly. A man who cannot outdo an animal at anything would not count for much in those worlds," remarked Uriah.

"You can now behold the inhabitants of the Sun," remarked Uriah as he focused the instrument upon the familiar luminary of day.

"You must remember," he continued, "that Mercury is the last station before entering the Sun."

"Entering the sun," repeated Ethel, in surprise. "So the sun is inhabited, too?"

"Inhabited!" exclaimed Uriah. "Why, the sun is the habitation of the more advanced spirits of the borderlands. After a course of training in the sun you are prepared to visit the highest worlds of the universe."

"We were taught in Graball that the sun is a globe of fire that would instantly consume a person were he cast into it," remarked D'Mars.

"It is a sphere of fire and hotter than any fire known in Graball."

"How do people exist in such intense heat?"

"You do not as yet comprehend these things. Permit me to give you a general idea that will aid you materially in your observations," remarked Uriah.

"Heat is life, health, progress, perfection. Cold is the absence of heat or what you would term death, in Graball. There is, of course, no such thing as death in the sense of annihilation. What you term death is only change of organized matters from one form to another. Your Graball scientists have learned that much in a crude way. But as the truths which they begin to realize destroy the errors they were taught, they accept truth very slowly and always dilute it with error to make it palatable.

"Heat, being, life, love, movement, activity, it all comes from the central heavens, where is the perfection of life. As you approach the central, or more properly speaking, the higher heavens, the more intense the heat becomes. Graball is further advanced and is warmer than Mars. Venus is warmer than Graball, Mercury is warmer than Venus. You no doubt noticed the difference when you first arrived. Mercury is much warmer than Venus and the sun is the seat and center of heat for this solar system, and there is the most complete and perfect life."

"Then all the real life in these comparatively cold worlds is working toward the sun?"

"It is. It passes on by degrees from colder to warmer worlds until in time it reaches the sun."

"And when all immortal life reaches the sun what will become of these worlds?"

"They will remain. Their inhabitants will come and go and these worlds will gradually return to the status they enjoyed prior to the fall. They will grow warmer and so will the sun because it will not be required to give off so much heat to them."

"Then the wicked worlds are cold and the good are the warmest," observed Ethel reflectively.

"Precisely."

"In Graball the theologians tell us that the evil world is a burning pit of fire," continued Ethel.

"Just so. In the warmer of the fallen worlds the wicked are threatened with everlasting fire and in the cold worlds such as Jupiter and Neptune the promised punishment is eternal frost and ice. This is all figurative; the real penalty for sin, opposition to the divine law and plan everywhere, is mental darkness, fear, worry, anger, hatred, slavery, disease, and mortal death, which the violators must endure through all the ages until they at last seek Truth and Light, and learn to obey Nature's laws."

"And beyond the sun, what?" enquired Ethel.

"There are innumerable suns, as I have shown you. Each is surrounded by its systems of worlds. The more advanced inhabitants travel from sun to sun. These suns vary in light and heat according to the perfection of their inhabitants."

"Then, were a large number of visitors of a lower order of intelligence to crowd into one of these suns, it would necessarily grow colder?" suggested D'Mars.

"The less intelligent people are unable to do that. Their approach is retarded and cut off by the heat. You in your present intellectual development could not enter our sun. You are as far now as you can proceed until you have reached a higher state of intelligence—or to be more precise, until you have more fully eliminated mortality."

"Then the illusive mind is all error?" remarked Ethel.

"Precisely. It is a barrier to light and truth and it must be entirely cast off before one can enter the higher heavens. This fact explains the Messiah's

words, 'The last farthing must be paid,' and 'nothing defiled can enter heaven,' and 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' "

"Why are these things not explained clearly, even by theologians, in Graball?" queried D'Mars.

"The power of mortal mind shades the light of absolute truth. The great masses in the fallen worlds are not prepared to receive the light. Were you to return to Graball and tell them what you saw and undertake to explain these things they would laugh at you and say you were a dreamer. If you persisted they would declare you a lunatic and in some localities they would imprison you or put you to death for heresy. Were you to print these things in a book some persons in authority would condemn it and thousands would fear to read it."

"But the Messiah promised that the Holy Spirit would "teach all truth and would remain with true believers forever," remarked Ethel.

"Very true. And that promise is fulfilled to the letter. But the Messiah did not promise that all to whom truth were presented would immediately accept it or that all teachers would be so free from illusive mind that they could teach all truth. Nor did He limit the time given to the fallen worlds to seek and find light. The fact is that millions of spirits are today in Graball teaching truth. Some are carnate and many are incarnate. All they can do is suggest, reveal—inspire the people. They cannot coerce. Free will of man to do right or wrong is never to be restrained. God Himself would not interfere with man's free choice at any stage of his progress. To do so would be to violate His own immutable law, which would be a contradiction—a thing not to be thought of in connection with omnipotent Wisdom."

"Then all sincere teachers and preachers in Gra-

ball are advancing the light and the cause of Truth."

"All who sincerely seek light—who pray for light—and make the best use of the light they already have, are on the road of progress. You find these sincere people in all the churches and outside of them. It is the works that men do toward increasing the love, harmony and happiness of all others that mark the milestones of their progress toward the higher life, rather than what they profess with their lips. The man who professes with his lips, what is not in his heart or works, is on the downward grade. But we may not judge. One there is who can read the heart. He misses nothing. No, we may not judge. The seemingly degraded being who walks the streets in shame may have made vastly more progress from a still worse status in past existences than she who occupies a front pew in some magnificent church."

"Then there are heavens higher and more perfect than any of these millions of worlds and suns that we see through the telescope?" suggested Ethel.

"Yes. There are splendors of perfection that even the people of these suns can neither realize nor comprehend—no limitations—no end to the beauty, the harmony, the love, the perfection," said Uriah reverently.

"And this is within the reach of all?"

"It is. It all depends upon the use we make of our free choice. We were all created free. Sin, suffering and slavery are conditions of our own creation by evil choice."

"Ethel and D'Mars viewed the sun through the telescope and were surprised at the exceeding beauty of the inhabitants and the sublimity and grandeur of the scenery. So perfect was the detail that they could read the signs on the stores and even the larger print in the newspapers.

"Such beautiful women!" exclaimed D'Mars.

"I think the men are so grand and noble looking too," remarked Ethel.

"What is the limit of life in the Sun?" queried D'Mars.

"You refer to mortal life of course, for there is no limit to real life. In the Sun we are beyond mortality. When we reach a sufficient stage of perfection we are translated to the other worlds by the power of the mind. When one is able, by his own volition, to proceed to the Sun, he is prepared. There is no haphazard work about it."

"But what becomes of these bodies when the mind departs for another world?" queried D'Mars.

"I see you are imbued with the ancient Graball doctrine of reincarnation. It is borrowed from the ancient materialists, who endeavored to get along without God and yet shrunk from the idea of annihilation.

"There is nothing of your visible body except what the mind produces. When the mind is sufficiently perfect to proceed to the immortal worlds, nothing remains. You have been sloughing off mortality ever since you left Graball and your body becomes more perfect with each change."

"Then the mind or thought is all that really is?"

"Now you begin to get a glimpse of it. The spiritual mind is all that really is. The mortal mind, however, has a sort of transitory existence and it is capable of exerting power—always for evil, however. To make this plainer. There is first the spirit which is real life. It is accompanied by its inseparable adjunct, free will. Then comes the wish which is the exercise of free will. The wish is followed by the thought. Next comes action. The wish is parent to the thought and the thought produces the action. The physical

body is merely the agency through which mind acts. It has no sense or life."

"Now, suppose that Ethel and I wished to visit the sun, and she were sufficiently advanced to make the trip and I were not, would she go and leave me here?" queried D'Mars.

"Nonsense," replied Uriah. "You are still laboring under the illusion that you and Ethel are two different persons. Know heerafter that you and Ethel are one. Only one. Neither can ever be perfectly independent of the other. You are as the positive and negative poles of a battery. Man is the positive, woman the negative. This solves a problem that Graball philosophers have never been able to comprehend, viz. the opposition of woman and the egoism of man. The gospel teaches that affinities are one. This is true. But those who are not affinities are sometimes joined in wedlock; the man-made law pronounces them one; and they spend the remainder of their mortal lives fighting it out in order to ascertain which is the one."

"Why have positive and negative forces in nature? Are such forces not calculated to produce friction?"

"Friction is an economic disturber. Heat is life. But there is no friction between the positive and the negative forces when they work in harmony. An electric motor demonstrates that. Positive and negative forces are necessary in order to maintain equilibrium. But there is not necessarily friction between the agencies. They work in harmony to accomplish a purpose. This much is known in Graball and the knowledge is utilized in mechanism but they have not yet learned to apply this principle of science to society."

"How much we can learn," remarked Ethel enthusiastically.

"You have learned little yet. I have only in a

very crude way given you a slight idea of rudimentary principles that are elaborated and more fully explained and applied in the University," remarked Uriah.

"Have you visited the sun?" inquired D'Mars.

"Many times. I have visited thousands of them," replied Uriah.

"How much hotter is the sun, than mercury?"

"The sun is so hot that copper will fuse at a distance of fifty thousand miles from it."

"It would be a poor place to manufacture ice cream in," remarked D'Mars.

"Yet they produce a most excellent article of ice cream there. Notice that great crowd to the left of yonder dancing pavilion. They are eating ice cream and drinking ice cold lemonade. Inhabitants of some of the more advanced suns consider ours very chilly. When I first came here from the sun I wore a heavy overcoat until I became acclimated. Yet, were a person transferred here direct from Graball, he would suffer intensely from the heat. Again, were a person removed directly from Jupiter to the most moderate climate of Graball, he would die of heat in five minutes," remarked Uriah.

"What is the altitude of those lofty mountains of the sun?" queried Ethel.

"Some are two hundred and fifty miles high, by Graball measurement. The snow never melts on some of the higher peaks. The scenery of the sun is very fine."

"How do the spots on the sun produce wars and pestilence in Graball," inquired Ethel.

"Nonsense. Those spots are only clouds produced by evaporation. The conceit of Graball scientists is so intense that some of them imagine that the sun was made for the convenience of Graball. Only

imagine a lion being made for the amusement of a mouse."

"Is the moon inhabited?" inquired D'Mars.

"Not now. Graball has absorbed all its inhabitants long ago. That is where the lunatics came from."

"How little we know of the wonders of the Universe," remarked Ethel with a sigh.

"Very true. And how little this University is able to teach," responded Uriah.

"I thought you taught it all here," said D'Mars.

"It all! Why this is only a kindergarten. It is the primary school of the twelve universities of the borderlands. We are unable here to give even the primary lessons on the vital principle of animated life."

"You, no doubt, have a theory?" suggested D'Mars.

"We have a theory, and a correct one too. There-in this University differs from the Graball schools. When you reach a higher University you are not obliged to unlearn what we teach here."

"Could you give us the theory of animal or animated life," inquired Ethel.

"All life comes from God and it returns to Him. You are not sufficiently advanced to understand the simplest illustration of it. Life abounds in the air you breathe. Graball scientists know this in a way. They know that life cannot be sustained without air and they know that moving air contains the most life, just as running water is the more healthful. With each breath of air, life is taken into the system."

"If Graball people would inhale plenty of air—use the whole three hundred inches of lung capacity instead of from twenty-five to thirty inches which they now use on an average, they need never be sick."

"But the air of Graball is also impregnated with the most terrible disease germs," remarked D'Mars.

"Yes, I know. Certain scientists of Graball teach that all disease is in the illusive mind. They have got part of a great truth and they imagine that they have it all. They would cure all diseases without material aid—yet they can do nothing without the use of material things. Of course drugs and so-called medical science are humbugs. But where are you going to draw the line on medicine?"

"I do not know," remarked Ethel.

"All food is medicine. Fresh air is medicine. Pure water is medicine. The bath is medicine. A multitude of so-called diseases are imaginary. No doubt of that. A multitude of drug cures are imaginary."

"What are disease germs?" inquired Ethel.

"Evil thoughts, acquired or inherited are disease germs. There are millions of them to the acre. But the good life-giving germs outnumber the evil, millions to one. The human mind and body inhale these good and bad. They need kindred spirits. They must have association. The evil germs are the most persistent, intrusive and tenacious. But they can be easily cast off. Whenever an evil thought intrudes on one he should think of something good. Anger is the worst of all evil thoughts. When it asserts itself think of something pleasant. Graball scientists even, have discovered that anger is a disease germ that poisons the whole system."

"What would you prescribe as a general remedy?"

"Breathe plenty of fresh air. Go out into the woods. Climb the mountains. Sit by the side of running water. Abstract your mind from all worry. Expand the chest. Take the pure oxygen from nature's

reservoir. Never read a word about diseases or their symptoms. There are thousands of millions of evil germs on every square inch of a symptom card or a fake medicine advertisement."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REVEALING THE FUTURE.

"Could you reveal to us the future of Graball?" queried Ethel.

"But few are able to reveal the future as you term it—for there is no past or future in the infinite. What is termed the future is the thing veiled from finite view."

"But you can see it?" said Ethel persuasively.

Uriah was silent for several minutes. He closed his eyes and finally said that he could see the more remote future of Graball. He then began:

"The dark planet is enveloped in clouds of gloom. There are now only three great powers. They are on a war footing. I see ten millions of soldiers trained to kill. But the great masses of the people demand peace and the rulers are afraid to engage in battle."

"Good," exclaimed Ethel.

Without noticing the remark Uriah proceeded:

"Truths Torch presents the most remarkable feat in journalism ever seen in the universe outside the immortal worlds. It is printed in only one language now and it circulates in every nation of Graball.

"Can you see its circulation?" inquired D'Mars.

"Its statement in figures on the first page places its circulation at 850,000,000 copies daily—advertising rates \$17,500 per line agate type and an affidavit stating that its circulation is greater than all the other papers in the world combined. It shows a cartoon of love conquering the world."

"What is the date of to-day's paper?" inquired D'Mars.

"The date is July 3, 2198."

Uriah continued: "All South America and Canada, the Philippines, Japan and most of China belong to the United States. The British flag floats over Africa, India and a portion of China. All the balance of Europe and Russia are one republic.

"The people of the United States are preparing for a presidential election. I see a vast wigwam. There are twelve thousand delegates and five hundred thousand spectators. The speaking is all done through vast horns. The delegates are nearly all postmasters and revenue collectors. Most of the spectators wear diamonds. I would estimate the diamonds at one thousand bushels. The leading spectators occupy a gorgeous system of private boxes near the platform. Each wears a label indicating his wealth. All are multi-millionaires with a sprinkling of billionaires. They express their sentiments by either cheers or groans through an immense fog-horn blown by the speaker of the house of representatives. No one dares express an opinion until these magnates lead off—then all join in the chorus.

"The platform points with pride to the glorious record of the party during the past 250 years. It congratulates the people on the beneficent effects of free trade, a principle for which the speakers say the party always contended."

"It must be a Democratic convention," remarked Ethel.

"The new plan of auctioning off all offices except the presidency, to the highest bidder, is enthusiastically commended."

"McKinley, Hanna, and Reed are mentioned as the nearly apostles of the party, amid tremendous cheers. The herculean efforts of the party to enforce the anti-trust law are commended amid laughter. The platform points with pride to the noble efforts of the party

to purify itself and mentions the indictment of 750,000 'boodlers' and 'grafters' during the past four years and the conviction of quite a few of them. This also is heartily cheered.

"Comes to me another national convention. It is even larger than the one I have just described and in make-up very much resembles it. The platform points with pride to the grand achievements of the party in the past, especially its struggles against imperialism, trust dictation, monopoly, government by injunction, the crime of '73 and of '96, the single gold standard and it refers in glowing terms to the advantages of a revenue tax on wind, which the speakers say is the most equitable tax ever invented, inasmuch as no one can escape it and wind costs nothing. It mentions the names of Jefferson and Jackson, Tilden and Thurman. It denounces the profligate waste and expenditure of revenue, and the meddling of the federal government with state affairs. The platform is loudly cheered.

"A delegate from Brazil demands that a money ratio of 16 to 1 be added to the platform.

"Groans and shouts of 'sit down' and 'put him out' come from the New York delegation.

"Great confusion. The chairman raps for order. The gavel is broken. He improvises a gold-headed cane. The western delegates protest. He is furnished a silver-headed cane also. He raps with both. New York delegation threatens to bolt unless the silver-headed cane is abandoned.

"The chairman abandons both canes and uses a specimen brick presented by the North Pole Sand, Brick and Tile Trust. Chicago delegation protests against the use of a non-union brick for a gavel.

"An amendment to the platform presented by the famous Socialist, Vanderholter, provides for govern-

ment ownership of all public utilities, including shops and factories. Loud protests from all quarters.

"The only remedy for monopoly is government control of all the tools of production," exclaims Vanderholter.

" 'Better get the government out of the hands of the trusts before we give it more power,' remarks Senator Wonderville. Japanese and Chinese delegations engage in a pitched battle. New York bolts. The West is defiant. Convention breaks up in wild disorder."

"Just like them," remarked Ethel. "Whenever they have a chance to win they throw it away."

"It matters little," replied Uriah. "Little note is made of human governments and institutions and political parties in the eternal records. Less notice is taken in the higher worlds of the passing of a mortal idol, than if he were a ordinary grade laborer.

"Strange and momentous events are now crowding one another. The three great powers are practically bankrupt. The Jews have kept right on acquiring wealth. So vast is their accumulations that they virtually hold Graball under bond and mortgage."

"A most remarkable people," remarked Abraham Lincoln, who had called to consult Uriah on an insurrection that had just broken out in Mars. After giving directions to Lincoln, Uriah continued:

"Whole nations are now hypothecated as security for their loans. They not only hold mortgages on the estates and demesne of kings and nobles but they hold crown jewels and even the crowns of kings in their vaults as collateral security for money advanced. In addition to this enormous wealth, the Hebrew financiers hold vast amounts of the bonds and the preferred stocks of the trusts as owners or as collateral security.

Should the Jews force settlement and foreclose their mortgages they would own all the wealth in Graball.

"The trust magnates and the politicians of the three great powers are alarmed. They now propose legislation that will practically repudiate all obligations to the Jews. Truths Torch has issued an imperative mandate demanding the referendum on this legislation. Excitement is intense. An imperial order has been issued by the three great powers suppressing Truths Torch. Seventy per cent of the people stand by the publishers. Business is suspended. Millions of soldiers throw down their arms.

"The order suppressing Truths Torch has been withdrawn and the referendum is granted. A vote has been ordered. Shall the obligations to the Jews be repudiated, is the issue. It is a wonderful campaign. The kings, nobles, trust magnates and leading politicians advocate repudiation. Their argument is that if the Jews are permitted to foreclose they will own all the property of Graball; business will be ruined; wages will be reduced by the 'usurers'; labor will walk the highways and the by-ways vainly seeking employment; worst of all, Christianity will be abolished.

"Truths Torch declares it a contract and an honest debt. Honesty and honor require that it be paid. The great masses of businessmen and toilers take the same view of it. They are not afraid that the Jews will ruin business.

"The Jews themselves declare that they do not desire to collect the debt by foreclosure. All they want is the interest on their money. They offer to reduce the interest from 3 per cent to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and throw off the interest past due.

"Excitement is intense. Truths Torch is publishing 700,000,00 extra copies daily and is unable to supply the demand. Advertisers are struggling for extra

space at the advance rate of \$26,000 per line. Wild scenes on the stock exchanges. Prominent brokers and speculators are suiciding. Gold has gone to 400 per cent premium. The slum element is bought up by the political machines. Emperors, kings and nobles quiver like reeds in the wind.

"Votes are counted. The repudiators are repudiated. Honesty has prevailed. The debt must be paid.

"The Jews have made heavy purchases in the far east. They now own Palestine and the Holy Land. The Sultan is in need of money again. He has sold nearly all of Turkey, including the city of Constantinople to the Jews. This sale makes them master of Egypt and the Suez canal.

"The Jews have made extensive improvements in Syria. A splendid port has been opened on the Mediterranean and a magnificent boulevard and electric railways run into Jerusalem. They have constructed great hotels and sky-scrapers in Jerusalem. The Mahomedans are driven out by a Christian syndicate which has leased an extensive tract of land including Mount Calvary, the Mount of Olives and all the other holy places. Modern hotels are constructed by the syndicate and Christian pilgrims are flocking to the shrines. Syndicate stock has advanced to \$1,200 per share. It is claimed that the Jews own a majority of this stock and all the bonds.

"While catering to the needs of wealthy Christians, the Jews have not neglected their own faith. They have rebuilt Solomon's Temple on a scale of magnificence and oriental grandeur of which the wise old king never dreamt. The new temple occupies the site of the old Mosque of Omar. The Holy Rock, beneath which they believe to this day that the prophet Jeremiah buried the Ark of the Covenant and a portion

of the sacred vessels, was reserved for the foundation of the high altar. This rock is believed to be the precise spot where the angel interposed when Abraham was about to slay his son, Isaac.

"The great altar was constructed by Christian workmen. No Jew would work upon that rock for fear of committing the sin of treading upon the Holy of Holies. This Holy Rock is referred to in (Two Kings) as the threshing-floor of Areuna and amid all mutations it has never been disturbed.

"A pilgrimage of the faithful Jews from all parts of Graball is on its way to Jerusalem to celebrate the opening of the new temple. The famous new temple is now thrown open. All the absent Jews of Graball are congregated in their temples which are now in direct communication with the great temple in Jerusalem.

"There are one hundred thousand worshippers present in the temple. They are clad in sack cloth. The great bell has ceased to toll. A half million curious Christian pilgrims surround the vast edifice. The high priest and his thirty-six assistants, enter the sanctuary. The high priest starts to ascend the steps of the tabernacle. He is unable to ascend. A strange feeling comes over the assemblage. The sun is darkened by a portentous cloud. A terrific crash of thunder shakes the temple. The interior is enveloped in midnight darkness.

"A light. The high altar is ablaze. The light is intense. Heads are bowed and eyes averted. Three figures appear in this dazzling, blinding blaze. They are Moses, Abraham and Elias. There they stand, clad in robes of celestial magnificence. Hasty glances are cast upon them and heads instantly bowed. All believe that the end is near and they are correct.

"Another sudden and deafening crash. The tem-

ple has disappeared. The Holy Rock only remains. From it comes a voice saying:

"The Messiah whom you so long expected has come and gone. Heed His words: 'Your riches are accursed. Cast them off.' "

"This vision is gradually transforming into another of most resplendent beauty. All the Hebrews of Graball are marching through a valley of rare magnificence and the most picturesque scenery. Moses and a score of the prophets lead the procession. Gradually the vast concourse is augmented until all the people of Graball seem to have joined it. The multitude believe it is judgment day. The valley grows wider. The entrancing beauty of the scene is unspeakable. The procession has stopped at the base of a high mountain, whose gilded peak penetrates the azure sky. The mountain gradually assumes the form of a cross of fire. By the cross stands a huge octopedal dragon. He is made of silver and gold. He wears a crown of diamonds and his eyes are two firey gems. His tentacles seem to hold all Graball in their grasp. Humanity wastes and withers in the embrace of his golden tentacles. The cross gradually moves nearer and nearer to him. The intense heat is consuming him. He is powerless to escape. He withers in agony. His ears and horns begin to burn. The cross moves nearer. His tentacles are drawn into his body by the heat. A bright golden vapor begins to ascend from the fire that consumes him. It forms in blazing clouds over the multitude. The clouds condense amid a terrific electrical storm. Vivid lightning flashes amid the burning vapor and a shower of gold begins to fall upon the multitude. Every one present catches a portion of it as it falls. There is no scramble for it. Gold has little value on the day of judgment.

"The golden dragon is finally consumed. The cross and the mountain rapidly take on the form of a world of happiness. It revolves on its axis. It is a transformed Graball. There are no kingly palaces; no hovels of poverty; no misery or wretchedness; no monuments to mark the fields of strife where Christians slaughtered one another. This wonderful world comes nearer and nearer; now the audience becomes part and parcel of its inhabitants. Gradually the walls and the high altar of the temple again appear and there are the faithful just as they sat prior to the vision.

"The Jews of Graball are holding a conference. They all saw the vision. All put the same interpretation on it.

"Equal rights and equal opportunity for all, 'special privileges for none,' is the interpretation they give it.

"The Jews are now distributing their untold wealth. They have turned over their bonds and mortgages to the people. Kings, princes and nobles fare no better than others. Armies are disbanded. The magnificent deer parks and hunting grounds of the kings and nobles and idle billionaires are parcelled out among the soldiers, most of whom have engaged in agriculture. They are now producing instead of destroying, and taxation is reduced accordingly.

"The Jews are now disposing of the crowns and the jewels of the princes and nobles. There is little demand for diamonds or crowns since the abolition of the king business. They are melting up these useless ornaments together with thousands of tons of costly plate and minting the bullion. They are distributing the money. There is no wild scramble for the dollars, among the idle, lazy, thriftless classes, who talk communism and anarchy. Money is distributed only among industrious moral people who engage in agri-

culture. The slum element and the criminal classes of the large cities are very indignant over what they term partiality and discrimination. But the better element who voted for honesty and principle are working in harmony, and give little heed to the idle vaporings from the slums and political ward heelers who find themselves without occupation.

"The Jews have surrendered their vast holdings of bonds to the governments and municipalities, to be destroyed, thus lifting a heavy interest burden from the producers. Their immense blocks of trust bonds and stocks are now in process of distribution among the employees of railways, mills, mines, shops and factories, who are sufficiently advanced to engage in co-operation.

"There is an amusing side to this beautiful program. That is the frantic efforts of these renowned money makers to get rid of their wealth. You see they had so much of it that in some cases it taxed their well known ingenuity to distribute it fairly and wisely.

"Another pleasing feature of progress, is the way wealthy Christians imitate the example set by the Jews. A man who now endeavors to grasp wealth beyond his needs is considered a degenerate or a fool.

"What has become of the helpless wives and daughters of the poor kings and nobles?" enquired Ethel with concern.

"The kings, nobles and their families and many once wealthy women, are pittiabile objects. Many are so silly and helpless that they are unable to dress or feed themselves. A few of the more ambitious of the younger dukes endeavour to work at mechanical trades but they make little headway. Some are so

awkward that they can scarcely open a jack-knife without cutting their fingers.

"Sad, pitiable, is the fate of the helpless noblewomen. The poor things are really objects of sympathy, victims of evil environment. Most of them are kind and good-hearted. But they are helpless, unable even to wait on themselves and were it not for the kindness of the working-girls they would suffer seriously, physically as well as mentally. But the second generation of nobility will intermarry and amalgamate with the laboring classes and the infusion of fresh and vigorous blood into their veins will greatly improve them and soon they may become fairly useful citizens.

"So it seems that the Hebrew so long subjected to persecution and abuse by hypocrites and Pharisees wearing the mask of the Redeemer were preserved intact for a purpose," remarked D'Mars.

"It so seems. These things come in an unexpected way. After conversion the Hebrews now labor with the same zeal for the conversion of the whole of Graball that they formerly exhibited in the accumulation of wealth. You know what that means," said Uriah.

"Can this instrument be so adjusted that we can see our former bodies and our old friends in Graball?" enquired Ethel.

"It can be so adjusted," replied Uriah. After a pause he continued: "You can, not only see your friends but by means of our special trumpet you can converse with them possibly. But I would not advise you to try the experiment."

"Why not?" queried Ethel.

"You might desire to return to Graball."

"Can we return if we so desire?" enquired D'Mars.

"If your bodies are undecayed you can return. You can easily tell when you see them."

"I do not believe that I care to return to Graball, but I am so anxious to see and have a talk, if possible, with poor Edith. I know she is so sad. If I could only speak with her. By the way I once promised to return and speak with her, should I pass over first," said Ethel as tears came to her eyes.

Uriah adjusted the lenz and then admonished them to keep calm. They were quite likely to appear to some of their dearest friends should their minds be enrapport and under undue excitement danger might result.

D'Mars and Ethel now took a look through the special lenz. It was focused on New York. They quickly located the Vanstine residence. Ethel uttered an exclamation, but quickly regained her composure.

"We are not yet intered. There are our bodies, laid out side by side," exclaimed Ethel.

"And you are clothed in your bridal dress," remarked D'Mars.

"How we have changed," said Ethel with a shudder, as she compared her body with her present self in the parlor mirror.

"You must remember that we have been dead three days," suggested D'Mars.

"Your mortal bodies have scarcely undergone any change, it is you who have changed," remarked Uriah, who also examined the bodies through the telescope.

"O. there comes Edith and father. Poor Edith! She has been crying. How father has failed. If I were only there to comfort him.

"I feared such a result. Your bodies have not undergone a particle of decay. Should you wish to return, your bodies may come to life in an instant," said Uriah.

"Then what?"

"You must go through mortality and take the chances", replied Uriah.

"O, Edith is so sad. She is weeping and kissing me and calling on me to fulfill my promise—to return to her. I ought to go to Edith," exclaimed Ethel.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WED IN THE SUNSHINE

It was a delightful May morning. All nature was arrayed in Vernal bloom and bathed in sunshine. Edith Rockwell had completed her morning work early, preparatory to a shopping tour with Ethel. They were preparing for the double wedding which was only one month off. They desired a plain, simple wedding. But fashionable society protested. Nothing short of an elaborate social function would do. Ethel partly consented, but insisted that she and Edith personally would not indulge anything very elaborate. On this compromise, however, many an elaborate trousseau was being prepared for the eventful occasion.

As Edith looked down the driveway she was surprised to see Horace alight from his carriage. What could it mean. He never before called so early. She noticed that he was agitated. His pale face and nervous movement told too plainly of the excitement he sought to conceal. What could be the matter. Could something have happened to Mr. Vanstine? He had been complaining for a day or two of vertigo.

Horace was admitted at once. He endeavored to smile as he fondly embraced Edith and kissed her. He then led her to a sofa, said he had startling news for her and admonished her to be calm.

"Tell me. I know something awful has happened." said Edith, as she tried to read the message in his eyes.

"D'Mars is very sick. We have grave fears" replied Horace in husky tones.

"Is he living?" enquired Edith with fixed eyes on Horace, for she feared the worst.

"We hope so. He was found this morning unconscious on his couch. To all appearances dead. But the physicians say it may be a trance."

"He cannot be dead. No. He is not dead. Poor Ethel. Does she know?" exclaimed Edith in broken tones that almost suppressed her voice.

"You and I are to break the news to Ethel. You must brace up for it will be an awful blow to her. You must be her comforter. While the physicians give little encouragement, it may be a trance."

Edith braced up. She realized the importance of her sad mission. "I must see Ethel at once. I shall call her by phone and announce my coming," said Edith, as she arose to her feet.

The phone rang before she reached it. It was the Vanstine phone.

"Come over quickly, Ethel needs you.,, was the message. She could get nothing more. The phone was hung up.

"Ethel has heard of it and is overcome, let us go to her at once," said Horace.

They were promptly admitted. The porter showed visible signs of mental distress.

Ethel's maid was in tears. It was evident that they were in trouble.

"How is Ethel?" inquired Edith of the girl.

She only pointed to Ethel's parlor, shook her head and cried. On entering they found Mr. Vanstine the picture of despair. He reclined on a sofa and evidently had aged years. The happy smile was gone. He moaned as though his heart would break. The family physician, the only calm person in the house, approached them.

"How is Ethel?" inquired Horace.

Edith awaited the answer as though her life depended on it.

I fear that she is gone. Looks like a case of heart failure." replied the physician.

"You must break the news to D'Mars, Horace. I am unfit for such a mission," said Mr. Vanstine.

"Did she arise this morning?" inquired Horace.

"No. She must have died about midnight. She is quite cold," said the physician.

Edith had entered Ethel's room and was calling her endearing names and sobbing.

"Ethel dear, speak to me. It is Edith. Speak to your own Edith," sobbed the heartbroken girl, and then she fell in a swoon on the corpse of her dearest friend.

Horace was in a quandry. How could he break the news of D'Mars death to Mr. Vanstine. Edith was in a critical condition. Something must be done.

He looked upon the inanimate form of Ethel. With a peaceful smile on her face she seemed to sleep, calmly as a child. Another famous physician arrived. He seemed encouraged when he first saw Ethel, but after a careful examination, he shook his head as he gathered up his instruments, remarking, "The vital spark is extinguished."

Edith and Mr. Vanstine broke out afresh and Horace himself was not sure of his voice. But he knew that it would never do for all to break down, so by a superhuman effort he remarked that it was only a case of suspended animation and that Ethel would be herself again. The physicians exchanged glances and expressed the hope that his prediction would prove true.

"She is already cold. On what do you base your prediction?" inquired the expert physician.

Mr. Vanstine and Edith anxiously awaited the answer. Horace concluded that as Edith already knew

of D'Mars death he may as well tell all now to Mr. Vanstine.

"D'Mars passed into the same state Ethel is in about the same time. The physicians believe he is in a state of trance, and they have hopes for his revival. If he revives Ethel will also revive. Let us not take this serious view of it. I believe they will both return to their bodies."

The physicians glanced ominously at Horace and then at each other and retired.

This view of the case cheered up Edith, who ventured the information that Ethel and D'Mars had often made tours of the world in dreams and that in this case they may have ventured on a more extended tour possibly missed their way, but would return.

D'Mars' body was promptly removed to the Vanstine residence, as soon as the coroner had declared his death, the result of heart failure. Both corpse were laid out side by side in the great drawing room where they had enjoyed so many happy hours together. They were now cold, and intimate friends who had called noticed that the rigidity of the fell destroyer's hand was leaving its imprint on the once happy faces.

The evening papers, under sensational headlines announced the sad news and the newsboys loaded up with extra copies called out "all about the death of DMars and Ethel Vanstine."

Most complimentary editorial mention was made in the afternoon papers, especially of Ethel. D'Mars' enormous fortune was discussed, and as he had no heirs, some speculation was indulged as to the distribution of it. One paper claimed that in the absence of a will or of heirs, it would go to the state while another thought it would go to Greater New York. One paper stated that this immense fortune would pay off the entire debt and provide a sinking

fund that would defray the expenses of the city for all time to come.

During the afternoon a board of expert physicians called and after a most careful examination of the bodies pronounced life extinct.

Edith and Mr. Vanstine now broke down completely, but Messrs. Rockwell and Horace still held to their theory that they would come out of their trance none the worse for their experience.

The morning papers eulogized D'Mars and Ethel, told of their many secret charities to the poor and indulged a world of speculation. It was the opinion of medical experts that both expired at the same moment. There was no evidence of suicide. Such a theory was not even thought of by the physicians. But, both retired in the best of health, why should they die at the same moment? Here was a mystery that none could solve. The belief was expressed that the bond of affinity between them was so strong that when one died the other followed out of sympathy.

Edith was depressed. "Ethel," she said, had promised to come to her in a dream, should she pass over first, but she failed to come. "I saw her and D'Mars in my dreams last night. They were far away and happy. Some vast impassable gulf rolled between us. She appeared younger and more beautiful than I ever saw her. D'Mars, too, was beautiful. They were exceedingly happy, but they seemed so far away. I fear they will never return."

All day long friends visited the desolate home of Ethel. Crowds of poor thronged the streets around the house and wept. It had just been learned that Ethel and D'Mars had privately dispensed millions of money among the poor. Thinly-clad women pressed infants to their heaving bosoms as they sobbed piteously.

They had lost their best—perhaps in some cases their only friends.

As the day passed, the evidences of death became more clearly marked. Gradually the work of the fell destroyer became more clearly defined. The smiling features began to give way to rigidity and the trance theory was abandoned. At a late hour Edith came to take her parting farewell for the night.

Again and again she kissed the cold lips, that would never again utter words of love and encouragement.

"If she could only speak one word to me, what a comfort it would be," sobbed Edith, as she struggled with her first great sorrow since the death of her mother.

"It is I—your own Edith. Speak to me one word. Tell me that you only sleep," said Edith as she pressed the cold lips for a final farewell.

The lips seemed to be growing warm. Was it imagination, thought Edith. She kissed them again and discovered the slightest respiration. Ethel's heart was beating. A slight tremor shook her frame.

Edith was now overcome. Was Ethel about to fulfill her promise and then depart forever? Or was she returning to life. She aided Ethel's respiration moved her gently and rubbed her hands.

Ethel was rapidly recovering but Edith was now in a quandary. What might be the effect on Ethel should she see D'Mars' corpse by her side. Ever cool and self possessed in an emergency she quickly decided that D'Mars must be removed from the room. She accordingly touched the bell which quickly summoned Horace from an adjoining room.

So intent was Ethel in her ministrations to Ethel that she never even noticed D'Mars, who was strug-

gling to arouse himself from what seemed to him a nightmare.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Horace, as he saw D'Mars' struggles and seizing his arms he shook him vigorously.

Edith turned and seeing that D'Mars was also revived under Horace's vigorous treatment, she gave way to alternate tears and laughter.

Ethel was now breathing quite freely. She opened her eyes and in response to Edith said she was aching all over.

Messrs. Vanstine, Rockwell and many other friends were quickly on the scene. The usual restoratives were applied and within an hour the patients were able to sit up and converse.

The press reporters, the hardest worked and poorest paid toilers on earth, were quickly on hand and clamorous for an interview. They were informed by Horace that nothing could be given out to-night, even to his own paper, except that the dead had come to life. "That alone," remarked Horace, with a smile, "is quite an item."

"We shall never go back on D'Mars—he can always be depended on for a bang up sensation," remarked the chieftain of the press brigade as they departed.

D'Mars and Ethel positively declined to give out to the public, the story of their trance experience in other worlds. But that it had worked a wonderful change in them was evident. Its effect on their close friends was also observed. All harshness of expression against either rich or poor was entirely eliminated from Truths Torch.

"I am through with the error of judging people or criticizing the motives and acts of those who are considered the worst. Truth is only that which no

one denies. Only Him who knows the past and the future is able to say who is making progress and who is retrograding. I believe in everybody and I sympathize with all."

The recent startling events were not permitted to interfere with the double wedding of Ethel and D'Mars, Edith and Horace. Ethel had partially consented to a high-wrought social function and many an elaborate trousseau was under way in the fashion emporiums. While such pageant was distasteful to her and even seemed vulgar, she did not consider it wise to carry her opposition to mercenary fashion to a point that would offend many excellent people who were not yet sufficiently advanced to renounce the tyranny and folly.

Since Ethel's observations in Mecca and Pindarus and other worlds, her mind and ideas of duty had undergone a decided change. She now regarded fashionable display and adornment of the body as primary vices with which there should be no compromise. She and Edith were in a social position to give an object lesson and set an example that would accomplish more than years of mere talk and platitude.

Edith readily fell in with Ethel's views. D'Mars and Horace were delighted, while Messrs. Rockwell and Vanstine were prouder than ever of the good sense of their daughters.

But these social iconoclasts were not to enjoy clear sailing. Their new program fell upon the Newport fashionables like a cold wet blanket. Generally devoid of talent, their only mark of distinction was their wealth. That could be displayed only in gowns, hats and gems. Under this new social dispensation a shop girl or a mere typewriter could size up with the daughter of Mrs. Roulet or the Vanderhydens.

A committee of five ladies representing nearly one

thousand million dollars called on Ethel and Edith to ascertain the full extent of what seemed to them an unjustifiable assault upon the highest and most potent female prerogative, and if possible reason them out of their wild and whimsical fancy.

Ethel laughed over their fears for the downfall of society. "Why," said Ethel, "it is not gowns and laces and hats and feathers and jewels that constitute high grade society. If it were, the merest boors among the parvenue rich, could outdo you ladies who represent culture and refinement as well as wealth."

"Of course you and Edith tower above all aspirants. Your social position is assured. You can afford to dress in cottonade and your whim will be regarded as a charming eccentricity. You will be flattered and commended. But it is different with us. Our daughters are comparatively unknown. You know that young men admire a tasty and attractive girl. It is to attract the eyes of fastidious and wealthy men that girls will sell heir very soul. Here is an occasion that gives our daughters a chance to come out in presentable form. We all admit that the feathers make the bird. If this ideal of yours should become general the possessors of wealth would have no advantages over the comparatively poor."

"The possessors of wealth," repeated Ethel abstractedly. "What is wealth? Can anything be considered wealth except happiness and contentment? Can any right-minded person be happy who knows that she is making others discontented, envious and miserable? You ladies have gone over this problem with Edith and I in our University talks. We have practically agreed that worry is woman's worst foe and that this mad whirl of mercenary fashion is the chief cause of worry. The time has come for me to put into practice what I enjoin in precept. My duty is

clear. I believe that we are actuated by a higher purpose than a mere whim. You speak of women selling their very soul to keep in the fashionable current. I hope there are not many such, but if there is one, do not we assume an awful responsibility should we be accessory to her sin?"

The ladies saw that Ethel was invulnerable and they were forced to admit the soundness of her position. Knowing that Ethel and Edith had a powerful following among the best classes and that they commanded the situation, the committee surrendered gracefully, and entered into a discussion with Ethel as to the extent to which the iconoclasm was to be carried.

"We shall be wedded in the sunshine," said Ethel. "No gilded artificial canopy shall shut us away from the light of life and health. The inhabitants of the sun shall sing the wedding march and the veiled stars shall be the silent witnesses. D'Mars and I are affinities. Our union was consummated before the fall. This marriage ceremony only makes the announcement of what ever was. It is proper and essential to the preservation of society and being necessary it is sacred. Edith and Horace Colston are also affinities from the beginning. The remainder of their mortal lives shall be one balmy summer day. The sky of their future is unclouded. There are no clouds except those we make for ourselves."

"Isn't such faith lovely—inspiring?" remarked Mrs. Fon--du-lac to Mrs. Carbon.

"How do you reach such elevating ideals?" inquired Mrs. Allenforth.

"Such ideals are natural. All children inherit more or less of them until they learn to deceive and distrust and suspect everybody," replied Ethel.

The wedding day opened inauspiciously. It was a close, murky June morning. The pent up elements

of nature were about to break through their prison walls. Dark and portentous clouds scurried across the leaden sky. Forked lightning ever and anon darted from the multifold of a heavy threatening cloud that hung over the western horizon. Ten o'clock a. m. was the hour set for the ceremony and a shady glen in Central Park the spot.

The high contracting parties and their friends and guests rode out to the park in automobiles. The line of the procession was thronged with people all anxious to see the distinguished parties. Messrs. Vanstine and Rockwell headed the procession, followed by the bridal party. They were greeted by cheers on all sides. Acres of people awaited them notwithstanding the storm which seemed ready to break at any moment.

The brides approached the platform from the right, leaning on the arms of their fathers. The grooms came upon the left. There were no attendants. The marine band played the wedding march. Ten thousand voices, chiefly children, sang an accompaniment.

Charming in the rare beauty of purity the brides were artistically attired in traveling suits. They carried bouquets that matched the buttonaires of the grooms. Everyone had read in the papers Ethel's prediction that she would be "wedded in the sunshine." They thought of this when she took her place by the side of D'Mars and cast an upward look at the threatening clouds. Edith evidently understood that Ethel's desire to wed in the sunshine almost amounted to a superstition. The gowned clergyman and two deacons came forward. The ceremony was about to begin.

To the surprise of all, the clouds parted and the sun shone in gorgeous splendor on the scene. Ethel's face was wreathed in a smile of benediction. Her

wish was granted. A murmur of suppressed applause rolled over the assemblage.

The ceremony was brief as it was beautiful. The words that pronounced them one were said. D'Mars' prediction that he would some day find his affinity was fulfilled.

A luncheon was served at the Vanstine mansion, where Ethel was hostess. It was strictly private, the brides, grooms and the brides fathers only participating. The question of a bridal tour was not yet settled, when Edith made a startling suggestion. It was nothing less than a trip to Venus and Mercury.

Ethel at once fell in with Edith, declaring that Pindarus was an ideal place to spend their honeymoon.

Mr. Vanstine heartily indorsed the idea and Mr. Rockwell too approved it. The young husbands were not so enthusiastic over the new plan of honeymoon.

"Suppose we should not be able to return?" suggested Horace.

"Why return?" remarked Ethel. "We would take father and Mr. Rockwell along. After they bathed in the river of life they would be young men. spry as boys."

"A capital idea. Come boys, let us all go to Venus," said Mr. Vanstine enthusiastically.

"Evidently fearing that the joke might take a serious turn, D'Mars came to the rescue of Horace, who exhibited symptoms of alarm, and declared that he believed they had duties to perform in the world yet and they ought not try to evade them, for pleasure and enjoyment.

Horace entertained similar views, but inasmuch as he was assailing Edith's proposition, he hedged with the remark that latter on he thought such a tour would be delightful for a change.

"The trip would be so delightful for all of us. After we reached Venus there would be eight of the party—and Mr. and Mrs. Colston would make ten," persisted Ethel.

"Five brides and five grooms," remarked Mr. Rockwell.

"Let us try it," said Mr. Vanstine.

"We could all go on to Mercury. I know we would enjoy a sojourn in Pindarus," said Edith.

"And a banquet at the Alpha. How I long for those fine wines," said Ethel.

"It would be an ideal trip I am sure," remarked D'Mars, "but we have duties to perform here that we may not abandon for mere gratification."

Mr. Vanstine laughed heartily over what he considered the boys lack of enterprise and courage.

"We are joking on a very serious subject," said Horace. "There are four absent ones. I just remember my father and I have a very distinct recollection of my sainted mother. I feel their presence here at this moment," remarked Horace in a voice that betrayed emotion.

"I have no recollection of my parents," said D'Mars. "But I know they are affinities and that they have passed on and sometime, somewhere in the cycles of eternity we shall meet."

The Venus trip was abandoned and later in the afternoon the party set out for the Rockwell cottage and hunting grounds in the Adirondacks.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LOVE'S VICTORY OVER SELF.

Twenty years have come and gone since the remarkable events just related transpired. Messrs. Rockwell and Vanstine have passed on and joined their affinities in Venus. Indeed they often visited that far away world in dreams, and in spirit communion with their loved ones, renewed the joys of youth and verified the hopes of age. So when the final parting came it was a delightful and easy transition from the carnal struggle to the higher life.

D'Mars and Colston now had full control of the affairs of the former syndicate. Colston was general manager of *Truths Torch*, which was now published in one hundred and twenty-five cities simultaneously and reached daily sales of fifteen million copies. It was financed on the co-operative plan and had five million stockholders who received a fifty per cent annual dividend.

D'Mars organized several of the leading trusts on the co-operative plan. Very little legislation was required. It was merely a matter of extending the co-operative trust principle to a wider circle of people—extending the benefits of economy to all who desired to participate.

But there was plenty of opposition. It came from two sources: 1, arrogant, greedy capitalists who believed in special privileges and monopoly and 2, from a class of toilers who believed in the wage system and would rather live from hand to mouth than save money and by co-operation become their own employers. In their determination to maintain the wage system these antagonistic forces combined against the co-

operators and maintained the farce of making prosperity through the agency of political machines and "graft."

In order to interest wage-workers in co-operation D'Mars issued the stock of the newly organized trusts in shares of one dollar each. In addition to opportunity for small investors he offered a bonus in stock to each employee equal to all he purchased up to one thousand dollars. A holding of \$1,000 was considered sufficient to make each holder his own employer so far as capital was concerned.

Large numbers of the more intelligent and thrifty wage-workers embraced this opportunity to become their own employers. But these toilers were ridiculed and denounced as monopolists by the wage advocates. It was D'Mars' co-operative attempt in the Australian gold mines repeated, but with better success. Many extensive industries became entirely co-operative. Large co-operative family supply stores were founded and many of these controlled the distribution of goods and wares in whole communities.

It was observed, by thoughtful people, that as the toilers became interested in co-operation and felt its benefits, they deposited less of their money in the "saloon banks" and more in the co-operative banks. Clergymen were not slow to see this result and many of them declared that the gospel favored co-operation rather than competitive waste and strife.

But co-operation still had powerful and determined opposition. It taught men to look into affairs and think and act for themselves. This was bad for the politicians, walking delegates, "ward workers" and "grafters." It injured promotion, speculation, stock watering and gambling. It also uprooted prejudice and selfishness, all of which was very bad for the bosses and agitators who believed in government by injunc-

tion, boycotts and strikes. But the world was moving and the harmony of progress was asserting itself.

Through the work of Truths Torch in spreading the light and the object lessons in co-operation set by D'Mars the great syndicate wealth was rapidly helping the people to help themselves.

Ethel and Edith found time from domestic duties to continue warfare against mercenary fashion and its twin sister worry. They now had plenty of help among the most prominent society women. They discovered that all women mean well, and that it is only a matter of getting their energies turned to something useful. Improved health resulted from elevation of ideals, and the substitution of the natural for the artificial order of social life.

On the Hudson, near Tarry-town, is a beautiful plateau whose rich green sward is brightened by glints of sunlight which come down through interlacing branches of tall trees, forming a sort of variegated patchwork. Above this wealth of frondage arises the towers of two stately and picturesque cottages. Broad drives and serpentine walks lead through ample lawns into the labyrinths of shrubbery and flowers. The evening sun is dipping behind the palisades while his arms extend to the zenith and toy with the tresses of the evening star. The broad Hudson winds its majestic way far beneath this sylvan retreat. In addition to natural scenery; legendary lore and tradition, have combined with art to render this a fairyland of inspiration for poetic and spiritual natures.

These are the summer homes of Ethel and Edith. The ladies sit on the veranda and enjoy the sport of a dozen children on the lawn. An automobile appears way down the driveway. D'Mars and Horace are returning from the city.

"There comes my papa!" exclaims a bright little girl of five summers.

"And my papa, too," chimes in a romping boy.

The children run down the drive to meet the papas and receive the kiss that is never forgotten.

The sun has long abandoned his tryst with the evening star and laid his head upon the broad Pacific. The full moon is well advanced in the heavens. Its broken reflection like golden goblets sink in the multitudinous riplings of the great river. Enwrapped in silvery lights and shadows all nature slumbers in sweet repose. The silence is disturbed only by the subdued voices and almost noiseless footfalls of two lovers as they pass up the lawn.

Ethel V. Colston and Vanstine R. D'Mars are returning from a boat ride. They are the first born of parents wedded in the sunshine. A cloud never darkened their path of love since childhood. With hearts pure as the forest lilly they are prepared to enjoy the feast of joy ever prepared for affinities.

Our story is ended. Let us draw the curtain. As long as the chain of love unites all below and above, affinities will seek and find each other and love's victory over self will be their award.

If D'MAR'S AFFINITY has shed a ray of light upon some dark pathway, kindled the spark of hope in some despairing heart, banished the cloud of worry from some weary mind, our effort has not been in vain.

THE END.





